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The Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

October
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HATTIE
CLARKSTON
FRAZIER

10¢

A Paris Letter on the New Fashions

By Mary Wyndham

Should Canada Have Midwives?

By Dr. J. W. McCullough

This Movie Rumpus

By Louis Elton

"He's got APPENDICITIS—

Then there were railroads, and steamships, and the telegraph—but no appendicitis operations.



There's No Hope"

DOOMED TO DIE because he had appendicitis! And that was only sixty years ago—in your grandfather's day.

Then there were railroads, and steamships, and the telegraph—but no appendicitis operations. Doctors scarcely dared to "open a person up." Surgery was largely confined to amputations and the treatment of wounds. Operations were more feared than disease, because always the spectre of infection hovered over the surgeon's scalpel.

What a difference today! Now the removal of an appendix is almost a minor operation. Surgeons can practically rebuild people. All because infection has been conquered, because it was discovered that disease and infection are caused by germs—and that germs can be killed.

Now, medical science wages an unceasing war against germs, and one of its most important and effective weapons is "Lysol" Disinfectant. For

more than forty years, this efficient germicide has been a standby of doctors and hospitals the world over. They depend on it even at that most critical time of all—childbirth—when two lives are at stake, when disinfection *must* be safe and thorough.

"Lysol" Disinfectant, when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol" Disinfectant. Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts, and human tissue; in the household, on telephones, doorknobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

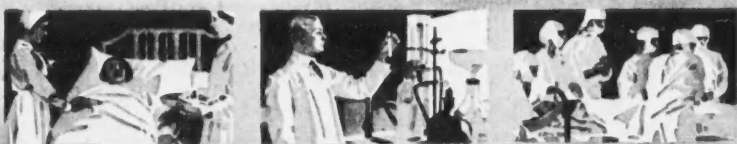
"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large

bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use it *every day* to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Meanwhile, write for "The 'Lysol' Health Library" of three free booklets: "Protecting the Home Against Disease," "Getting Ready for Baby," and "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene." Thousands of women have found them invaluable in the home. Just write: Lysol (Canada) Limited, Dept. 70E, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada. "Lysol" is the registered trademark of Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

"LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic depended upon for feminine hygiene, by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations ineffective.

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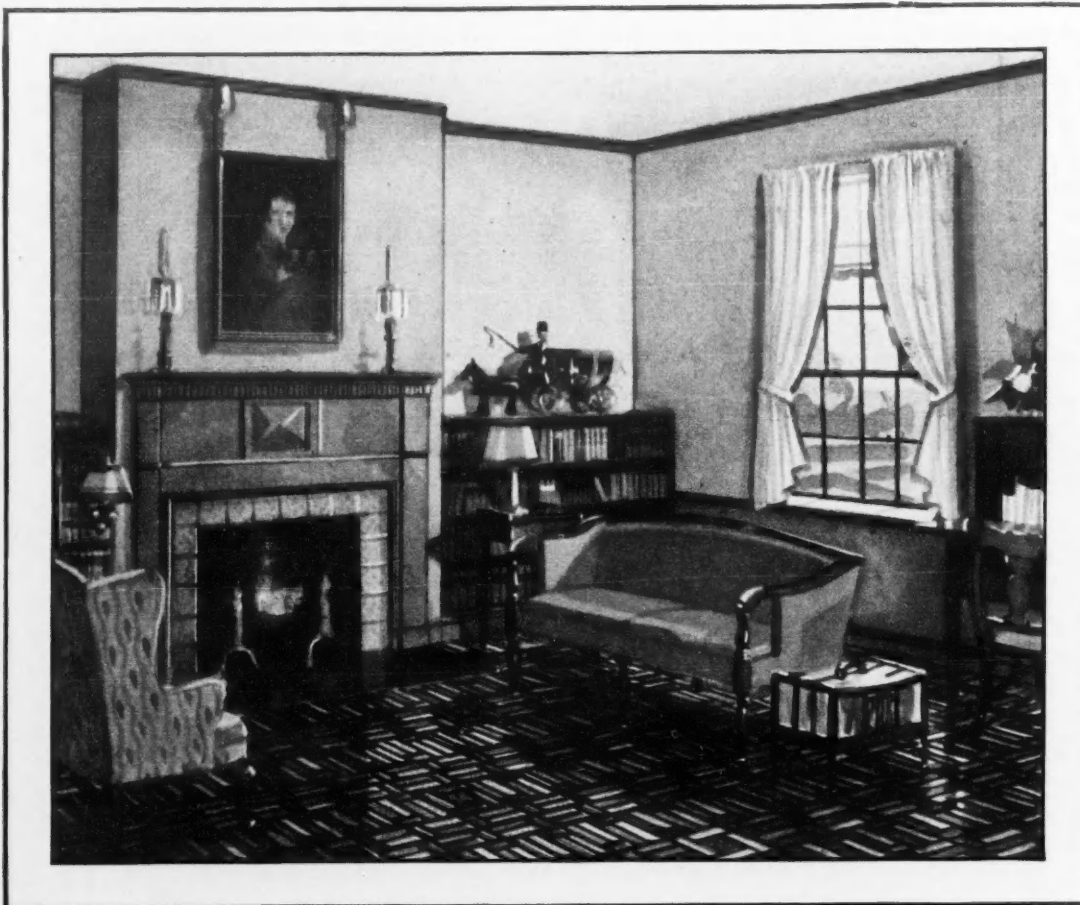
Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

Lysol
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

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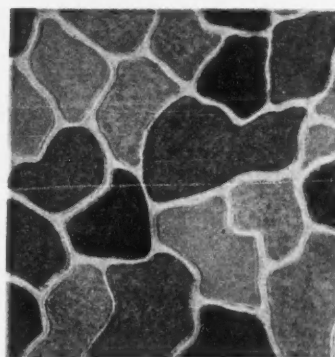


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Something new . . . Something different . . . Something distinctive—yet the effect of floors laid with Dominion Embossed Inlaid linoleum is charmingly old.

How many times have you visioned floors of stately English manor houses in your own home . . . Floors of ceramic tile with the beauty of their low relief, rich colourings and artistic patterns. Yet how many times has the vision been dispelled by the thought of cost, coldness and noise.



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The Goose's Sauce

by MADGE MACBETH

Illustrated by
C. VAUGHAN

Of a rendezvous in the north-woods, and a lovely lady who was taught a lesson that had been a long time overdue

THE snap of a dry branch, a vicious exclamation, and Heward stumbled into the clearing.

He sagged against a maple and panted audibly, one gloved hand pressed upon the rich brown cloth that covered his thudding heart. What an experience! Enough to wreck a man, body and soul.

He closed his eyes. His head swam. He'd had but the merest mouthful of lunch, forgetting in the confusion of unexpected events that morning to plan for it. Any irregularity in the matter of meals always annoyed him.

However, at last he was here, richly deserving of the promised reward. Fifty feet distant stood the cabin.

Heward opened his eyes, levelled them on the neat log structure and smiled a trifle fatuously. He liked the checked curtains at the square windows on either side of the door. He liked the two bright new pails beside the three log steps, and he was pleased to note the bags and bundles strewn near by. Judging from their size and number, food shortage was a happily remote contingency. He approved the carefully stacked wood pile and observed smoke drifting thinly from the chimney. He felt he was going to be contented, unless . . .

Suddenly the smile froze. He wiped his lips with a pale

green silk handkerchief that harmonized tastefully with his socks and shirt. Suppose it wasn't the right place, after all!

It must be the cabin! It was the only sign of life he'd seen since leaving the station a couple of eternities ago, that morning. Nothing but trees, a dull gleam of water, and more trees; a charred space, then ranks of trees again, disappearing in a bluish haze that chilled him, accustomed as he was to the amber light that nightly bathes great cities. He felt like part of one of those desolate landscapes he had so often pretended to admire at someone's private showing.

Yes, of course, that must be the cabin. Its door was partially open, not far enough to see inside but enough for the escape of homely sounds. Somebody was sweeping.

Heward simply couldn't construct a picture of—somebody sweeping.

Presently, from one of the windows a duster fluttered with a sharp, snapping sound. Next, a fur rug rolled drunkenly down the steps, then a metallic clatter did

Yet there was nobody here but Lynn, who couldn't possibly have anticipated her coming. She hated mysteries—and she was trapped in an impenetrable one.

something to thicken the smoke oozing from the chimney and this was followed by a cheery whistle.

Heward wavered across the clearing on muscle-bound legs. He sank to the rug trying to untwist his face, his back to the

cairn. Just an instant's rest to give those ghastly cramps time to subside! There was no hurry now. When she came out for the rug she'd find him.

THE cabin door swung back, a tight frame for the huge figure that appeared in the opening. Motionless, the man stood a long minute, staring at the limp figure below him. Then he came

out on the step and called:

"Well, if it isn't old Tim Heward! I wonder what unsuppressed desires bring you up here?"

"Danvers!" Heward got to his feet with involuntary and painful suddenness. He didn't know how long he stood with his mouth open, his eyes popping out of his head. "Why, Lynn," he gulped, "I—er—What a turn you gave me, sneaking out like that without a sound!"

"Don't put on my bells or use the siren till dusk," grinned the big man. "How are you?"

"Oh, great, thanks; that is, I mean a shade off color. That's why I'm here, I'll explain as soon as I get my breath after the start you gave me, and the hours I've been hiking. How far are we, Lynn, from that shed they call a station?"

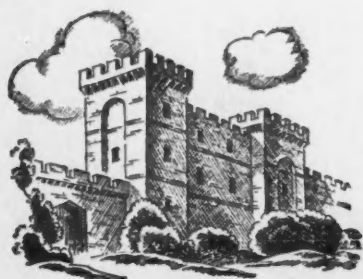
Danvers made wide motions with the broom he held and answered that cross-country the distance was about sixteen miles; by road a few extra. He kept looking at Heward in a manner that made the latter secretly squirm and long to cry, "Well, get it off your chest whatever it is!" Timothy knew he was being given an opportunity to explain, but there are some silences that are hard to conquer, that are almost impregnable. This was one of them. He floundered with his little battery of words, realizing how inadequate they sounded, how inconsequential.

"See here, old man," he blurted, "the reason I didn't warn



A lovely Royal Visitor compliments American Women

The Marchioness of Milford Haven



LADY MILFORD HAVEN sat in her suite in a great New York hotel, high above the brilliant pageant of Fifth Avenue. It was evening, and she was royally lovely in a sheath of white satin with dazzling jewels and superb pearls that echoed the creamy perfection of her skin.

I put the question I had come to ask and the Marchioness smiled enchantingly.

"American women? But, of course—I find them delightful! So pretty. So charmingly dressed. So perfectly groomed. They have the most appealing charm that any woman can possess—"

"And that—?"

"—is a beautiful complexion, unquestionably."

LADY MILFORD HAVEN was fresh from several weeks of California sunshine; her pretty compliment was obviously sincere. "Thank you!" I said, and we went on to talk of the care of the skin.

"No wonder American women have beautiful complexions," she smiled, "for many whom I have asked tell me they follow the Pond's Method."

"You know it, too?" Delightful to discover another royal user of Pond's!

"I find it the simplest way to keep my skin fresh and clear," she explained. "The Cold Cream is delicious, with the dainty Tissues to remove the cream... the Skin Freshener is like a dip into the fountain



of youth... and the Vanishing Cream is the secret of perfect grooming!"

You know Pond's easy, unfailing way to personal loveliness, of course... These four steps keep your skin enchantingly young and lovely:

1—Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged



The former Countess Nada, daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, LADY MILFORD HAVEN is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Navy, son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg, famous as First Sea Lord

dirt, powder and make-up to the surface... At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

2—Wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Tissues, less expensive, yet more efficient because softer, more absorbent. White or peach... "The best way to remove cold cream," says Lady Milford Haven.



3—Saturate cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and refine pores and bring a lovely natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.

4—Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder to make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a lovely velvety finish... Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck... And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft, smooth and white!



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to put up any serious protest. What was the use? The sooner he flung up the sponge, the lighter would be the punishment dealt out to him. Besides, it was a kind of relief to lie still, trussed like a Thanksgiving turkey even gagged, while Danvers stood solemnly over him, his great blonde head cocked on one side, listening.

For a space, there was nothing to be heard except the creak of stripped branches, the impatient whisper of the evergreens and the restless movement of the leaves. The forest sounds reminded Heward of witches cackling.

Meanwhile a springless cart had been jolting along from the station. Now it drew to a standstill behind the cabin.

The horse snuffled great clouds of vapor from its wet, black nose, and long before Joe Leduc had eased himself

the oncoming moment. "There's always a last straw to break, you know, and I'm all dithery for fear this should be it." Joe's uncomprehending stare prompted her to continue, "Bad luck, see? Arrangements, in some way, gone wrong, savvy? The only lucky break I've had so far was the fact that you just happened to be at the station. If you hadn't been—good night!"

"Bon soir," said Long Joe, politely. He could understand that.

Madame laughed and drew a bill from her bag. She had no difficulty in transferring this to the hand of the half-breed. A swift motion of a brown claw and it was gone.

"Mercy!" cried madame, considerably startled. She looked uneasily toward the cabin. She had never known fear, and, of course, she wasn't afraid now. At the same time she realized how impotent would be any of her defense tactics in this unpeopled wilderness. "There doesn't seem

to be a sign of life about, does there?" she observed. "Oh, lud! Suppose—" Then, the gaiety came back to her voice as she discovered the white patch pinned to the door. "Suppose nothing! I see a letter, Joe. What do you think it is? A smallpox warning or a note for the milkman?"

Long Joe rewarded this venture handsomely; which is to say, he grinned and spat at a passing leaf. Without haste he worked the tack loose, affixed it to his greasy hat and handed the letter to the lady.

"Well," she exclaimed, "imagine! It's for me, and written on a typewriter. Now why, I ask you, a typewriter?"

"Maybe, lak me, 'e's not ver' well eddicate," suggested Joe, helpfully.

"Of course," said the lady. "How stupid of me not to have guessed it." She read the note and laughed. "Monsieur has gone for water, bless his domestic heart! A hewer of wood and drawer of water. Too delicious for words! I simply can't see him at these loving tasks, what? Dee-lightful!" Her laughter rang out again and went rippling off into the sullen shadows. "Meanwhile, let's make ourselves at home. I mean you'd better take my bags inside, Joe. Poor monsieur! He isn't very strong and he'll be absolutely prostrated after drawing all that water."

Joe was so stimulated by this second display of fantastic wit that he added something from his own store.

"H-oh, non! M'sieu not strong. Not for nodding! Jus' enough to tear de horn' off de moose an' crack de bone in piece'."

Dat's h-all!"

He sniggered and threw a roguish glance at madame as he carried her bags into the cabin. Still enjoying the flavor of his humor, he bade her good evening and went back to the wagon.

LEFT alone, the little lady made as though by instinct for the mirror on the tree. That mirror failed by many degrees to attain the ideal of perfection. It was unsportsmanlike; a niggardly mirror, making no pretense to give back half as good as it got. It sneered at truth openly and without shame.

Possibly it had its own idea as to the way a girl should look in the northern woods, of an autumn evening, and,

of course, the little lady looked anything but, as she stared at its flat, shallow surface. At first, she was amazed, then amused, and her vanity box was an accessory to both sensations.

She should worry! She knew that her tiny fur-trimmed beret was simply adorable, showing a half-moon of honey-colored hair on either cheek. She knew that her pores did not look like the skin of a strawberry and that her perfectly shaped eyebrows did not remotely suggest the hairs pushing from the lapels of an old ulster. And she knew that her teeth were the envy of paste and powder manufacturers. Hadn't half a dozen of their representatives offered her luscious cheques for a smile and a recommendation? She should worry about what that mirror handed her!

"You're a liar," she told it pleasantly. "You're just like a lot of old crabs I know, who distort all you are and say and do, to make you as hideous as they think you ought to be. Huh! Haven't I lived and suffered?"

Certainly, she hadn't lived very long; twenty-three years at most. And there were no perceptible marks of suffering on her apple-blossom face. Quite the contrary! She looked as though she had never known a care in the world; which was largely true. Of course, if the mirror had told the whole truth, it would have said that early in life she had learned the comfort of draping her cares gently on other shoulders, and the shoulders of others naturally were their own concern. As she was fond of saying, she knew when not to meddle. Again, the mirror might have hinted that she liked to have her own way. But who does not, indeed? The distinctive thing about her was that she got hers without duels, suicides or even unmannerly ructions. She just flirled her way into the hearts of men and dumb animals and children; and if her empire was sometimes transitory, well, there were plenty of worlds left to conquer. Hypercritical women said her manner was theatrical, cultivated; but secretly, they agreed that it was effective and very charming.

She closed her vanity case with a snap. An excited little smile played round the corners of her lips, and a flame burned in her eyes, ardent, consuming. So she might have looked had she been facing a hot, red sunset, or a log fire. From some unseen but intense warmth her features caught the reflection.

The creak of Long Joe's cart was now hushed under the shroud of early evening. Such a sky! She couldn't imagine sunlight ever breaking through its thick gloom. And the wind was cold. How it would whine and howl at night when she was comfy and content, while great pungent logs crackled in the cabin.

A SOUND from the far side of the clearing cut short these reflections. Dry leaves crunched. He was coming!

The spirited little lady turned her back upon the sound and struck an attitude—provocative, appealing. Then, at what she sensed as being the psychological moment, she called:

"Here is your captive, my king!"

Lynn Danvers stopped in his tracks and roared.

"Oh! So that's to be our line, is it? Well, it's all right with me."

The lady stiffened. Perhaps it might be said without exaggeration that on the surface of the metal mirror her features appeared to be unbecomingly frozen. An appreciable pause ended when she gave a glad cry, wheeled and ran across the clearing.

"Why, Lynn, my big boy! It's simply celestial to see you looking so fit and—everything!"

"Hello, Doria," he said.

"Aren't you surprised to see me?" she twinkled at him.

"Yes and no. Lately, the forest has been full of omens."

"Well, I am surprised. When you popped out of the trees there, I got my record jolt in a long line of jolts, I'm telling you."

"Yeah, you looked sort of jolted."

"Why not?" she spoke a little breathlessly. "I never dreamed of finding you—er—looking so well, and all. For you do look uproarious, Lynn, absolutely. But aren't you going to kiss me?" she beamed fondly at him.

"Glad to. Always ready to oblige a lady." He kissed her as he might have kissed his grandmother or his lawful aunt. "You're looking simply wonderful," the girl persevered.

"I never saw you looking so well."

"You, too, Doria. Utterly ravishing."

"Goose!" Her tone was light, her smile was arch. "I know I'm grimey and look a thousand. Er—"

"Yes?"

"What was I going to say?" She felt as though she had to hammer her eyes against his face to keep them from slipping off and roaming toward the cabin. "And it wasn't a lie, either."

"Something about tea, perhaps?"

"No-o, I wasn't thinking about tea, although after that long cold drive and all, it wouldn't be hard to swallow. I'm off drinks, you know, so bring on your Pekoe, old darling."

"Shall we go in?"

She shook her head. She thought it would be wonderful to have it outside, picnic fashion. The air was so invigorating, fragrant. She liked to look at the trees. Made her think of Joyce Kilmer and everything. Couldn't they stay where they were?

[Continued on page 50]



She closed her vanity case with a snap. An excited little smile played round the corners of her lips and a flame burned in her eyes. So she might have looked had she been facing a hot, red sunset, or a log fire.

over the wheel, a spirited little lady, wearing a rust-colored costume trimmed with black fur and carrying an absurdly inadequate muff, had jumped to the ground and darted into the clearing.

"Oh, there really is a shack!" she laughed. "I had begun to think it was only a bright idea. And you're sure monsieur has come?"

Long Joe was sure. He explained for the fiftieth time, in the delightful broken English which the talkies had warned her to expect, that his father had brought in monsieur's supplies that morning.

"For sure 'e's 'ere, madame. W'y you don' believe me?"

Because, the little lady told him, after missing trains and getting things gummed up generally, one lost faith in Providential planning and became frankly suspicious of

you of my visit is because I didn't know you were here! Couldn't believe the good old optics when I saw you standing in the door. You must have seen I was staggered."

"Yeah," said Danvers, "I thought you were surprised."

"Another second and I'd have been unconscious," Heward plucked at his gloves, rammed them into his pocket and produced a handsome cigarette case. For the first time in his life he was grateful to an imperfectly performing lighter; fiddling with the thing gave him time for some rapid and very intensive thinking. He was conscious that he was behaving like an embarrassed schoolboy mishandling an awkward situation. He couldn't get a glimmer of an idea what had happened, and not knowing what had happened, it was impossible to divine what might be going to happen. But some deep buried instinct warned him that whatever it was, he would greet it with imperceptible enthusiasm.

He jerked his eyes from Danvers and made a quick survey of his surroundings. Not a clue, unless it might be that metal mirror on a jack-pine near the wood pile. A mirror might mean . . . He didn't dwell on the meaning because Lynn Danvers was watching him.

Timothy Heward had never known the fellow very well, but then, who had if it came to that? He didn't like men of Danvers' type, men who spoke sparingly, whose features gave no indication of what they were thinking. He always felt, and never more poignantly than at this moment, that Lynn discredited all his sincerities, imputed base designs to his most harmless motives; that he would like to snare him, Heward, into a trap that would corroborate his low opinion of him. And any psychologist will tell you that the innocent, driven into a corner, will often behave as though guilty. Timothy must appear guilty.

A dangerous man, Danvers, with the fire of the frosty north in his hard blue eyes, and the power of a musk ox in his great, towering frame; an uncomfortable companion. There's only one thing worse than understanding a man with whom you find yourself awkwardly placed, and that's not understanding him!

Heward looked into the thickening haze and felt smothered. He hadn't dreamed it would be like this. Wild? Yes, but with a good road wandering past the door, the creak of funny old wagons to break the silence, gay French voices issuing from cabins—not too close, of course, . . . "Bon jour, m'sieu! Il fait beau, ce matin, eh?" That's what he thought the woods of northern Quebec would be. And instead, he had found this—and Danvers.

Tim shuddered.

"Listen, Lynn," he blurted, "you've got to listen! I'm all hot and bothered, having run into you like this, but—" He stopped, wishing they could sit down. Not only was he dog-tired but there was something hostile in the way they were lined up, facing each other, Danvers standing between him and the cabin. However, if this was the fellow's idea of hospitality—well, he supposed he'd have to put up with it.

"You see—" he emphasized a good many unnecessary words in an effort to capture and hold Danvers' attention—"I'd been panting along on half a cylinder all summer, so at last I dropped in on old Burrage—remember Burrage, Lynn?—and he told me to get right away; suggested that I do a sea trip, little knowing what an awful sailor I am. So that night at the Farrell's I was talking to Doria—"

"Oh-h-h!"

Danvers' attention was caught at last. Perversely, though, Heward found his interest quite as embarrassing as his inattention.

"So you were talking to my wife?" he said.

"Uh-huh, she was there, and told me I looked punk and I said I felt putrid and gassed on about Burrage's advice, and then she asked how I'd like to put in a spell at your cabin, which was as usual empty. She said you two had different ideas about holidays, especially since you—er—"

"Separated?" suggested Danvers.

"Well, you know what I mean. Anyway, she thought you were in the west, so to make a short story longer than I intended, she offered me the freedom of the city and—here I am."

"Fine!" cried Danvers, in the way he ought not to have said it. "Pity Doria hadn't come with you. She's never seen the place."

"Hard lines," replied Heward, in the way he ought not to have said it.

Danvers grinned a large, enveloping grin, intended, Timothy felt, to be friendly. It wasn't the fellow's fault, he reflected, if a contradictory impression was given; if he looked rather like a grotesque Red Riding Hood grandmother slathering, "The better to eat you, my dear!" Some grins, Heward reminded himself, were like that. "If I talked for a week," Lynn was saying, "I couldn't tell you how tickled I am to, let's say, receive you. Honestly, Tim, I wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

"Thanks, old man. Kind of awkward for both of us at first, eh? And now, how about getting back to the station?"

Danvers wouldn't listen to any such talk. "You've got to give the cure a chance," he said. "I know you'll benefit. If you don't, it won't be my fault! Besides, you see, we're pretty well isolated here. That's the old tote road, but nobody uses it except the Reservation Indians and me.

The Red Brothers live twenty-six miles from my cabin. I usually wait till I hear one of their wagons, then I flag the driver and make my simple wants known. There may not be anyone passing for several days—you never can tell—but don't worry. We'll have a great time hunting and fishing and what-not. And if you're caught up here . . . well, believe me, this is God's own country in winter!"

"He can have it," mumbled Heward. "But how do you mean—winter?"

Danvers pointed to the sky. That spelled winter, he said. Great smothering snowfalls, screaming wind, dark days. Then, once Jack Frost had done his bit, there'd be weeks of dazzling sunshine, every snow crystal flinging out its hot colors. And the air? Great, glorious.

"But, Lynn, man," cried Heward, "I can't stay all winter. I've got to get out somehow."

"Of course, you can walk to the station," Danvers spoke

slowly, "but it's too late now. And by tomorrow likely you'll have to do it on snowshoes. Heavens, Tim, your clothes! Did you leave your luggage at the station?"

"Yeh!"

"Hum-m! Well, don't worry. Maybe something will come along. Meanwhile help me put away these winter supplies before the light goes. If I'd only known you were on your way, you could have come in with them this morning."

Danvers carrying the broom in one hand, selected a small box and made his way indoors. Heward hesitated, then grappled with a huge bale and staggered after him.

"Atta boy!" Lynn cried. "Now, something large to fit into this corner."

FOR hours, it seemed, he tottered back and forth like an unsteady shuttle while Danvers fussed around in the cabin and commanded him. His shoulders ached. His knuckles bled. He carried enough supplies to last ten years—a lifetime. As for spending the winter, surely there wasn't a place on the map, unless it might be the Poles or the remote reaches of Herschel Island, that one couldn't get out of, winter or no winter. And yet, Heward vaguely remembered stories of factors and trappers and Mounties who were lost to civilization for years, and eventually turned up as heroes.

He almost collapsed under an enormous sack. His throat was dry. A terrible roaring filled his ears. All anticipated delight in the simple life flowed from his anguished body in icy sweat that saturated his elegant, expensive clothes.

The sack slumped to the floor and a cloud of powder arose. Heward fell on a blanket-covered couch, choking.

"What's that?" Danvers was quite unaffected. "Oh, lime. Always like to keep a little on hand. Nature's sweet restorer, what? And good for corpses, too," he added, "if we should have any."

Heward didn't answer. He shut his eyes. Nothing mattered. He scarcely wondered what Danvers was writing on a battered old machine, and roused himself only when roughly playful fingers plucked at his collar. There stood Lynn with an envelope in his hand.

"What's the big idea?" Heward mumbled. "Going to flag an airplane, or walk to ze pos'-office down ze boulevard?"

"Water," said Danvers. "Always leave a note on the door when away from the cabin. Law of the forest, you know, in case anyone should call."

"Preposterous!" thought Timothy Heward. But then everything had been preposterous these last uneasy hours. He put on his coat, followed his host outside, and at a signal picked up one of the two bright pails.

"Both!" called Danvers, stalking ahead and taking a coil of rope from the wood pile.

Watching him pay it out through his fingers, Heward had the sensation—just a notion, of course, like some nervous old woman—there was something in the way Lynn



A sound from the far side of the clearing checked her. Dry leaves crunched—he was coming. She waited a moment and called "Here is your captive my King!" Lynn Danvers stopped in his tracks and roared with laughter.

frowned and looked up, then smiled and looked down, that suggested he was calculating that length of rope in relation to him, Heward! Might have been some magician getting ready to tie up the yokels he invited to the stage.

Timothy laughed. "And why the rope, my hearty? Do we chase the old oaken bucket or dangle over a cliff or wade into the gurgling rapid?"

Danvers replied by pushing his guest through the door of a lean-to that stood behind the cabin. Then, amazingly, he fell upon him.

"Hey!" gasped Heward. "Cut out the rough stuff! What are you trying to do?"

"Rope, in the woods, my dear Timothy," grunted Danvers, "is often man's best friend."

It wasn't much of a fight. Heward was too utterly spent

There were four of them concerned with that scrap of lace—and to two of them the solving of the problem brought heartache

Joan eagerly waited for further development of so rich a theme, but instead became aware of an awkward barrier of silence. They were of the world again—two separate entities.

Realizing the futility of probing, or forcing the conversation into other channels, she kissed her father good-night.

"Night, Peter—I'm dog-tired."

"Night, Joan." The eyes that met hers were troubled and uneasy.

FOR the first time in her life Joan felt terribly hurt. Hers was a nature that invited confidences, especially from men. Now, she found herself as deliberately shut out as if a stone wall had been raised. And all on account of this woman, Lila Mainwaring—the first woman of his acquaintance that her father hadn't wished to discuss with her. Her name and a few facts about her Joan had learned from Lynn Stanton, who had seen the two together frequently. The bantering tone in which he had related it now offended where once it had amused her.

"Your old boy's got a hot one this time, hasn't he—that bright little beam Lila Mainwaring, late of Monte Carlo, Lido and points north. Evidently she didn't hook a title or a millionaire soap king so she's among those present in the city again. She certainly knows where money and looks go hand in hand, all the same."

That had been some weeks ago and Joan had laughingly denied Lynn's inference with conviction. Nevertheless, she had determined to say something to her father and hear him heartily scoff at the suggestion, as he had always done on previous occasions when friends imagined more than they saw.

But he hadn't scoffed—hadn't given the lie—had merely let it be clearly understood that he wished no discussion. The affair concerned no one but himself.

"Serves me right for being a blind, selfish pig, and leaving him alone so much, I s'pose," she finally summed up, "but he shan't marry Lila Mainwaring. She's just a plain adventuress—run through her own money and wants somebody else's. Well, we'll see." She switched off her bed-light with such vehemence that the little chain swung in agitation for some seconds.

LATE the next morning Joan rang up the heir to the Stanton millions, who at that moment lay lounging in his sitting room, with his legs thrown over the broad arm of a chair. As usual, he was doing nothing more energetic than blowing smoke rings. In between puffs he thought of Joan and wondered how soon he dare telephone her. She forestalled him.

"Hello, Lynn?"

"Hel-lo, Joan," he gasped delightedly. "I say, there's nothing wrong—your ringing up this early?"

"Nothing specially. I just want to have a quiet confab with you about something. Can you drop in to tea about four?"

"Can I? Don't be funny. Shall I bring the ring along, too?"

"This is serious, Lynn, and I want your help."

Lynn overlooked the rebuff and replied cheerfully, "Right, count on me."

Joan could hardly help smiling, with a certain satisfaction, it must be confessed, at the untiring devotion of Lynn Stanton ever since they had met at Audrey Harrow's Treasure Hunt a year previous. Periodically, and at more frequent intervals lately, the question of engagement and marriage came up—haltingly on the part of Lynn—but Joan had never allowed him to regard it as anything very imminent.

"Lots of time, Lynn. I haven't breathed yet," she always said, without giving him the satisfaction of knowing that she always regarded herself as the future Mrs. Lynn Stanton.

"Good old kid," she said to herself this morning, "bit obvious and clamorous—but he'll do."

With the weight of more important matters on her mind she dressed that afternoon with no particular eye for Lynn's bedazzlement. As a last minute inspiration she hastily threw on a severely cut black velvet dress that fitted her lithe young body as faultlessly as the nude chiffon stockings on her slender legs. However, when Lynn caught the first glimpse of her dear smallness with the rich colorings of a Restoration chair for background he was nearly bereft of speech. When he did speak, it came in gusts.

"Awfully nice of you to ask me to tea—I must kiss you—let's sit here."

"No, Lynn, this is strictly business. You sit there where you can coax the logs now and again and I'll pour tea here. Is it cream or lemon today?"

"Cream, thanks." Her spell still lay over him and bound him so that he couldn't have uttered more than a monosyllable if he had tried. Presently, he left the chair where she had placed him and came and sat on a little needlepoint stool at her feet.

Her dress made a foil for his intense blondness and sharply defined a profile almost feminine in its delicate modelling. The profile seemed less incongruous now, when its owner was hunched over a low stool, than when he reached his full six feet of height and revealed a pair of powerful shoulders.

"Lynn, I'm quite worried about Peter," Joan began.

"Ill?"

"No. This Mainwaring woman you told me about."

"Ah! The fair Lila!"

"Yes. I'm afraid there's something serious there. The other night he turned the subject down cold. That's ominous—he's never done that before."

"Might be a mild infatuation."

"He would have told me about it if it were. No, he's gone this time. What do you know about her?"

"Only what I told you. Husband dead—obscure Western family—fortune-hunter. Nobody has actually ever said anything really bad about her but her name is always coupled with a sly wink and knowing gesture. The women all hate her and won't have anything to do with her, which is probably explained by the fact that she is far too easy on the eyes, is built on stream-lines and is immensely popular with the men. She lost most of what little her husband [Continued on page 68]



Now, Joan decided was the time for her master stroke. If her father was ever going to open his heart to her, this was the time. "Lynn is not coming round any more, merely through—defection," she said. "You don't mean—another girl?" he asked.

LACE

by WINNIFRED M. DAVIS

Illustrated by Carl Shreve



CARL SHREVE

Lila and Lynn—Joan wondered whether Lynn's utter guilelessness was the best weapon for outwitting a woman of Lila's stamp and experience. Now, however, with no ambushade to warn him against, the end would necessarily be swifter and shorter.

WITH a swirling of red flares Joan skipped into the room—then suddenly stopped. She lifted her aristocratic nose on high and sniffed. She detected a faint, but alien aroma hovering over the smoking paraphernalia of her father's room; an aroma oddly out of place in this essentially male retreat; an aroma intensely feminine, mocking at the well-used pipes, at the tobacco and cigars.

Joan's eyes swept the room. The hunting pictures on the wall, the leather couch and chairs, the low marquetry smoking-table, the paper rack with its confusion of papers and periodicals bespoke the presence of no one but herself.

Her gaze dropped to the rug. There, beside her father's chair, she found the woman epitomized in a little square of Maltese lace. Instantly her brows contracted, forming a deep crease; her eyes of deepest sapphire narrowed until they emitted nothing but that gem's cold gleam; her lips usually provocatively curved, pressed together in a hard line. She picked the handkerchief up, turned it over appraisingly in her hand, and slipped it under her red garter.

The next moment, she had flung herself down on her father's couch and it was evident by the way in which she stared with frowning intensity at the moose's head on the north wall that her mind was running the gamut of prejudice, suspicion and hate. Finally, as if to relieve the mental tension she reached for a magazine, and beyond a nervous flicking of its pages appeared to give no attention to its contents. Once again she lay motionless, offering a striking study in contrast with her hair of lustrous jet and the scarlet dress, whose flares now simulated the grace of a closed tulip.

"Why, Joan—hello, dear!"

Joan was brought suddenly back to the present and her surroundings. She found her father bending with curious eyes over her. She gazed at him as at somebody she had not seen for a long time. She ran her hand over the broad forehead and rumpled the slightly greying hair that lent a distinguished look to an otherwise youthful appearance.

"Why am I honored? Are night parties prohibited now?" he said finally.

"Now, Peter, don't be sarcastic," she answered, pulling him down beside her. "I simply felt tired tonight and had Lynn bring me home instead of going on to the Parker's. I've been lying here dreaming for hours, waiting for you."

"Glad I came along—I don't often have this good fortune."

"Poor old Peter. I have been neglecting you, haven't I?" She rubbed his black sleeve lovingly.

Little memories, that were too young to have been really forgotten, tumbled to the forefront of her mind. It was not till now that she realized her coming-out had changed her friendship with her father. The little square of lace at her knee pricked her like a needle point. With a sigh, she sat down on the couch beside her father and laid her head on his shoulder.

For an hour or more they chatted on about little intimate things and with every minute Joan found it harder to bring herself to mention the handkerchief. Had she been a person less determined to face facts, however unpleasant, she probably would have let the opportunity go by. As it was she said hurriedly, "Peter, what means this?" and pulled the handkerchief from under her garter.

Her father looked at it searchingly, made as if to snatch it from her, thought better of it, then said lightly, "Ah! I must be more careful with my souvenirs. Where was it? By my chair?"

Joan nodded.

"Give it to me and I'll return it to her."

"I presume it belongs to the divine Lila," she hazarded, then noticed her father flush slightly.

"You're right."

"Very fond of her, Peter?"

"Yes, Joan, I am."



Was this film given unfair treatment in Canada? A dramatic climax of the English talkie "Escape" by John Galsworthy, starring Sir Gerald Du Maurier.

This MOVIE RUMPUS

by LAURA ELSTON

Why all the excitement about movies in Canada, asks this writer when, after all it is nothing but a gigantic business which must cater to mass entertainment?

DURING the past eight or nine years I have been closely associated with the motion picture industry as fan, critic and special writer, and with some of the people who figured so prominently in the film probe. In spite of the obvious faults, weaknesses and sometimes stupid blunders one discovers in them, I feel confident that, for some time at least, nothing will take the place of motion pictures as the almost universal entertainment for the masses.

No matter what the findings of the Royal Commission may presage for the theatre owners in Canada, the production of movies is not yet a question of vital importance in this country. Practically no motion pictures are made here in their entirety. There have been occasional production attempts such as "Carry On Sergeant," a feature which was a lamentable failure. Short subjects under government auspices are being made regularly for commercial and educational purposes.

Frequently large American companies film a sequence or two in one of their big pictures when the locale requires distinctly Canadian scenery. One of the best talkies, partly made in Canada was a Fox production "Under Suspicion," photographed largely at Jasper Park. The actors, director and technicians were, of course, there on location from Hollywood.

At present writing, not even sound reels are being made

to any extent in Canada because of the ban placed by the Bennett government last March on sound trucks coming into this country from the United States. Very few people realize what a loss to the Dominion has been sustained by this legislation, because the man on the street rarely understands fully the publicity to be derived from the widespread distribution of the news reel.

Reaching, as it does, millions of people all over the world every day, the news reel impresses more deeply than any newspaper or magazine the lesson it has to convey. Yet, due to an unconsidered or prejudiced viewpoint, the Government banned a powerful medium of selling Canada to the world; and until this restriction is lifted, it is practically impossible to obtain the full thirty-three per cent quota of Empire news events required by law to be shown in Canadian movie theatres. But since the question of motion picture production is not the big factor in the present discussion of Canadian movies, a question very much to the fore is that of the operation of Canada's 1,100 motion picture theatres.

For a long time agitators and reformers have been tackling motion picture problems. They appear to forget sometimes that the main object of the theatre is entertainment; of the motion picture, moderate priced entertainment for millions of people at a price within the range of almost any man's pocketbook.

No person is more conscious of the fact that the movies are not perfect than is the man who sells them. The producers discovered long ago that ultimately good pictures pay better than poor ones; that first-class actors in well constructed stories and popular plays earn their large salaries; and that the public, accustomed to high standards of technical and mechanical perfection, demands and expects the best they have to offer.

Everybody conversant with the movies knows that some outstanding cases of bad taste have been perpetrated in the past. Pictures which have offended good taste and morals

have slipped past censors both within the movies as well as without and will again probably. But on the whole, the industry must be looked upon as a business, a money-making business in which producers cater not only to a more or less intelligent public, but to a pleasure-loving one also.

To professional puritans, pleasure is always sinful; to reformers, the theatre is ever a glaring temptation to youth and innocence. The man on the street, on the contrary, finds in the present-day motion picture theatre a welcome and cheap means of relaxation and enjoyment. He may feel that no matter what politicians tell him, no matter what ardent clubwomen and social workers have to say about "better pictures," he should be allowed to choose his own form of entertainment and leave some of these uplift problems to church and school.

In the Winnipeg Tribune of August 15, Will Hays gives out the first of a series of interviews on this subject. "Remember," says the movie czar, "we are dealing with a medium of entertainment—of universal entertainment. The film can be, and is, a very important something to all men and women. But because it is an instrument of mass entertainment, it can never be the same thing to all men. What some will like, others will condemn; what will please some will bore others. I am far from setting up the box office as the only standard, but it can't be ignored. A medium of entertainment striving for improvement must reckon upon the measure of support the paying public will give it."

So, as purveyors of entertainment, I think the theatre owners who have been subjected to minute investigation, whose affairs have been gone over for the past ten years, deserve a word of consideration. The Hon. Peter White, K.C., finds that the Famous Players Canadian Corporation is a "combine working to the detriment of the public." May one, without disrespect, ask the question, "Does the average movie fan feel that the large chain of theatres owned and operated by the Famous [Continued on page 37]"

AN OPEN LETTER

L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables," and one of the most noted minister's wives in the Dominion answers the question:—"What does the minister's wife expect from the women of the congregation?"

from a
MINISTER'S WIFE



Illustrated by Edith McLaren

WHEN, twenty years ago, I married a minister, my friends groaned in unison, "So much is expected of a minister's wife!" I was not ignorant of this, having been brought up in a community where I had heard several ministers' wives discussed, favorably and unfavorably. I had, indeed, a pretty clear idea of what was expected of a minister's wife. Moreover, I admitted that I thought the congregation had a right to expect certain things from the mistress of their manse. I have never had any sympathy with the point of view expressed in the statement, "The congregation doesn't pay me a salary, so they have no right to expect anything in particular from me." There are certain things that cannot be expressed in terms of dollars and cents. The leadership which the minister's wife can give, especially in rural communities where it may otherwise be lacking, is one of them. From my viewpoint, the minister's wife has a special opportunity for service which is a privilege and not a duty.

But nothing is one-sided. If the congregation has a right to expect certain things of the minister's wife she has an equal right to expect certain things of them. This is what *The Chatelaine*—May her shadow never grow less!—has asked me to write about, and I will try to present as briefly as possible the "minister's wife's" side of the expectations.

In the first place, while a good deal may be expected from a free and unencumbered manse mistress, no congregation should expect anything more from a wife with a young family and no help than from a "lay sister" in the same position. She has a right to this consideration from them. This understands itself, as the French say. And she has a right to expect that if some lynx-eyed mother in Israel discovers a button missing from the ministerial vest on Sunday, she will not be condemned too hastily, but that due allowance will be made for the teething baby or the croupy Junior.

She has a right to expect loyal and intelligent co-operation on the part of the women of her husband's congregation. The minister's wife cannot do it all when it comes to church societies. She can only give a little leadership and guidance. For success and forward marching good team work is necessary for all. It is a joy to work with sweetly reasonable women, but one crank on the executive can embitter the

existence of the minister's wife and wreck the work of the organization woefully.

Also I would humbly suggest that she should not have her perfect and incomparable predecessor cast in her teeth too often. In days to come, when she in her turn will be gone and rainbowed with the iridescence of the past, she, too, will be remembered as a flawless and competent creature. But that will not take away the sting of the present comparison.

She expects that the congregation will concede to her a right to her own opinions, tastes, methods of housekeeping and child training. To be the target of endless criticism along these lines would take the joy out of any life.

She expects that they will be willing to overlook her blunders and mistakes. She is not flawless any more than they are. She cannot at twenty have the wisdom of sixty. And, after all, the woman who never makes mistakes may be an admirable woman but somehow I think she would be an unlovable one, too. The minister's wife may sometimes fail to recognize the right time to be silent, or she may bungle in trying too hard to be an inspiration. The path of perfection is narrow and few there be that find it. In short, she expects that her husband's people will remember that she is a human being.

I humbly suggest that she should not have her perfect and incomparable predecessor cast in her teeth too often.

She has a right to dress to please herself. This should not worry the women of the parish—or the men either. For women are not the only offenders in this respect. I once heard it asked what a certain good and reverend elder had died of.

"Heart failure," said one neighbor.

"Not at all," said another. "He really died of the minister's wife's bobbed hair."

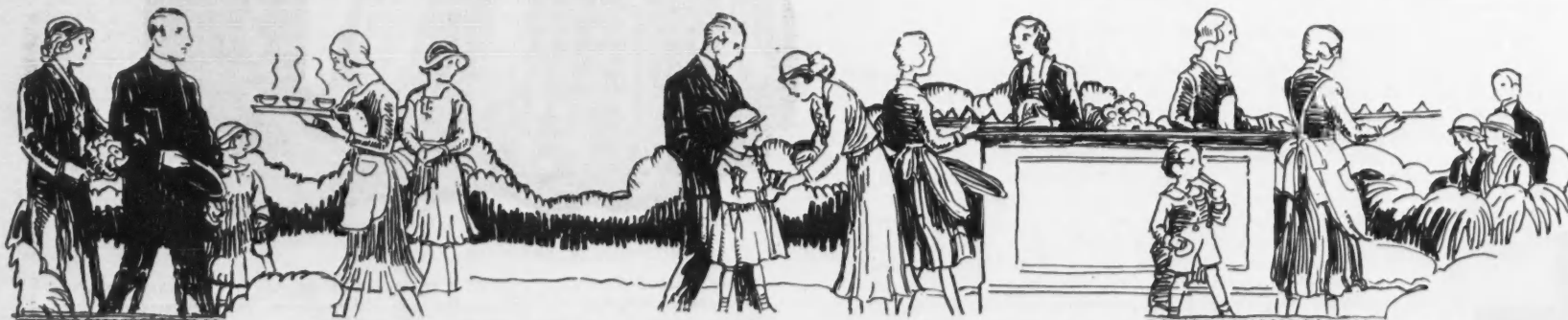
And I knew of a case where a whole session refused to call a minister who had pleased them in every respect, because his wife, who unwisely accompanied him when he came to "preach for a call," had a gay red rose in her hat.

Let the minister's wife's clothes alone. It is not likely that on the average minister's salary she will have more pretty things than are good for her. Besides, even if her dress were dowdy and her hat swore at her nose, she wouldn't be a bit the better wife to the minister or help to the congregation.

THEN, too, the congregation should remember that the minister's wife likes a little fun, especially if she has been cursed with an inconvenient sense of humor. What agonies I have endured betimes when I was dying to laugh but dared not because I was the minister's wife. How did I keep a straight face when a dear, kindly soul remarked that her husband hadn't been able to attend a certain funeral because he had such a headache that "he knew he wouldn't enjoy himself if he did go!" Or when another equally good and sweet woman groaned behind me at another funeral, as we passed the flower-heaped casket, "Oh, poor man, I hope you are as happy as you look"—more as if she hoped rather than believed it!

She has a right to expect that they will respect her confidences as they expect her to respect theirs. And she has a right to expect that when people tell her about B's faults they will tell her about B's virtues at the same time. But this, I realize, is a counsel of perfection.

If at times the minister's wife is a bit absent-minded or preoccupied or "stiff," the [Continued on page 53]



Letter

MARY WYNDHAM

Our own correspondent has been attending all the Paris Openings to report direct to you the changes and innovations of the new mode, with which every smart woman must be familiar

without exaggeration with a decided out-movement of the line toward the hem. Not so much as would warrant one's describing the whole silhouette as bell-shaped, but tending that way.

It isn't only the Patou skirts that take on amplitude as they reach the ground. Everywhere I went, the skirts were voluminous, one might say, remembering what mere incidents they have been until quite recently. There are still tubes to be seen here and there but they are in the minority and unimportant.

I COULDN'T see that the skirt for general wear had increased much in length—I mean, measuring with the naked eye. I do not wish to argue the point though, because Worth, Patou, Lelong and Molyneux all say they are longer. I could see that afternoon frocks and dressy tailleurs were nearer the ground than they were last season. Evening skirts were trained and those that weren't so proud just escaped the ground, enough to make one realize that feet can be fascinating as well as useful, when not worn right out in the open.

Altogether the new skirts have the effect of making women look taller. Those for wear in the evening are going to make some women, particularly those with long legs, look positively statuesque. There is nothing in the slightest degree casual about them, not even those intended to be worn casually. Neither are they very youthful looking, but they have a subtle charm that the short skimpy skirt never had. They are intriguingly feminine, especially those which go with the basque type of bodice and are all frilly in front and hiked up behind. Or those that give the effect of a tight apron pulled across the front and hips with a long frill trailing behind where the apron strings would be. Or those like the Molyneux models that are pulled back with a flat bow placed where the bustle would be if it were.

Worth shows these rounded apron effects on some of his most beautiful evening models with a frilled panel behind ending in a small train. Some of the Lelong evening frocks have a series of flat frills in the back, three or four in graduating widths. A number of them fall on the floor in front so that the wearer has to catch them up coquettishly to walk freely and they have a long train behind. They are beautiful but not for popular consumption. They could be made with just a wee train, a mere rounded point and not so trippingly long in front. "Mystère" in plum color trimmed with pale green—I know but we'll chat about the color combinations later—has three fan-shaped frills in the back. One nice thing about these back panels is that if you run out of one color or if you're using up stuff you can always "let in" another shade behind.

A word more about the Lelong skirts. All those for street and general utility mold the hips and are beautifully slender although they have "volume," as Mr. Lelong would say. Whatever there is in the way of pleat or godet happens far down on the skirt, farther down than in any of the other grandes maisons. Also a number of the Lelong afternoon models in soft crêpe materials have little decorations on the hips that you might call paniers if they weren't so scrappy.

THE bodices of one-piece frocks are mere skimps—skimps that follow the contours so closely as to give a decidedly busty effect. There's no other way to describe it. In fact, so unsmart has the boyish figure become that corsages are sometimes shirred right in the middle front after the fashion of soutien gorges to make up for any deficiency on the part of the wearer.

The new bodice may be an unimportant item as compared to the new skirt but at least it is colorful. The idea of the contrasty yoke runs throughout all the collections. Sometimes even the bodice of a one-piece may be quite of another color to its skirt. It may be also unrelated in the matter of texture as satin with wool below or crêpe with satin.

The parti-colored scheme extends to sleeves as well. Sleeves, in fact, are decidedly decorative. Lanvin is making typical Lanvin sleeves, fitting fairly closely to the elbow and then puffed over a long cuff. Lelong trims elbow length sleeves with flat bows to match the three flat bows in the front of the bodice. The draped sleeve which suggests the old leg-of-mutton affair was here and there in the collections. Mostly the sleeves were tightish on the upper part of the arm, with things happening nearly always in the vicinity of the elbow.

The pouch sleeve, pouched from elbow to wrist, is still going to be used on dress coats. For sports and travelling coats, the raglan. Sleeves of evening coats carry lots of fur. They can because they are usually of the *évasé* type sometimes called angel. Evening dresses with wide skirts that suggest the crinoline have tiny puffed sleeves. The more useful kind of frock, the sort of combined dinner and dance affair, has some suggestion of something or other over the top of the arm. All the Molyneux models have at least a hint of a cape floating off the [Continued on page 56]



Separate blouses everywhere—and what a consolation that is when one's dress budget is limited! The light wool vogue for autumn dresses is a very popular one. Two distinctive new models from—Goupy.

Everything that could possibly be belted is belted in Paris these days. Here a good-looking street costume, to be worn with a separate coat uses clever diagonals in the belted blouse, and the new fur neckpiece. Design by Marcelle Dormory.

The Paris

Coats for street wear, when they are short are either basques or boleros. The basques fit snugly to the waist and often have a peplum effect. A model from Lucien Lelong.



Many of the newer coats favor a suggestion of the cape silhouette in the yoke. A new coat from—Goupy.

HERE really seemed a possibility, you know, with this coming into vogue of the little hat, the marquis-y affair, the bowler, the Robin Hood with its tilt one side and feather and the dashing resurrections of 1860, all to one side, one eye absolutely out of business and an ostrich plume stealing round and off the crown—it really began to look alarmingly as if we would be doing our marketing in a bustle or mincing along in a farthingale to buy lettuces and what-nots for lunch!

Thank heaven, it was all pretty much of a false alarm! The new hats have had a decided influence on the winter mode but they haven't led us into anything out of harmony with the rhythm of the times. For just so soon as the couturiers realized that the modistes had actually set a fashion, or rather had created a demand for a definite change in the fashion, they set out with beautiful unanimity to show the hat folks their proper place.

There is no trace of the bustle, for instance, for daytime wear unless you would contend that an occasional puffed-out bow on the rear of an afternoon gown was evidence of its presence. At the same time skirts are decidedly more

ample aft than they have been in many moons past. So general is the movement of fullness behind that from now on it will be decidedly un-chic to show the slightest trace of one's topography as one "turns to leave." The mode isn't bustled but a tremendous number of things do happen at the back.

The draped-to-the-back movement is one of the most persistent themes running throughout the fall and winter mode. Even when it isn't actually there you feel its influence. All the new skirts are neat in front and over the hips from the natural waistline down to the knees. Anything that happens, happens from there down, pleats, godets, flounces or what you will. Even the skirts of sport outfits or "trotteurs," the kind of thing you wear when you gad about in the mornings on real or make-believe errands, are restrained to the knees and from there spread out to the hem. Not only that, but the way pleats are stitched down and the fashion in which godets are arranged recall the up-drawn draperies of the softer textured afternoon frocks.

The Jean Patou silhouette created to go with his own small hats, shows the shoulder line exceedingly neat, almost prim, the waistline higher and, though one cannot say that it is pulled in, markedly restrained, the hips emphasized

Should Canada Have Midwives?

by JOHN W. S. McCULLOUGH, M.D., D.P.H.

A frank and impartial discussion of the wide-spread controversy on the introduction of midwives into the provinces, by a physician of noted experience



IN THE entire field of public health and medical practice there is no more engrossing subject nor one of higher importance to the national character of our people than the preservation of the mother. Among the elements of our population she stands supreme. Upon her, her food, her health and her mothering influence, depends, more than upon anything else, the future prosperity of Canada. We have great material resources; these

equal, and in a number of instances, surpass those of other civilized countries, but of all our resources the sons and daughters of the great pioneer mothers of Canada take the first rank. Their character, their health, their very existence depend upon the mother. The loss of a mother to the infant, to the growing child, or to the adolescent cannot be estimated. Nothing except loss of the individual's own life approaches the calamity of the loss of the mother.

In view of all this, the life of the mother must at all costs be preserved, and thoughtful people have given to this subject much careful consideration. They view with alarm the high death rate of mothers in Canada. Comparisons are made with similar rates in foreign countries, some of which, like Sweden and other European nations, have maternal death rates much lower than ours. The reason for this difference is sought, and it is found that in almost all of the countries with lower maternal death rates, midwives rather than doctors are employed at confinement. In Sweden, for example, almost every woman, rich or poor, employs a midwife; the doctor is called in only in difficult cases, and the results are reflected in the rates, from 1926-1929 inclusive, of 2.94, 2.78, 3.30 and 3.40 per 1,000 living births respectively. The situation is much the same in the various continental countries and is in marked contrast with the rate of six per 1,000 found in Canada and the even higher rate of the United States.

Should Canada Employ Midwives?

Those who advocate the employment of the midwife instead of the doctor or hospital point to the statistics of Sweden and other countries, and argue that the low maternal death rate in those countries is attributable to the employment of midwives. For this reason they urge in the strongest terms that the example of continental countries in this regard should be followed by Canada.

If statistics covered the entire truth of the matter, the case of the proponents of the midwife would be undeniably strong, but in the actual everyday life of people of different racial origins, many other questions must be considered.

In continental countries like Sweden and Holland the respective peoples are usually of a single race, living in their accustomed environment, while we in Canada must deal with almost all races of the world striving to make a living and to reproduce in an alien climate and under unusual conditions.

For example, an obstetric specialist of long experience in one of our cities

had sent to him by a Bulgarian physician a compatriot woman suffering from the pernicious vomiting of pregnancy. Similar cases to the number of three or four had reached the specialist from the same source, and he enquired of the physician if such cases were common in the homeland. His reply was "No, very rare; it is the change of food and other circumstances that cause it."

Intermarriage between different races is a factor in difficult labor. Foreign peoples vary in their attitude toward the physician. Some are disposed to follow the directions given, others are not. The midwife could not be expected to have any better success with these types of peoples than the doctor. Continental people at home are much better disciplined than our mixed population. They obey the laws and rules of their own country and are inclined to abuse the wider privileges of this free country.

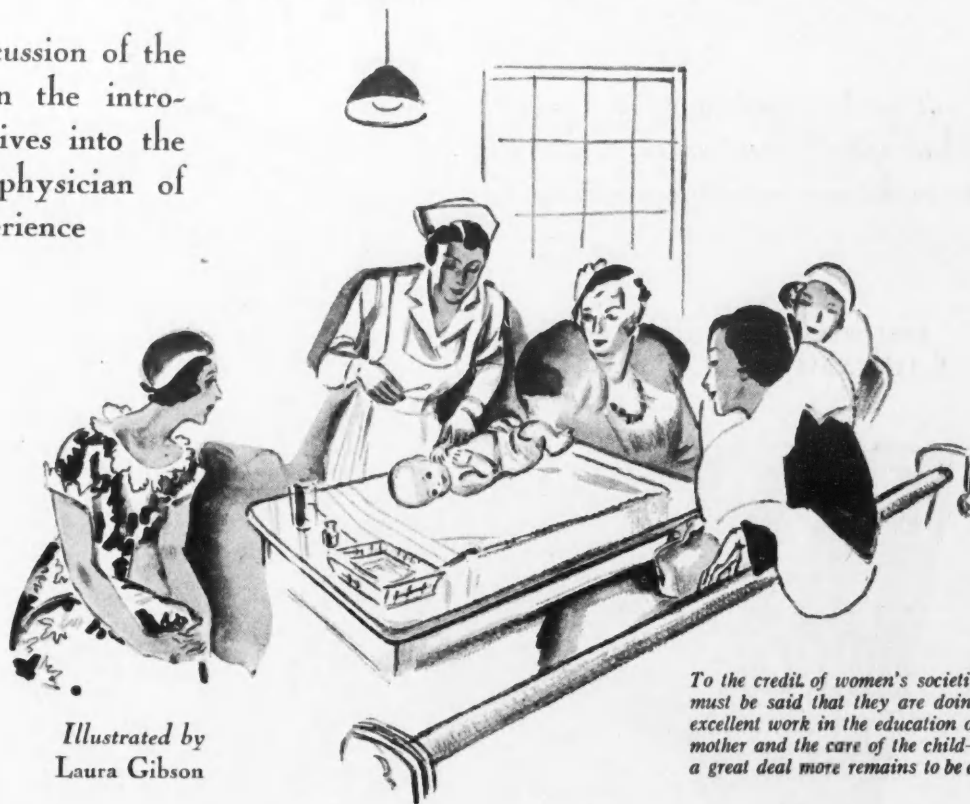
While the rates of Sweden are comparatively low, one significant thing must be remembered by those who advocate the midwife. While in Canada about one-third of the deaths are from septicaemia, or childbed fever, at least one half the Swedish mortality is from this cause, and is anything but a tribute to the methods of Swedish midwives.

What is the Solution?

The solution of the problem of maternal mortality is not the substitution of the midwife for the doctor, and it is



First-class results are almost always achieved in the private wards of the hospital, with competent nurses and specialists, but in simple cases the home with a competent physician is cheaper and better.



Illustrated by
Laura Gibson

To the credit of women's societies, it must be said that they are doing an excellent work in the education of the mother and the care of the child—but a great deal more remains to be done.

evident that the advocates of this plan have given the subject very superficial study. The real solution of the problem depends upon:

- The care of the mother during pregnancy
- Care during confinement
- Care after confinement
- Education in health

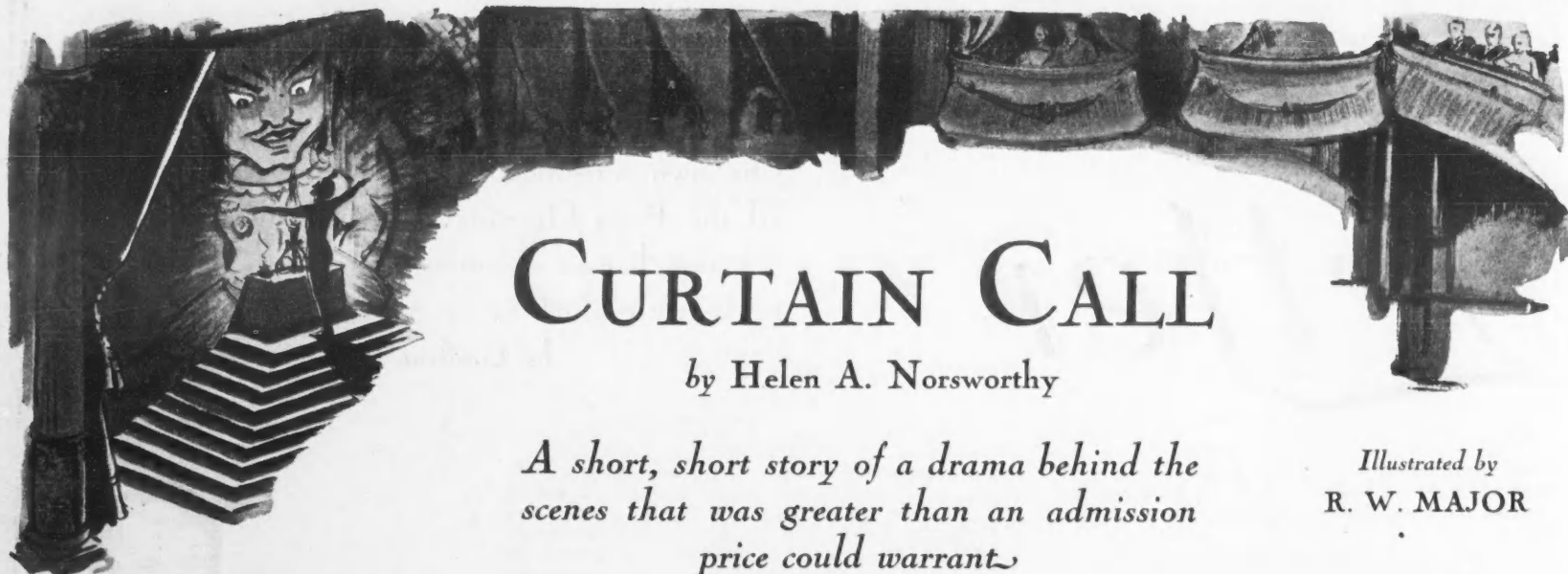
Prenatal Care

This is the care of the mother in pregnancy. There are many women who should be restrained from pregnancy by every legitimate means. Among these are the ones with heart disease, damaged kidneys, tuberculosis and diabetes. Cases of this nature have their health and lives jeopardized by pregnancy. Women with venereal disease should not bear children until the venereal disease is cured.

Many women, perhaps twenty per cent of the maternal mortality list, die of eclampsia and albuminuria. Practically all of these, if supervised throughout the months of pregnancy, are saved by the prenatal clinic, by the treatment of their doctor. For these cases the substitution of midwife for doctor could scarcely be expected to increase their chance of life.

There is a large list of women who lose their lives in pregnancy because no attention has been paid to their bad teeth, infected tonsils, appendix, and gall-bladder conditions. Prenatal supervision is most effective in observing and correcting these conditions. The well-directed pregnant woman should avoid all sources of infection, particularly scarlet fever and pneumonia.

Some women have contracted pelvis. They are the ones who in childhood have been improperly fed or deprived of sunlight and who consequently have suffered from rickets. This condition is a potent cause of dangerous labor. Early and close supervision of such cases allows of the development of proper plans to meet the difficulty. Tumors, abnormal positions of the child, anaemia, pernicious vomiting and other ills of pregnancy must be discovered and [Continued on page 53]



CURTAIN CALL

by Helen A. Norsworthy

A short, short story of a drama behind the scenes that was greater than an admission price could warrant.

Illustrated by
R. W. MAJOR

IT WAS almost time to go on. Boris waited in the wings, his thin face twitching as a wave of applause surged up over the footlights. That was what they wanted—a fat girl wearing white tights, with a baby face and a shrill voice; a lanky man in a checked suit with nimble feet and a tongue that dripped wisecracks.

That he should have come to this—he, Boris Markoff, a member of the Imperial Russian Ballet, who had been singled out by the great Kostoff himself!

The curtains swung together, and a property man hurried out to change the signs from "Sherk and Kohn" to "Markoff." The back-drop for his act thudded down. He watched anxiously as the high steps were rolled out from the wings, for the gilded altar at their apex must be placed exactly in the centre of the stage, with its flaming torch beneath the idol painted on the drop.

Boris peered around the curtain. The same rows of stupid faces, smiling foolishly now over the last quip flung at them by the lanky Kohn. Those faces would grow stolid again during his act. He knew. It had happened so often.

A worried frown puckered his forehead. A few more weeks of this feeble applause and he would be dropped from the bill instead of clinging precariously to the worst spot the manager could give him. Only this morning the hard-bitten little man had warned him. Boris still smarted at the words which had jerked from behind the big cigar.

"Ya gotta get more pep into your act, Markoff," he had said, showing his perpetual grey fedora still farther back on his head. "Folks out front don't like that highbrow stuff you're givin' 'em. Get a snappy girl or two to do some high kickin' for ya. Stick in some funny gags—pull a coupla wisecracks yourself, see? I'm tellin' ya, I hate to drop a guy, but I gotta do it if ya don't make a hit with the audience soon."

THE other troupers were clannish and treated the sensitive little Russian as an outsider. They laughed openly at his struggles to speak English, shrugged with a knowing air at the half-hearted applause that invariably followed his act. He hated them; hated them as he did the cheap hotels, the big garish theatres, the whole vaudeville circuit. Yet beneath this defensive mask he was desperately lonely.

THE orchestra began the music for his dance—slow throb of tom-tom; low whine of flute. The lights dimmed as the curtains slid back, and a blue radiance bathed the face of the idol. The torch on the altar flickered with a pale flame. Boris stole out from the wings with long, pointing steps. A spotlight caught his lean figure, darkly glistening with oil and naked except for shimmering loincloth and headdress. He wove an intricate pattern before the idol; in an agony of supplication he prostrated himself before it as the music rose. He leaped up the gilded steps, hands outflung, implor-

ing mercy of the still figure. It remained cold and pitiless, smiling in the eerie blue light.

Boris turned away, tortured face raised. His arms lifted and dropped in a gesture of weary hopelessness. The music sank to a despairing whisper; his body seemed to hang limply from an invisible cord. In a vain hope he listened for an involuntary burst of applause, but the audience sat dumb and inert. One or two people clapped uncertainly; a titter ran along the rows of seats. So! More blind cabbages impossible to rouse! He must go through with it; a good troupier always completes his act.

WAS it impossible to rouse them? An idea leaped into his mind and refused to be dismissed. The climax of the scene would come when he seized the torch and dashed it to the floor in the supreme act of defiance to the god. What if he were to fling it blazing into the midst of those stolid creatures? Terror would wake them from their lethargy even though their senses were dulled to beauty. The music swelled louder. The light changed to a ghastly green; the idol glowed blood-red.

Boris's lips drew back in a sneering smile; in the unearthly light his narrowed eyes glittered wildly. He began to move, slowly at first, then faster and faster. In a frenzied supplication to the sinister figure towering above him, he whirled like a demented creature. The fury of resentment mounting in his veins lent an added passion to the dance. Those stupid creatures would struggle madly to escape the torch. They would trample each other, their faces ugly masks of fear. And he would laugh—laugh to see them roused at last. They had made him suffer; now he would repay them.

Cymbals crashed, and he poised, arms flung wide in a final agonized plea to the god. The silent figure gave no sign. His heart thudded heavily. Now was the time. Would he throw the torch? It would hurtle out over the audience like a comet. Then would come the scramble, the shrieks of terror. No, he was mad! He must dash it to the boards; trample on it. He tensed himself for the final spring. Even yet there was time.

A gasp escaped his lips. One of the curtains draped back from the idol had swung out over the torch! In an instant the flimsy stuff was aflame. Blown by a strong draught from the wings, it swung back, a flaming banner against the outer hangings. Boris forgot his vengeance; forgot the safety curtain. A scream of fear thrilled through the audience. Those stupid cabbages would roast to death! They could never escape the quick flame. Another few seconds, and the outer hangings would be ablaze. There was one desperate chance to save them. He must take it.

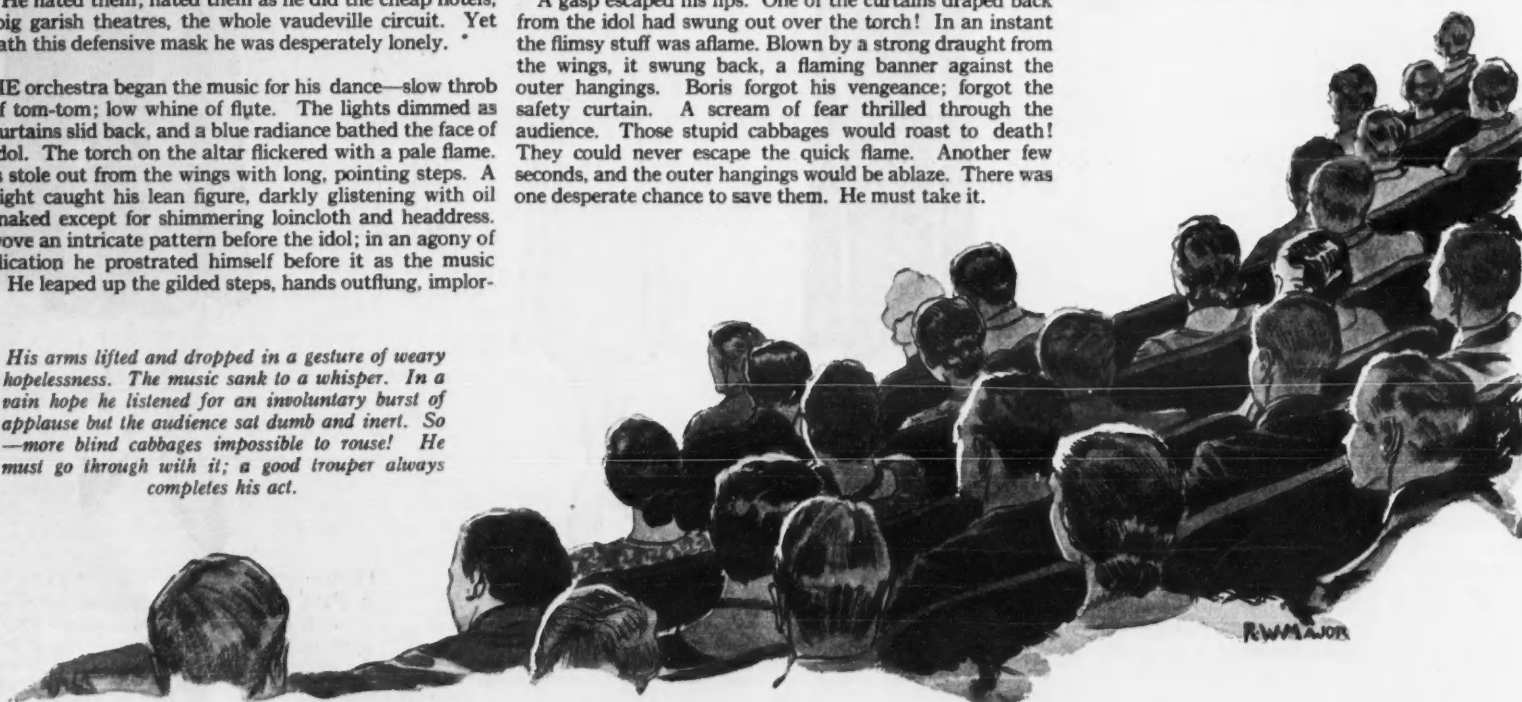
One leap took him to the base of the altar; another to its apex. The flaming drapery still clung to the outer curtains. He crouched, and launched himself with outstretched arms at the burning mass. It swung free under his weight, a giant pendulum of fire. The flames licked avidly at his naked oiled body. With a ripping sound the fiery folds fell, enveloping him in a thousand searing flames as the safety curtain dropped between him and the audience.

BORIS opened his eyes. He was lying on the stage, and about him clustered the people from the other acts, their faces oddly set and grey beneath the garish make-up. They were afraid—and proud. He could see it shining in their eyes. A voice said: "What a game little guy! Your wouldn't catch anybody in our act pullin' off a hero stunt like that!" The fat girl was crying, the tears streaking mascara on her round powdered cheeks.

Boris tried to speak but the words refused to come. Only one side of his face responded when he smiled up at the anxious circle around him; his body felt strangely numb and lifeless. He looked at it in bewilderment, but a blanket mercifully hid the blackened flesh. There was a roaring in his ears like the sea. He tried to raise his head to hear better. Kohn's checked arm lifted him gently. Kohn's harsh voice broke as he said, "Take it easy, kid. Take it easy. Hear them givin' ya the hand out there?" He jerked his head toward the audience.

A look of incredulous joy flickered in the dulling eyes. From beyond the curtain it came—stupendous, unbelievable. Volley after volley of clapping, thunder of heels, piercing shrillness of whistles. Voices soaring in a triumphant paean of acclaim. Hysterical voices sobbing and laughing as they called his name. His name—his curtain call, at last! Out there they were clamoring for him—he must go to them. He struggled convulsively to rise, but the numbed body would not respond. Exhausted by the effort, he fell back against Kohn's bony shoulder, but a smile twisted the seared face as the voices swelled again above the din—"Markoff! Markoff!"

His arms lifted and dropped in a gesture of weary hopelessness. The music sank to a whisper. In a vain hope he listened for an involuntary burst of applause but the audience sat dumb and inert. So—more blind cabbages impossible to rouse! He must go through with it; a good troupier always completes his act.





Something inside Fenella awoke and warned her. "This is adventure. Real adventure. It's something to do with the bribe Alistair spoke about." "You want money?" said Wa Lee, and watched her quietly.

THE WOMEN MEN FORGET

by DOROTHY BLACK

Fenella faces the most critical choice of her life—and makes a decision which changes its whole course

Illustrated by H. W. McCREA

In the first installment, Fenella Marchmont, daughter of an inveterate gambler, attends a week-end party in England where she falls in love with Alistair Farquhar, a young civil servant home from India for his holidays. Mrs. Marchmont, who is perpetually poverty-stricken and has been angling for a wealthy match for her daughter for some time is delighted but Alistair is rather afraid of his own mother, as she has had very ambitious schemes for him.

LADY FARQUHAR resembled a Frenchman's idea of an Englishwoman. She was very tall, rather square, rather equine, with honest if cold blue eyes, and a rush of teeth to the face. She had a sense of humor few suspected her to possess, with but one real interest in life—Alistair and the successful perpetuation of the Farquhar family, and a scheme to put central heating in their house.

To her, in her London flat, came Alistair, "ridiculously good-looking, wearing that brown suit she liked so much and that harmonized with his golden brown hair, his eyebrows, and his sunburn, making him an agreeable harmony in the varying shades of beige.

He told her about Fenella so confidently, certain she would be pleased. It was heartbreaking. She tried to

disguise her sense of shock and go on eating toast and marmalade as if nothing had happened, after the manner of a British matron. But it was difficult for her.

"And who, exactly, is she?" asked Lady Farquhar. "Daughter of one A. V. Marchmont, rubber planter, I think. They were jolly rich once, but I gather the old boy was a bit of a blighter and ran through everything."

Ran through everything! Wasn't this just what she had always dreaded that Alistair would marry into some family with undesirable traits? Ran through everything! She knew all about gay old blighters who run through everything. She said as little as she could that morning and hurried off to see Fenella for herself.

SHE had some difficulty in finding the place. The gates were all grown over with creepers and did not look like gates at all. Then Lion, who opened the door, appeared to be not only deaf but in a trance also. He was very, very old. When at length he showed her into the library, he seemed inclined to remain there with her and tell her

his whole life history. She had to be quite firm with him.

Mrs. Marchmont came in after an interminable delay, during which Lady Farquhar began to fear there was no one alive in the house except herself. She had looked gingerly round her. The place was indescribably dirty and muddled, and full of a frowsy smell suggestive of the day before yesterday's dinner.

At length Mrs. Marchmont appeared. She shook hands with Lady Farquhar in the grandest manner possible. She wore that cotton voile frock, those khaki bloomers blossoming beneath it like tulips out of season. In her left hand she held a plate on which lay half a pound of some yellow substance like butter.

"They say margarine is inferior in food value but I don't believe a word of it," said Mrs. Marchmont without preamble. "I bought a packet of dairy butter the other day, and what do you think I discovered it was?"

No answer seemed forthcoming out of Lady Farquhar, so she continued. "Rubbish. All the scrapings of Russia and Serbia mixed up together, I'm told, and palmed off on us as home-made. There you are!"

Lady Farquhar had some difficulty in getting her to discuss Fenella at all.

WHY I DO NOT SPOIL MY HUSBAND —

*The out-spoken confessions of a woman
who has spent fifteen years in learning
to make her marriage a success*

by a Philosophic Wife

Illustrated by
E. J. DINSMORE



*My husband's shocking untidiness and
carelessness used to worry me fearfully
at first. This, of course, angered him
and he reacted with "There you go
nagging again!"*

properly. We are the constant butt of newspaper and verbal railings—our bobbed or long hair, our short or long skirts, our immodest clothes. Mothers-in-law, not fathers-in-law are joked about; wives are criticized for nagging for complaining of late hours of their husbands, and for one hundred and one things, while husbands and sons smugly sit by, and allow us to be reviled without any attempt to come to the rescue. I suppose we women are so used to this that we don't pay much attention to it. Indeed there are some who enjoy being in the limelight even though shown up as faulty creatures compared to the "lords of creation."

I DO not spoil my husband because he was spoiled when I got him!

His mother had made a complete and thorough job of it with her only child. Peace at any price was her motto then, and still is, as I find out to my sorrow from her attitude to her grandchildren when she visits in our home. From observation and investigation I find that the generation of mothers that bore our husbands were imbued with the idea that boys were more or less little demigods who must be waited on, hand and foot, and never allowed to do any work in the house. It was too sissy! Their faults and failings were to be excused on the ground that "boys will be boys," and their sisters, so carefully trained to the drudgery for which "females" were born, must pick up after them, find their caps, schoolbooks, and anything else. But if my mother-in-law could have foreseen the many bitternesses and—yes—agonies she was preparing for someone else by turning out a selfish, careless son, she surely would have changed her policy.

A girl does not see these faults in the young man to whom she is engaged. A man, and a girl, too, for that matter, is at his best with sweetheart or fiancée. He is then all attention and all willingness for anything, and his faults are not noticeable. However, it takes only a short time of married life for faults of training to show up.

I was frankly flabbergasted when I found my idol had feet of clay. I knew I was not perfect by any means, but I knew that I was doing my best to quench and keep out of sight as much as possible those faults, and adjust my life to another. My husband did not in the least. His mother had waited on him, picked up after him, expected nothing in the way of thoughtful attentions, heard with equanimity and even amusement his outbursts of temper when things went wrong.

At first, as I've said, I was flabbergasted, dismayed. I tried not to quarrel, not to be hurt with his outbursts of temper and his thoughtlessness. I remembered the oft quoted adage about the way to a man's heart, and realizing that what perfume is to a rose, so is a thick juicy steak, perfectly broiled, to a marriage, I cooked and baked and tried to restore our romantic viewpoint with such efforts as deep apple pie topped with whipped cream and decorated with attractive strips of yellow cheese! These things, I confess, usually brought across the little olive branch. But even olive branches soon wither, and pall as bouquets when not followed up by other flowers [Continued on page 65]

THIS seems to be open season for confessions, or, as our local newspaper states, "Confessions are the order of the day." Practically every magazine you pick up has included in its feature articles such headings as, "How I lived in New York for a week with no money in my pocket," "Why my husband and I decided on a week-end marriage arrangement?" "How I manage to look twenty when I am really fifty." Our own brilliant Canadian, Arthur Stringer, has told us "How I use my divorced wife," and our clever Nellie McClung has informed the public "I'll never tell my age again."

So I would like to confess—as the writer in a recent issue of the *Chatelaine* confessed why she spoiled her husband—"Why I do not spoil my husband."

First of all, I do not see any point in any big strong man, quite able to do his office work and perhaps play a round of golf after it without any appreciable fatigue, being petted. I think petting—or spoiling, if you prefer that word—should be reserved for weak things or people, and while I'm not what you'd consider weak, still I think that, like all other women in similar circumstances, at the end of a day of running a good-sized ménage and properly attending to several children, especially when they are young, I am more tired than my husband, therefore more a subject for petting.

According to many husbands and wives, it is the proper

thing for a husband to come home, expecting his wife to be dolled up, scintillating brightly, to "soothe the tired business man." And no husband I have heard of yet, ever realized that his wife might be more tired than he!

A young chap of my acquaintance, eighteen years old and very important, used to come home on a Toronto street car from work. One night he was boasting of not giving his seat in the car to women. "They want equal rights with men," he said pompously. "All right, let them stand up in a street car, too."

"There's just one thing," I replied quietly, "in which women cannot have equal rights with men, and that is in physical strength. We never claim that. Next time you go to sit down in a car, look around and see if there isn't standing a pale-faced, washed-out looking woman, perhaps with a child dragging on her skirts."

THERE is in a Western town a rather snappy restaurant sign: "Keep your wife for a pet, and eat here." Now I do not care to have my husband follow out the advice of that sign, but if there is to be a pet in the family I claim to have more right to be it than he!

Now, please, do not get me wrong and turn over without finishing what I have to say. I don't want to sound belligerent, but we women stand too much. As a rule we are too busy or too meek or too "something" to defend ourselves



She was a woman of fifty or so, with a tanned open-air complexion. Sylvia watched her with a sneer.

THE OPEN DOOR

When one door shuts in life, another usually opens

Illustrated by
D. M. PATTERSON

by J. F. BERESFORD

JOE BENTLEY was feeling pretty well fed up with Sylvia that afternoon. Nothing seemed to please her, and when he had suggested this little trip alone together, he had hoped to find her in a good mood and be able to persuade her to share his point of view with regard to their future. They had been married five years and he wanted to have children, not too many, of course, two or three perhaps. Anyway, one to start with. It was nothing but selfishness and vanity on Sylvia's part.

He had married her for her looks and she had married him for his money; and it seemed to him in his state of exasperation this afternoon that she had got the best of the bargain. His money was increasing, but her looks would inevitably fall off in time. He had a vision of her in twenty years' time—stout, flabby and querulous. It might come to that in less than twenty years. She pampered herself and took no exercise.

And then there was that infernal Pee-Kee. It was getting on his nerves, that dog of hers—nasty, peevish, snappy little beast. Sylvia took far more trouble over it than she did over him. If it was a choice between his convenience and Pee-Kee's, he had to give way every time.

He had asked her not to bring the hideous little brute. He had had an idea of making this a second honeymoon. Just the two of them going away alone in the car together, wandering off far out into some remote corner of the country without any fixed route. But Sylvia had insisted on bringing Pee-Kee. She had talked to the yapping little beast in that voice which was beginning to exasperate him beyond endurance. "What would my pickaninny do without his mummy?" That sort of stuff. Sickly, sentimental rot he called it. Morbid, too, in a way. A woman ought to have children, not waste her affections on a squeaking toy like that. If she wasn't careful he would wring its neck.

That might not be a bad thing to do, if he could bring himself to it; but he had never ill-treated an animal in his life and he would have to work himself up into a flaming temper first. Perhaps it would be better to take another line in order to assert his authority. What Sylvia wanted was a sharp touch of discipline. He'd have to play Petruchio to her Katherine; bully her. But, good Lord, what he had been looking forward to was a thoroughly jolly, friendly little trip.

Joe was naturally a humane man. He had a reputation for good nature in the City. It was said of him that he never went back on a friend or took unfair advantage of an enemy. And it was characteristic of him that when he was driving one of his cars, even one which could do eighty, he seldom went beyond a safe forty miles an hour. Sylvia often laughed at him, but he said that if he ever killed anyone he would never forget it, never be able to drive a car again.

It was sheer exasperation this afternoon that made him step so heavily on the "gas." He wanted to get away from the irk of all these infernal irritations. The sense of dangerous speed was exhilarating. The needle of the speedometer was trembling on the further side of 60, when he was recalled by Sylvia's little crooning laugh. She was talking to Pee-Kee. "Isn't daddy driving boofully this afternoon, darling?" she said. "This is how we like it, isn't it, my pet?"

Joe instantly lifted his foot from the accelerator, and checked the car down to a crawling thirty.

"Oh, Joe! What did you do that for?" Sylvia demanded pettishly. "Pee-Kee and I were just beginning to enjoy ourselves. He does love to go fast, don't you, darling?"

"Look here, Sylvia," Joe said firmly. "If you call that cursed little brute 'darling' again, we'll do the rest of the journey at fifteen."

Sylvia giggled, and kissed Pee-Kee's hideous little face. "Oh, isn't daddy cross?" she said.

"And if you call me that filthy beast's 'daddy' again, you can get out and walk," Joe continued, and stopped the car dead.

Sylvia awoke to the realization that Joe was seriously annoyed about something and decided to try temper first. She preferred to keep her other method in reserve for the more important occasions.

"Don't be absurd, Joe," she said. "For goodness' sake get on. I'm sick of being cramped up in this car. I want to get to some decent hotel and have a hot bath. Where are we?"

He was leaning back and lighting a cigarette. He never smoked when he was driving. "Not a notion," he replied carelessly.

"Well, hadn't you better find out?" she demanded sharply.

"Lots of time," he said carelessly. "It's hardly seven yet." "But we may be miles from any place where we can stay the night."

"Quite likely. I don't know this country."

"Well, aren't you going on?"

"Presently. When I've finished this cigarette."

His eyes were turned away from her, looking out across the lovely hills, but there was a note in his voice that advised her to treat this as an important occasion.

"Is anything the matter, dear?" she asked gently.

He kept his face averted as he replied. "Yes, there is. The way you talk to that mucky little dog of yours is getting on my nerves, giving me the pip. And I'm not going to stand any more of it. For two pins I'd wring its rotten neck."

She laid her hand on his arm. "Joe, darling! You're not going to tell me that you're jealous of poor little Pee-Kee?" she said.

"I'd as soon be jealous of a pen-wiper," he returned coldly. She put her head on his shoulder. "Sorry, darling," she said. "I didn't know you minded so [Continued on page 46]

"My daughter has gone to London," said Mrs. Marchmont, "to buy her trousseau. She is getting married almost at once. A splendid match. I don't know if you have met him? Yes, it was love at first sight. I have always prayed Heaven would send my girl a husband with some money."

"He has no money," said Lady Farquhar.

"Ah, you know him, then?"

"Would nothing make the woman understand? 'He is my son,' shouted Lady Farquhar.

Mrs. Marchmont said, "Dear me!" and pressed to her aquiline nose a dirty handkerchief edged with lace.

On the whole, that interview was not a success. Alistair knew, as soon as he saw his mother's face, that all was not going as smoothly, as easily, as in his youthful hopefulness he had imagined it would. Life had always been so kind to him before.

They talked far into the night.

"My darling, you don't realize what you are doing. You can't marry a girl like that. Her father was a dreadful man, a drunken gambler. The boy has gone to the bad completely. What hope is there for the girl? Brought up in that house—have you seen it? What chance had she? That dreadful woman."

"Can't you see, mother, that all this only makes it more necessary to get Fenella out of it?"

"She'll only go the same way. She's bound to. She has never learnt how to run a house properly, how to behave properly. She has no religion, no principles—how could she bring up your children as we want them brought up? She will probably gamble away all we have left. She'll have tendencies you don't understand. She'll shame you in a hundred ways."

"I see no signs of it. You haven't met her, darling. If you'd only keep calm and see her first."

"I don't want to see her. You are breaking my heart. You'll have the whole of her family hanging round your neck wanting you to support them. I know what it means, marrying into that sort of milieu. You don't."

He had never seen her cry before. It hurt him desperately.

"I love her. You must make the best of it. No other woman could ever mean to me what she means. The wonderful way it happened—almost at first sight."

"She's just one of those modern young women without a background, drifting around for what she can pick up, my darling."

"If only you would see her."

But Lady Farquhar would not see her. In the end they had to run away and be married secretly, and quietly, to put an end to the opposition and the ceaseless talk.

THEY were married in the registry office in Covent Garden, London. Outside men carted early cabbages and imported flowers, and used strong language, and littered up the sidewalks with bits of greenery for passers-by to slip upon. It was all rather dull and sordid, but Fenella did not notice it; she was so happy. She had never imagined it could really happen to her. She had felt so sure, all along, that it would all come to nothing and crumble like a dream, leaving her only Maurice.

They went to Brighton. They never meant to; Alistair's car simply took them there. It did not matter. The big gaudy hotel seemed a veritable haven of luxury. Their room, overlooking the sea, was surely as nice as any room could be. One never noticed the other people. Brighton was transformed into heaven.

FENELLA could not understand her mother-in-law. Before the marriage had taken place she refused to see her, but as soon as it was over, they met and Lady Farquhar was extremely polite. Fenella, who had not known before, did not notice the change in her, but Alistair did and it hurt him very much. He put an arm round her in his old way when they were alone together.

"Darling, do cheer up. You'll see she will make you a daughter-in-law you can be proud of—"

"As long as she makes you a decent wife, my dear. We can only hope. But oh, I'm sair afraid, my lamb; sair afraid."

He tried so hard to persuade her not to be afraid.

"You've no idea what a darling she is, mother."

"I can see that. My only terror is that what is bred in the bone will out. And if she hurts you, laddie—"

At that preposterous thought Alistair laughed. They spent their last week with her at the flat. Fenella did not altogether like it. Lady Farquhar was immensely polite and kind, but there was a feeling of general disapproval in the air.

"She doesn't care for me and she never will,"

said Fenella, shedding the first tears since her marriage late one night. "It's enough to make one go to the bad, having someone sitting there fearing the worst all the time."

He kissed her and comforted her, and called her his little love, and thought in his heart that perhaps it was a good thing that these two women he loved were not going to see very much of one another in the near future.

FENELLA had frequently to pinch herself to be sure it was quite true. The voyage east was like a dream. She floated about the decks of an east-bound liner, a bride attired in pretty new frocks. Alistair had told her to order what she required to the tune of one hundred pounds for her trousseau. She had had a marvellous time doing it; only when the bills came in did she get a shock. The total was nearer two hundred. It was amazing the way money went. Fenella felt quite frightened. She did not tell Alistair at first. She hoped to make it up out of her bridge winnings on the ship. Fenella had played bridge to this end before. But Alistair spotted the stakes they were playing for, one night, and they had what would probably have been a serious row if he hadn't been so dear about it.

"You've got to promise me here and now, my child, that you will never play bridge for anything more than sixpenny points, or go off betting at the races, or gamble in any way at all. See! You know jolly well it's in your family, that sort of thing. It's my job to see you keep off it."

She had cried and promised. But it seemed a lot of fuss, she thought, about nothing. Just as she was having a marvellous run of luck, and winning, too. She had to tell him then about the way trousseau bills had mounted up. Alistair made nothing of that.

"One only buys a trousseau once in a lifetime. I wish I could have given you lots more to spend."

The matter blew over. The rest of the voyage was bliss. They arrived in Rangoon at the beginning of the cold weather, with all the gardens at their best, the ramshackle town with a swept and garnished appearance for the time being. Their bungalow stood out beside the big lakes. It had a large verandah and a garden full of gay, unlikely blossoms such as Fenella had never hoped to see except upon the wall paper of lodging-house bedrooms. A creeper with a purple flower festooned the verandah. Elegant birds with yellow stockings sat upon the verandah rail, watching the movements of mankind with such intelligence that they seemed to be about to copy them.

Married life was wonderful. Fenella could not imagine how anyone had ever come to imagine it wasn't. You sat safe in a pretty house with nothing to do but amuse yourself, order good dinners, drive out, wait for Alistair to come home from office. Rangoon was full of amusing, friendly people. There were women's lunch parties several times a

week, to which one went and ate there a multitude of good things, and then came back and slept all the afternoon until Alistair came and woke one up for tea with a kiss.

Alistair was as charming a husband as he had been a lover. Fenella often wished Lady Farquhar could see him, and notice how well he looked, and how happy he was.

"She wouldn't have such qualms then about the marriage being a success," said Fenella.

The old days at Cairnforth faded until they seemed just a silly dream. No more routing among rubbish for something to sell. No more furtive creepings to the nearest pawnbroker with parcels. Alistair made her a regular allowance. She had a bank book of her own, and he frequently asked her if she wanted any more money.

She tried very hard not to say yes too often. Alistair had explained the whole situation to her. They were not really very rich. Not nearly as rich as Mrs. Marchmont seemed to imagine, but still, according to Cairnforth standards, rich enough. She meant to be extremely economical. Her trousseau, she told herself, would last her for years, so that, not requiring any more clothes, she would be able to save the whole of her allowance and give Alistair a pleasant surprise.

So she planned gaily, not taking into account the Indian climate which saps the heart out of georgette, the color out of voile, and disintegrates taffetas like a morning mist on the hills. Not taking into account those alien insects that prowl by night and eat up a whole garment at a sitting, riddle silk stockings, and gnaw the soles out of boots. Fenella found herself, in an incredibly short time, incredibly shabby.

It would not have mattered much, for Alistair said she looked nice whatever she wore—only everyone else was so smart. Especially Jill.

JILL LANCING lived with her brother Terence. She was just drifting around, they said, looking for a husband. She was a pretty, dark girl with a very white skin, very red lips and very black eyes. People said she had once done her best to marry Alistair.

"So she can't love you much, my dear," said May Valentine. They were lunching at one of those intimate women's tiffin parties in the same house. The grass chicks were drawn. Silent-footed native servants were handing round coffee and liqueurs. The glamor of it had not yet worn off for Fenella. She felt as if she was taking part in some intriguing play.

"I want to meet her. I think she looks nice."

"Yes. She is rather nice. I mean, she's great fun. But I'm always afraid of these young women who are drifting around looking out for what they can pick up. It may always be one's own husband. Not that in nine cases out of ten one would mind very much, except that it hurts your vanity."

They were laughing, when the curtains parted suddenly over the doorway and Jill Lancing herself came in. She was awfully smart. She wore a blue linen dress, a blue linen hat, even blue linen shoes. Such a good idea. Nobody else had thought of it yet. She said;

"I had to come in. I've been terribly gloomy next door. I heard you laughing. Give me a chocolate, May, like a love."

They gave her a chocolate and a chair. Fenella watched her, admiring her. Jill gave her a lazy smile when they were introduced. If she had been in love with Alistair, she did not show it.

"I've been wanting to meet you," she said. She sat with her elbows on the table and talked to Fenella. The general conversation proceeded without them. Fenella rather liked being singled out. She rather liked Jill.

"Will you come to lunch with me one day and see my wedding presents?"

Jill said she would love to. They fixed the thirteenth. That would be after the New Year's camp. "Nice of you to ask me," said Jill. "I hoped you would."

SOMEONE said, "What's happening about the Morency woman?"

"Oh, my dear, I don't know. It's terribly depressing. I've just been having lunch with her. No one ever goes to see her, and she's terribly touchy. I do think sometimes you might."

May said, "If women will marry Eurasians hey can't expect to—"

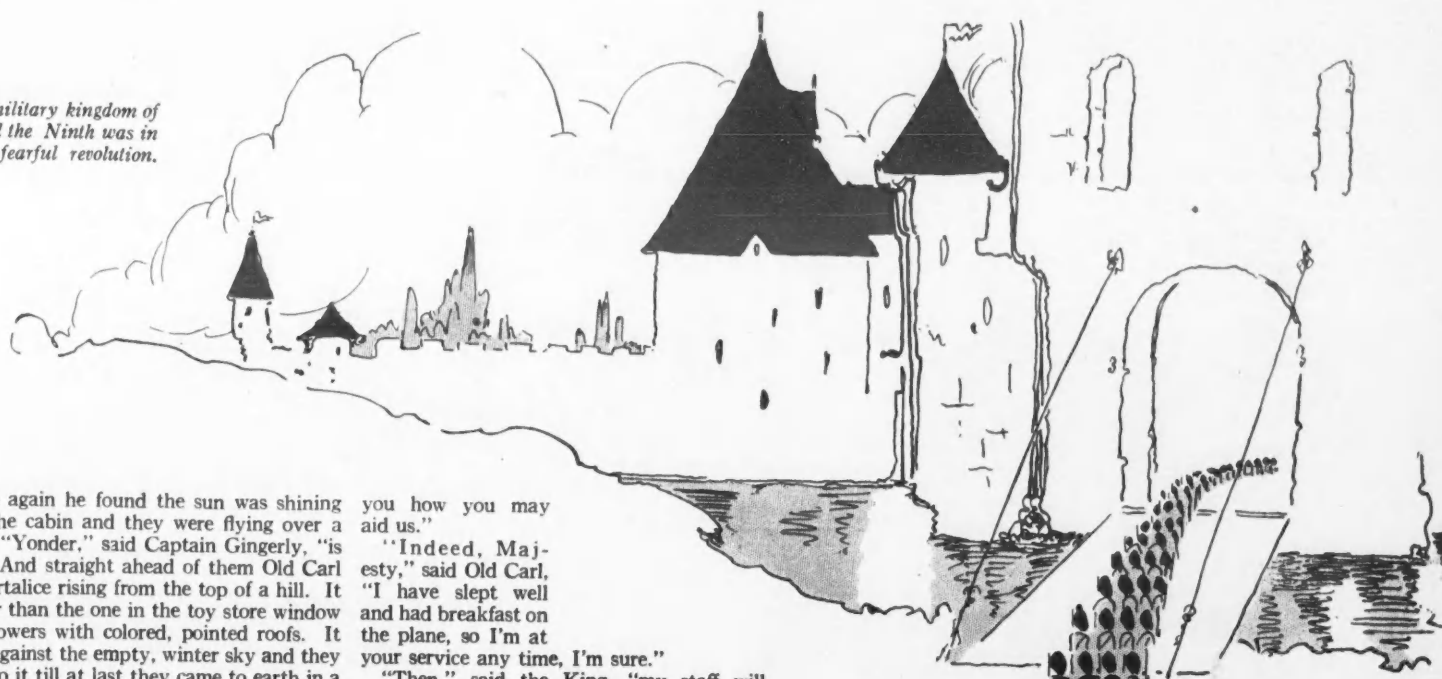
"Well, he's dead now anyway, and she's terribly badly off. I think a subscription ought to be got up to send her home. That baby is still awfully ill. She says her people won't help her because she married against their will. I don't care what her husband was, or how big a fool she was. She's had her punishment and I'm awfully sorry for her."

They were all very sorry for her, but did not seem disposed to do [Continued on page 25]



May Day was half a furlong ahead of the others when they came round the bend. It seemed as if nothing had a chance against her.

The beautiful military kingdom of King Leadward the Ninth was in the grip of a fearful revolution.



WHEN he woke again he found the sun was shining steadily into the cabin and they were flying over a fine, open country. "Yonder," said Captain Gingerly, "is the Royal Castle." And straight ahead of them Old Carl saw a magnificent fortalice rising from the top of a hill. It was many times finer than the one in the toy store window and had dozens of towers with colored, pointed roofs. It shone like a picture against the empty, winter sky and they flew steadily nearer to it till at last they came to earth in a flying-field at the very base of the hill.

Mechanics took over the plane and the party was received by soldiers in two automobiles who spun them up toward the castle, five times around the hill and in at the great gate. They dismounted in a courtyard where two hundred Russian infantry were drawn up, the officers with unsheathed swords and the men with rifles at the present, their long bayonets gleaming. The party marched past this guard saluting and scaled the great steps to the castle door.

Another guard, of Highlanders this time, swung back the heavy portals and a sight met the eyes of the old man such as he had never dreamed of for martial magnificence and glory. A great, round, vaulted hall was thronged with officers and men in splendid uniforms. There was the glow of perfectly fitting uniforms, the flash of medals, of gold braid, of military mustachios. There were the trim tunics of hussars, the burnished breastplates of cuirassiers, the pipeclayed trimmings of infantrymen of every nation, the tight, double-breasted jackets of South American lancers, the natty khaki of foreign service uniforms. At the far end sat His Metallic Majesty arrayed in sweeping robes of purple and ermine over a dragoon's uniform, and about the throne stood serried ranks of Boy Scouts.

Captain Gingerly walked smartly down the hall and knelt with drawn sword at the steps of the throne. But His

you how you may aid us."

"Indeed, Majesty," said Old Carl, "I have slept well and had breakfast on the plane, so I'm at your service any time, I'm sure."

"Then," said the King, "my staff will attend me. Come, sir."

The King, Old Carl, and a dozen or so elderly officers withdrew through a door behind the throne and sat down around a long green table. They all looked very solemn and the King began:

"Doubtless you noticed as you came from the flying-field that the country is in a state of war."

"There was a great deal of barbed wire, to be sure," said Old Carl, "and men and guns all over. But I thought that was only to be expected in such a military country."

"Nonsense!" said the King. "No people are as peaceful as soldiers if you let them alone."

"I see, sir," said Old Carl meekly.

"We are in a very bad way," went on His Majesty glumly. "We are practically besieged in this castle and our forces dwindle day by day while the enemy are regularly reinforced. We are even cut off from our supplies of match-sticks and solder, so our wounded cannot be properly mended. At first," he added proudly, "we had

no trouble in routing these caitiffs, but they have driven us back by sheer numbers and overrun all the country."

"Captain Potter of the Marines broke through the enemy lines last night and captured enough match-sticks to put heads on a whole regiment," said one general.

The King's eye flashed. "If we had a tenth of the rebel forces," he declared, "we would drive them into the Teddy Bear Mountains and break them to the last man. Give the Captain my congratulations and have him made colonel of the mended regiment. That new regiment," he remarked after a pause, "will fit in splendidly with our plans."

"What are you going to do, sir?" said Old Carl.

"Ah! We have learned from Indian scouts of a weak place in the enemy lines. We are going to attack at this

point with all our forces and attempt to take prisoners. That is where you will come in. General Click here has a theory that if these unfortunate rebels could be repainted they might act like rational beings again and could even be persuaded to fight for us. You can do that."

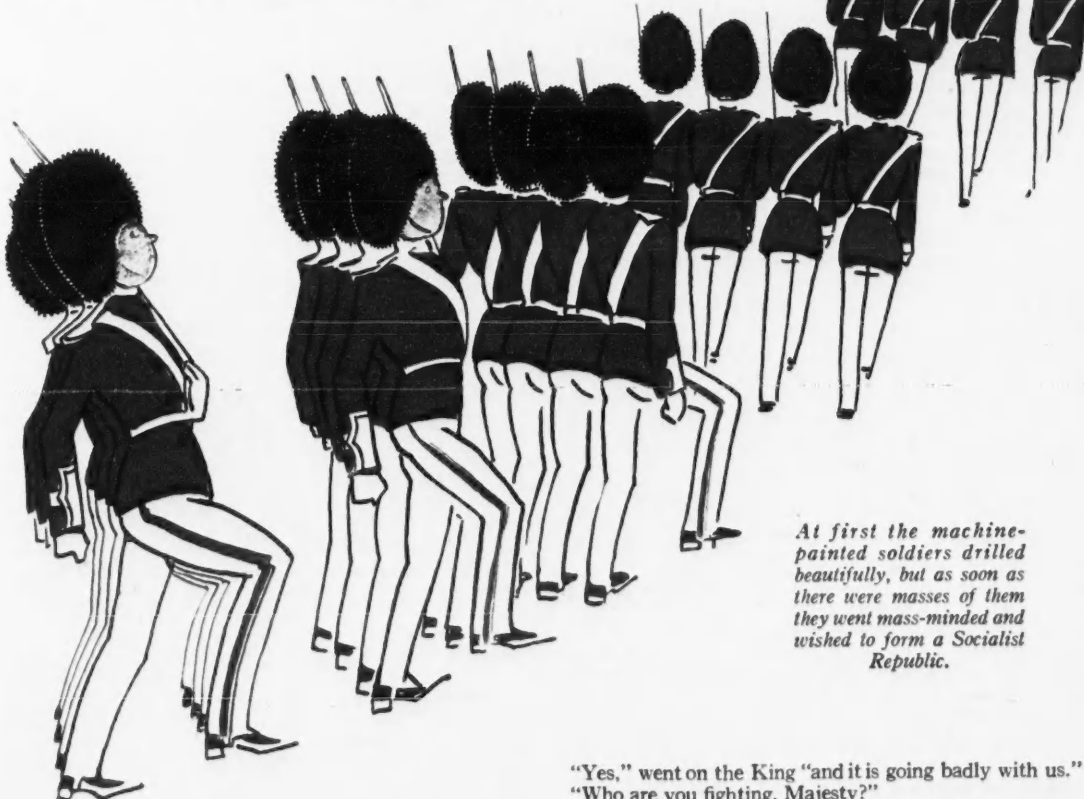
"Your Majesty," said Old Carl, his eyes glowing and his whiskers flying, "my brushes are at Your Majesty's service!"

"Thank you, Old Carl! Let us lose no time, then. Our forces should be in motion before ten o'clock."

THE castle guard conducted Old Carl to the walls where he could watch the King's forces set out. Regiment after regiment poured from the castle gates and down the hill. The ranks were thinned and in many places had been reinforced from the Army Service Corps, the Medical Corps, the bands, dispatch riders and sailors. But they showed a dash and eagerness for the fray increased by the new hope that had been given them of routing the enemy instead of selling their lives dearly.

Old Carl recognized Captain Gingerly, who waved to him from the head of a company mixed of zouaves and grenadiers, and the newly promoted Colonel Potter leading on to victory his re-headed regiment. Mounted officers dashed about on rearing chargers but there was no sound save the scrunch of myriads of boots on the snow. More snow falling shut out the backs of the last company and Old Carl went below to supervise the arrangement of his workshop. The King, although used to leading his men into action, had had to stay behind to take part in the great experiment and came in now and then to see how things were progressing.

At last there was a commotion in the court and Captain Gingerly himself appeared, his face [Continued on page 62]



At first the machine-painted soldiers drilled beautifully, but as soon as there were masses of them they went mass-minded and wished to form a Socialist Republic.

"Yes," went on the King "and it is going badly with us."

"Who are you fighting, Majesty?"

"We are having a revolution. You see, for some reason all the new arrivals are machine-painted. At first they drilled beautifully and believed whatever we told them, but as soon as there were masses of them they went mass-minded and wished to form a Socialist Republic."

"Well!" said Old Carl.

Majesty motioned to Old Carl to remain standing. "You, sir, are the benefactor and patron of my people," said he.

"I trust I give satisfaction, sir," said Old Carl.

"We have called on you," said the King, "in an hour of great need and when you have refreshed yourself I shall tell

The Toy Soldier with Whiskers

by HARRY C. ELLIOTT

A story for boys and girls of all ages

Illustrated by
Mabel Victoria Leith



To his astonishment it was a little airplane on skis. It skimmed along the wall and came to rest ten inches from Old Carl's elbow.

OLD CARL stood with his cap in his hands at the back door of the toy factory, his little tin wagon beside him. "Have you my box ready?" said he.

"No," said the foreman, crossly. "The boss wants you."

"What for?"

"I don't know. Go in and find out for yourself."

Old Carl entered the warehouse meekly. In one corner was a little glass office marked "Boss." The boss was almost too big for the office. He scowled at Old Carl and began gruffly: "You paint the toy soldiers, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Getting pretty old, hey?"

"Only seventy-two, sir."

"I suppose you have saved money, hey?"

"Yes, sir." But it was really only a few hundred francs. "Very well, then, very well. I expect you're old enough to retire and take life easy."

"But what about the soldiers, sir?"

"Oh, as a matter of fact we have a machine now for that."

"For painting soldiers, sir?"

"Yes, yes, soldiers, of course."

"Yes, sir."

"Here, Hummel," said he to the foreman, "you can show Schmidt the machine. And, Schmidt, here's twenty francs as a present."

"Th—thank you, sir."

Old Carl followed Hummel through the works till they stopped before a big, cast-iron thing with levers. Clipped to a belt that ran into its inside were a dozen little unpainted cuirassiers. Hummel pulled a lever and the belt began to move; when it came out the other side the cuirassiers appeared covered with sticky, fresh paint.

"Na," said Hummel, "isn't that great?"

"But they all look alike," said Old Carl.

"And what should soldiers look like, you old fool?"

"They look just alike excepting where the paint runs down."

"Oh, well, the paint! We'll soon learn to mix that right. Why we only got the thing yesterday."

Old Carl left the building, picked up the handle of his cart and went around to the front. There was a great show window, in the back corner of which stood a wonderful castle from whose high towers flew gay, stiff flags and from whose doors marched a motley array in the uniforms of every army in the world. Their ranks reached the front of the window and Old Carl, stooping down, could see every detail of their equipment.

The officers riding ahead, their swords ever courageously flourished aloft, seemed to welcome him. Their small, black eyes shone and their mustachios curled bravely. Each and every one he had painted, sitting in his little room, carefully

peering through his spectacles. He turned slowly away and went along the cobbled street, his empty wagon trailing behind him.

A FEW hundred francs don't last very long even if one lives in a little room at the top of an old house. When the snow came Old Carl found all his money was gone.

People said, "Well, why do we support an Old Men's Home?" But would he want to sit on a hard bench eating gruel, and be ordered around when he had the painting of millions of soldiers in him? No, and neither would any of the people that advised him to go there.

At last one night, someone knocked on the door. It was an ugly man in a bowler hat and he was the owner of the house. He had come to send Old Carl away.

"But what shall I do?" said Old Carl.

"You can go to the Old Men's Home, can't you? Why, if you go now you'll get the mutton stew they give them on Sundays."

Old Carl slowly made his brushes into a bundle with a few other things the landlord kindly let him keep instead of taking them for rent. It was snowing lazily and quietly when he left the house. He started out in the direction opposite to the Home, and trudged for a long time till he found himself at the end of a blind alley, at a wall as high as his shoulder.

He put his bundle down and leaned against the wall. He was not only tired, but cold and hungry and sleepy as well, and he closed his eyes. He fell to thinking how nice it would be if he had not lost his job and were just finishing his last soldier before beginning his supper of cold sausages with the young fiddle-maker that used to live in the next room, when suddenly he heard a noise.

It sounded like a humbly, but bees do not fly around in snowstorms. So he opened his eyes. He saw a bright light which circled around him once and then came straight down to the wall. To his astonishment it was a little airplane on skis. The wing-spread could not have been more than a foot and a half and the light was in the bow of it. It skimmed along the wall and came to rest ten inches from his elbow. As he still stared, the cabin door opened and out stepped three soldiers.

Two of them were in aviator suits with leather caps pulled over their ears, and the third had a black busby like an English grenadier, a long grey coat with his sword buckled around it, very shiny boots and natty, little white gloves.

They all stood trimly at attention and saluted and the grenadier said in a small but clear voice, "My name is Captain Gingerly and His Metallic

Majesty, King Leadward the Ninth, has sent me to invite you to his Royal Palace. Are you at liberty?"

"I think so," said Old Carl. "What kingdom is that?"

"I believe we are the last kingdom on earth," said Captain Gingerly. "The other countries are all Socialist Republics."

"But is it far?"

"In this machine we can reach it by morning, sir."

"But I can't use such a small machine," said Old Carl.

"Climb on the wall," said the Captain.

Old Carl put both his hands on the coping and hove. What was his astonishment when he landed on the top to find the snow not an inch but three feet deep, up to his waist. The soldiers pulled him on to the unbroken snow which bore his weight easily. He was exactly the same size as they and his leather apron, his bundle and his whiskers had all shrunk proportionately. They climbed into the plane, shut the door on the cold outside, lit the cabin lights and took off.

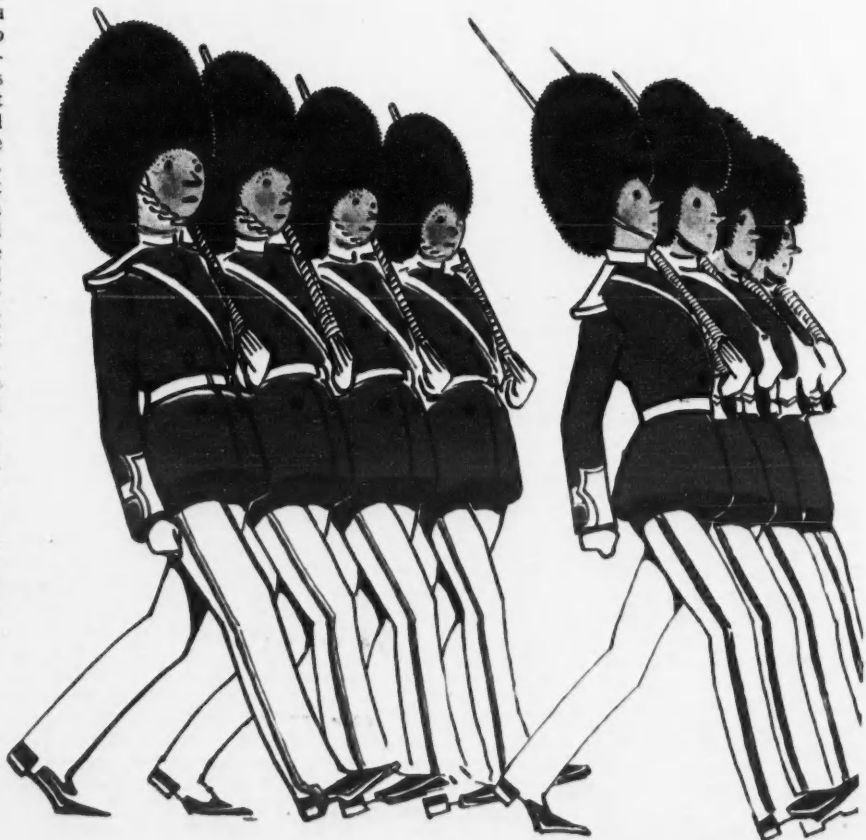
The snowflakes flew past the window as big as a soldier's hand, while they soared higher and higher, over the town, over the factory, over the Old Men's Home, over Carl's old garret. The Captain produced a thermos bottle and a basket of sandwiches which were mostly cold turkey but sometimes cranberry. "This is better than mutton stew," thought Old Carl, but he said, "I didn't know soldiers ate."

The aviators grinned and Gingerly, smiling politely, assured him that they did. "In fact the only way you could be told from one of us is by your uniform and your whiskers."

"Have none of you whiskers?" said Old Carl.

"The Bombay Lancers once had, but their heads came off too easily so they had to shave."

"Well, sir," said Old Carl, "whiskers or no whiskers I am exceedingly tired. If you'll pardon me I shall lie down on one of these seats and go to sleep."



THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director

Both fruits have many nutritional points in common. They contain valuable vitamin and mineral content, and supply roughage.

APPLES AND GRAPES

From orchard and vineyard come these two most luscious fruits. Eat them raw or introduce them into your dishes—they are as adaptable as they are delicious and health-giving

by M. FRANCES HUCKS
of The Institute Staff.



WHAT is there in big red-cheeked apples or a luscious bunch of grapes that is so appealing? The fresh, vigorous flavor of fruit served in its natural state is a treat few can resist—and as for its decorative appearance, our grandmothers taught us the value of that when they piled the rich fruit in tempting, colorful heaps on the sombre, old, mahogany sideboard.

Throughout the ages the popularity of apples and grapes has grown apace. From the wild crab apple of early times has evolved the numerous varieties produced in our orchards of today. References to the vineyards of Asia Minor are frequently found in the Bible, but in this country it is only in comparatively recent years that grapes were not considered luxuries for the tables of the rich. Nowadays, the abundance of localized crops and excellent transportation facilities make both grapes and apples available for generous use.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away" has long been accepted as a basic health rule—and the year-round availability of the fruit makes its application possible. Our home-grown grapes, on the other hand, enjoy a much shorter season and will not keep in the fresh state for any long period of time. All the more reason, then, for making extensive use of them while they are on the market, for they also possess many health qualities.

To the observer's eye, and the consumer's palate, the apple and the grape bear no likeness to each other, but chemically and nutritionally they have many points in common. Water makes up approximately eighty-five per cent of the apple and a somewhat smaller percentage of the

grape. And where could we find a more pleasant way of supplying our systems with plenty of water than by eating these fruits or by drinking a glass of fresh grape juice or sweet apple cider? The calories, although low in comparison to bread or milk, are high when compared with other fruits, and are obtained almost wholly from the carbohydrates or sugars present.

It is not because of their calories, however, that apples and grapes are considered so valuable, but for their excellent balance of mineral substances and their vitamin content. The bone builders, calcium and phosphorus, are present as are traces of iron so necessary for good blood, and other minerals also necessary but less discussed. We do not find these minerals in the free state, of course, but combined with other substances to form fruit acids and healthful salts which are readily utilized by the body, leaving the type of ash that combats the tendency to acidosis. So they do double duty.

The vitamins also are represented in each, vitamin C being present to a somewhat greater extent in apples than in grapes. These vitamins have been referred to as the "spark plugs that make the human engine go," and their ability to increase resistance and keep one feeling fit is now commonly known.

Yet another quality is common to both. They supply roughage, that indispensable part of our food which passes undigested through the intestinal tract carrying with it other waste materials. The skins are of particular importance for this purpose and also for the minerals which are found close to the skin.

Yes, from the health standpoint, these two fruits have much in their favor. But from the practical standpoint, too, they appeal to thrifty housekeepers. Whether fresh, cooked, or combined with other foods, ways of serving are many and delicious. Both fruits yield generous quantities of colorful, flavorful juice. This can be satisfactorily preserved for later use; will make refreshing beverages when used alone or in combination; and can be used in jellied salads and desserts.

Grapes and apples are both rich in natural pectin, the jellying substance of fruits. Preserved grape products, such as jelly, jam or conserve, impart a novel, tempting flavor to many winter desserts. Meats, too, are given new piquancy when either grape or apple jelly is served with them. As for the jelly itself, its sparkling red and amethyst would charm away the grouchiest appetite!

The numerous varieties of Canadian apples, and the careful grading of them, make it possible for us to secure the kind and quality best suited to our special need—which means that we receive best value for our money. By storing in a well ventilated, comparatively dry place, where a low temperature prevails, many apples can be kept throughout the winter. In cooking the apple, sweetening is usually required, and often a few drops of lemon juice or a dash of spice will serve to bring out the best flavor. Varieties of grapes are less numerous, but each type has its particular use. The delicate flavor of the green grape makes it popular for the table. The color of the blue grape, on the other hand, is desirable for jelly, but it also is extensively used in its raw form. [Continued on page 54]



The spirit of pioneer grandmothers is being carried on by the heroic women of today, who are showing dauntless courage and resourcefulness

OUR WESTERN HEROINES

by ANNIE L. HOLLIS

ONE of the most interesting features of Western Canadian life is the cosmopolitan and varied character of the population. Almost every town and village as well as every gathering resembles a miniature League of Nations. This is especially true of Saskatchewan where approximately half the citizens are of non-English speaking origin. In addition, the pioneers and early settlers were drawn from every social and industrial class; one neighbor may have received a scholastic or university education, while another has been educated and trained almost wholly in the great school of labor and industry. Needless to say, this all adds to the spice and variety of community and provincial life.

Even though in the well settled districts good roads, cars, phones, radio and frequent mail service are becoming the rule, there yet remains one essential feature of farm life which differentiates it from modern urban life. The farm home is still an industrial and social unit. As a result, there exists an actual business and economic partnership among farm men and women which is lacking in most other walks of life. This, together with years of pioneering passed amid the rigors of a changeable and extreme climate, has engendered in the women a resourceful and vigorous spirit, so that they have learned to "play many parts" from handy man about the place to running machinery, looking after "stock" and garden, and helping generally out of doors when necessary, while also carrying on the multitudinous tasks of the housewife and mother. At all times one is impressed by the broadmindedness, common sense and adaptability of the Western women, especially perhaps the rural women with whom we are here chiefly concerned.

With their foundation and background it is not astonishing that the women of the West are facing the present financial depression and this crisis of social life with undaunted courage. Nay, they go further. They have not yet lost the power to meet depressing circumstances cheerfully: they can still joke and poke fun over the fact that a new hat or dress is, under present economic conditions, as impossible as a voyage to the moon!

At the Annual "University Week" of the farm women of Saskatchewan this spirit was much in evidence. At the social evening and dance joking remarks were heard such as "Your dress and mine will soon be able to find their way here alone; they appear every year and are still going strong." Old, young and middle-aged were out for a good time. For a while, at least, financial worries and troubles were forgotten; everyone was bent on extracting all possible pleasure from the four crowded days to be spent together, and determined to store up precious memories to help through the long dark winter, and the difficult times which all believe lie ahead. No envy or grouching, nothing but appreciation and enjoyment of the beauty and dignified calm of the University surroundings was expressed, one woman remarking: "Isn't it good to know that some place the grass is green

Much is heard of conditions in the West - - - but how are the women in the home facing them?

and the birds sing. I had almost forgotten that grass can be green."

IT MAY be said that everyone shows her best side in public, but what are these women doing in their own homes? If all tales could be told, many would appear worthy of the halo of a saint and heroine. What are they not doing? Much has been said by the Press of the relief that has been granted by the federal and provincial governments, by the city and municipal councils, of the tremendous amount of help given to those in want, generally through no fault of their own, through the Red Cross, the churches, by numerous clubs and organizations and by private individuals; but little has been said of the every day heroism of the women in the homes of Western Canada, their courage and resourcefulness is unsung. Yet in spite of much foolish talk about the cowlless, pigless, chickenless and general feckless condition of many Western farms, the majority of farm homes have been during the past winter, and are at present, dependent for their livelihood on the butter, cream, eggs, milk and garden stuff usually produced by the work of the women. Pioneer methods of housekeeping are reappearing, home-made yeast, soap and vinegar are coming into their own again. Money is conspicuous by its absence, so we are returning to the days of barter. What about giving music lessons in return for produce or even for clucking biddies? Perhaps from a business standpoint the latter suggestion should be ruled out as only tending to increase the surplus production of which we hear so much!

In the meantime the never-ending task of feeding and clothing the world goes on apace with increasing difficulty to the farm housewife; for with eggs at five cents a dozen or less, with butter at ten or fifteen cents a pound, with dressed pork selling at two and a half cents a pound it is becoming more and more difficult to buy anything. How many eggs will be needed to buy a pound of tea or coffee? Necessity, the so-called mother of invention, has developed a marvelous spirit of resourcefulness. In many cases the only flour used during the past winter has been home-grown and home-ground, the coarser siftings being used for porridge which answers splendidly.

What about clothing? Anything new is altogether out of the question with no cash returns for our labor, for on the farm the problem is not unemployment but lack of money. So while the retail merchants are unable to get rid of their

goods, while manufacturers complain of lack of demand and workers complain of unemployment, clothing is being patched and repatched until, as one woman expressed it, one can scarcely recognize the original garment and begins to wonder where the next patches are to come from.

What about the children growing up in a sordid and depressing atmosphere? Lacking the beauty, grace and happiness which should be their birthright? It is not always possible to put

on a bright exterior, and one almost feels that the brave resistance to despair will not stand the constant strain, that the result may be either recklessness or a throwing up of the hands in utter weariness to continue the struggle indefinitely.

Realizing that human nature, and especially youth, rebels at too much monotony and hardship, the women in many districts last winter made special efforts to provide recreation and amusement for the community. No money being available for the "Saturday night" run to town or for an occasional visit to the pictures, an attempt was made to provide fun and frolic without money and without price. In one community the women started a series of weekly events which included a negro minstrel show, little plays and dialogues, singing contests, dances and whist drives, concluding with a wonderful banquet where the toasts and impromptu speeches were worthy of any audience. Of course, they had the hearty co-operation of men and women, old and young.

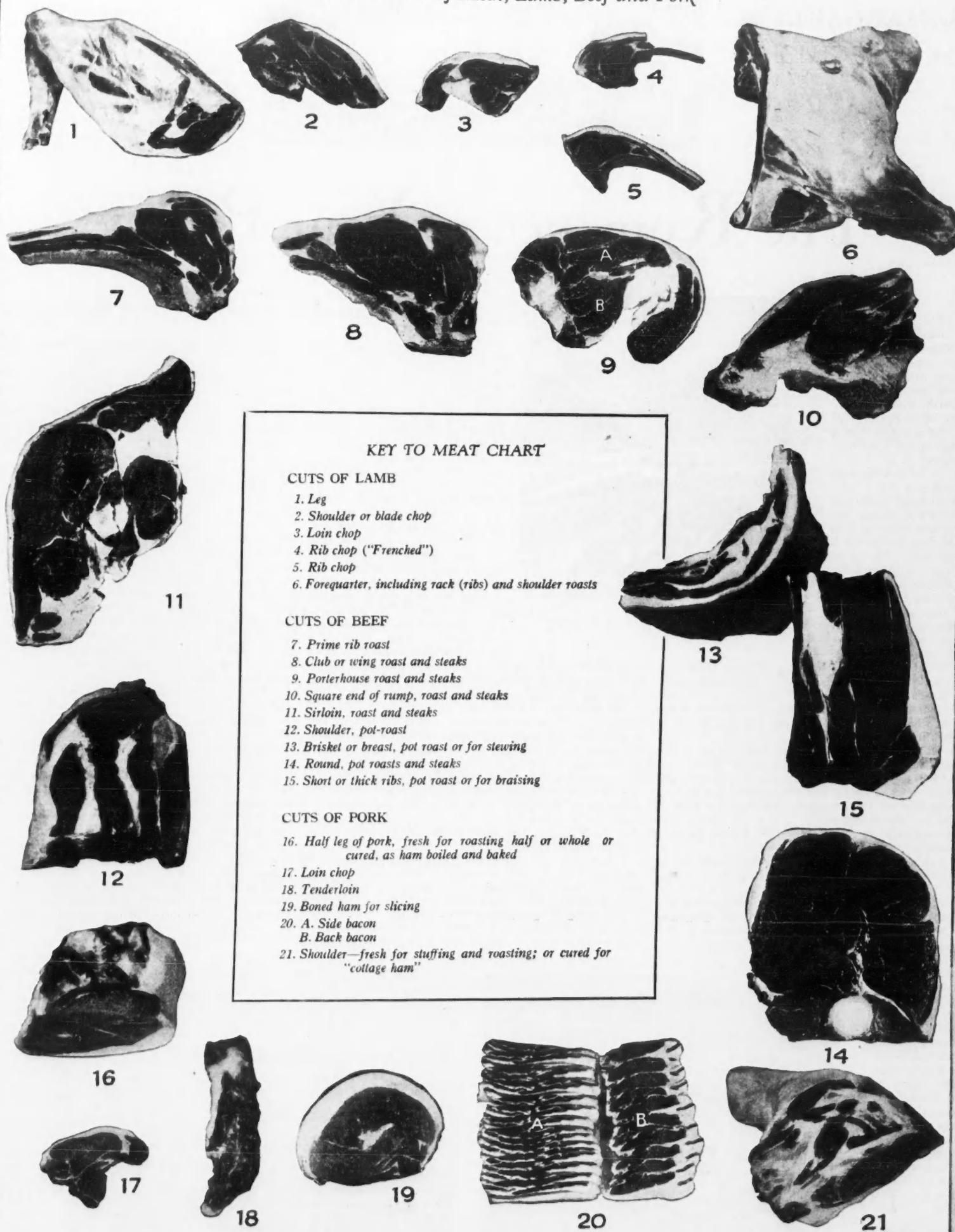
ANOTHER community carried out the same ideal of keeping up the spirit of resistance to despair or recklessness on the initial capital expenditure of fifty cents! Who can say that Western women are not capable of ventures into high finance?

How is this for resourcefulness and determination? The committee in charge knew that a few folks had still some cash, so those who could pay money were asked for twenty-five cents as entrance fee to the weekly whist drive or dance. Refreshments were provided; cakes and sandwiches brought in from the country were paid for either in cash or allowed as entrance fee, the object not being to raise money but merely to provide fun and recreation. Prizes were provided in the same way; winners were glad to receive a few groceries, a dressed chicken, a few dozen eggs, a quart of cream, or a sealer of home-made fruit. What about a consolation prize? Well, a few eggs, a few ears of corn, a few potatoes, turnips or other vegetables, or an apron made from a flour sack were welcomed. Some of these events were held in connection with the farm organizations, and "wise as serpents" the women desiring to get the young folks to listen to the speeches and discussion held out the bait of a cheaper entrance fee! Twenty-five cents at eight o'clock, thirty-five cents after the meeting!

For let no one imagine that western [Continued on page 65]

KNOW EVERY CUT WHEN YOU SHOP FOR MEAT

The Three Classes of Meat, Lamb, Beef and Pork



KEY TO MEAT CHART

CUTS OF LAMB

1. Leg
2. Shoulder or blade chop
3. Loin chop
4. Rib chop ("Frenched")
5. Rib chop
6. Forequarter, including rack (ribs) and shoulder roasts

CUTS OF BEEF

7. Prime rib roast
8. Club or wing roast and steaks
9. Porterhouse roast and steaks
10. Square end of rump, roast and steaks
11. Sirloin, roast and steaks
12. Shoulder, pot-roast
13. Brisket or breast, pot roast or for stewing
14. Round, pot roasts and steaks
15. Short or thick ribs, pot roast or for braising

CUTS OF PORK

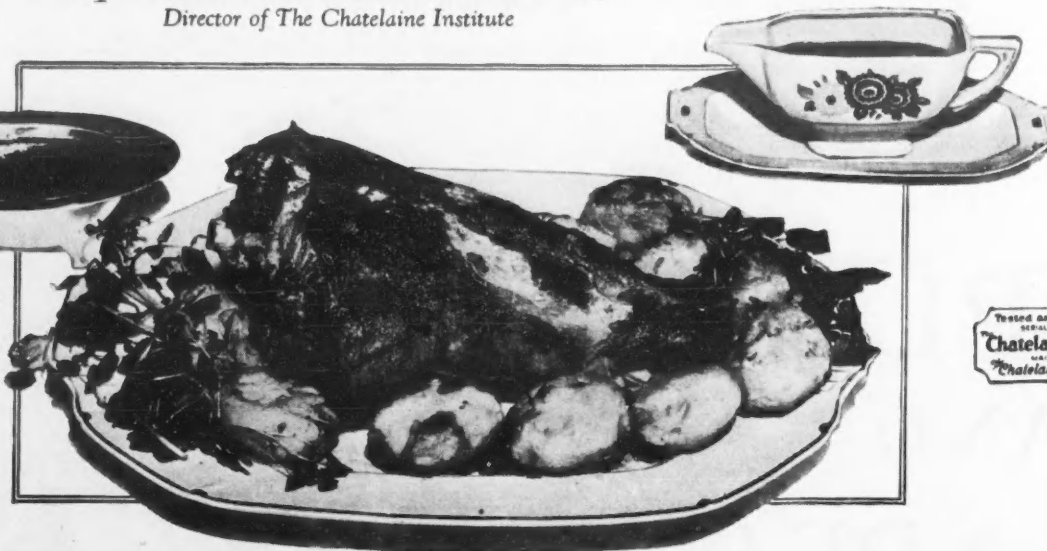
16. Half leg of pork, fresh for roasting half or whole or cured, as ham boiled and baked
17. Loin chop
18. Tenderloin
19. Boned ham for slicing
20. A. Side bacon
B. Back bacon
21. Shoulder—fresh for stuffing and roasting; or cured for "collage ham"

How to recognize good quality cuts—their suitability and preparation

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

The cheaper cuts offer many opportunities for serving a variety of delicious and economical dishes.



Tested and Approved by
Chatelaine Institute
as featured in
Chatelaine Magazine

SELECT YOUR MEATS CAREFULLY

A MAN can dine only once a day, and his days are numbered; so let us have juicy steaks."

So said a member of a famous old beefsteak club, which flourished in England a century or so ago. Doubtless, many heartily agree with this sentiment, for a thick, tender steak is still the epicurean's idea of a noble dinner.

A roast of beef, lamb, pork or veal is sure to meet with enthusiastic acclaim. Chops and cutlets are popular, a pot-roast or savory stew needs no apology, while a well-seasoned meat soup is appetizing and nourishing. Indeed, a wide and interesting variety may be given to the main course of luncheon or dinner by the use of different cuts well selected and properly cooked.

No food is more universally relished than meat, and no food has greater possibilities for attractive service. It is high in protein, contains fat, iron and other valuable minerals, while the heart, liver, kidneys, and sweetbreads are an excellent source of essential vitamins. On account of its composition and palatability, meat is an important item in the diet of adults, and to a more limited extent, suitable as food for children two years of age and over.

Intelligent marketing is the first step toward success in meat serving. The housekeeper should familiarize herself with the various cuts of the different kinds of meat—their names, characteristics, and their comparative costs. She should know, too, the method of cooking most suitable for each and prepare it accordingly.

It is well to remember that the difference in price is not, as many think, indicative of lower food value or inferior flavor in the cheaper cuts. It is the result of a greater demand for certain portions which comprise only a small proportion of the whole carcass. The less popular cuts however, have fine flavor. They are equally as digestible and as nourishing as the higher-priced cuts, but require longer cooking to make

them tender. This does not mean, however, that their preparation demands more of the housekeeper's time. In fact, the reverse is often true, for many of the cheaper meat dishes require less supervision and attention than steak or chops. If an early start is made, and the meat given long slow cooking, the housekeeper has many opportunities of serving a variety of delicious and economical dishes, without detracting from the attractiveness or nutritive value of the bill of fare.

Beef is perhaps the most often served, so let us consider

and approved by the Dominion Government. If it has in addition a long ribbon-like mark, the entire length of the carcass, you may be sure that the meat is "choice" or "good" grade. The color of the strip tells you in which two of these two classes the meat belongs, for "choice" is always branded in red, while blue is used to denote "good" quality. The dyes used for stamping are harmless.

Beef is graded by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, as a protection to the housekeeper, and only beef which has passed federal health inspection is eligible for either of

these two grades. Meat bearing this official mark can be bought with confidence in its superior flavor, tenderness and juiciness. The "good" grade is the most in demand, and is produced in much greater volume. "Choice" beef is considered a specialty to be served on occasions which demand the choicest menus.

It may be that branded beef is not available in your locality, and if you are not able to order and receive "red ribbon" or "blue ribbon" beef, it is particularly important to know the ear-marks of quality in order that you may purchase wisely. First of all, good beef has a fair amount of fat, for, contrary to a rather general opinion among housekeepers, excessively lean meat is apt to be tough, poor in flavor and lacking in the juiciness which is so appealing. In the most palatable beef, the lean portions are interspersed with fat, presenting a mottled or "marbled" appearance, which is proof that the animal has been well fed and finished. The fat should be white and firm; highly colored soft fat indicates age and poor quality.

Color of the flesh is not a sure guide in choosing, for exposure to the air may darken meat without detracting from its palatability. As a general rule, however, look for beef which is a bright, rich red, which is smooth, firm and springy to the touch, and with the {Continued on page 64}

USES AND COOKING OF MEAT CUTS

Uses	Beef	Method of Cooking	Veal or Lamb	Method of Cooking	Pork	Method of Cooking
Steaks Chops Cutlets	Sirloin Porterhouse Club Tenderloin Round Chuck Flank	Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil, then simmer in gravy Broil or pan-broil, then simmer in gravy Pan-broil and simmer in gravy, or stew	Ribs Loins Shoulder Leg Steak	Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil	Rib Loins Shoulder Fresh Ham	Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil Broil or pan-broil
Roasts	Tenderloin (fillet) Ribs (bone in) Rolled Ribs Sirloin Wing Top Round	Roast Roast Roast Roast Roast (20 min. to the lb.) Longer cooking than for above; baste frequently, may be pot-roasted	Ribs Loins Leg Shoulder Rolled Front (lamb)	Roast Roast Roast, baste often Roast, veal is often dressed	Loins Shoulder Spare-ribs Ham	Roast, stuffing desired Cook as ham by boiling or roasting Roast, with or without stuffing Fresh ham, roast Smoked, parboil before roasting
Pot Roasts or braised meat	Lower Round Chuck Rump Flank (rolled) Shoulder Brisket	Pot roast Pot roast or braise Pot roast Pot roast or braise Pot roast or braise Cook in water with vegetables	Knuckle Shoulder Neck Breast Shank	Pot roast or braise Pot roast or braise Pot roast or braise Pot roast or braise	Shoulder Spare-ribs	Pot roast Pot roast
Stews	Lower Round Flank Skirt Steak Neck Shank Brisket	Stew Stew Stew Stew Stew Stew	Shank Breast Shoulder Knuckle Neck	Stew Stew Stew Stew Stew	Fresh or salt Pork Head Hocks	Boil Boil Boil Boil
Soup Stock	Shank Shoulder Bone Rump Bone Neck Trimnings Ox Tail		Shank or Knuckles Neck Shoulder Bone Leg Bone Trimnings		Ham Bone Knuckles	
Chopped Meat	Round Chuck Neck	Chop and pan-fry Broil or bake As Meat Loaf	Shoulder Neck Breast		Shoulder Neck Trimnings	
Other parts used	Heart Tongue Liver Tripe	Stuff and braise Braise or cook in water below boiling, press and serve cold Saute Stew until tender	Heart Liver (veal) Kidney (lamb) Sweetbreads (veal)	Stuff and braise Saute Soak, parboil, stew till tender Soak and parboil immediately, then saute or stew and cream	Head Kidney Feet Liver Lard	Use for head cheese Soak, parboil and stew till tender Jellied and pickled Saute

some of the characteristics which bespeak good quality. If the side from which your cut is taken bears a round purple stamp with the words "Canada Approved," the meat and the establishment where it is dressed have been inspected

much about it. May Valentine said, "That child Dollie gives me the pip. If I went there, I would simply have to slap her."

Jill got up.

"Must go. I'm golfing with Sir Raymond and he's fetching me at three."

"That naughty old man?"

"Not as black as he's painted," said Jill, drily, and went. They talked about her after she had gone. She was, they said, an odd girl, just floating around. Drifting around.

Fenella hardly listened and soon forgot. She drove back in her own car to her own bungalow. The glamor of it hadn't faded for her yet. It was so marvellous to go up to their pretty room and lie down in a blue silk wrapper and sleep until Alistair's footsteps on the verandah awoke her, although she often pretended they didn't, and waited for his kiss. She was so happy. She had often to pinch herself to be sure it was really Fenella who had once routed in the lumber at Cairnforth, looking for something to sell.

Marriage was a wonderful thing. She couldn't imagine why anyone ever hinted anywhere that there were difficulties about it!

Mrs. Marchmont's letters from home came regularly and were punctually depressing, but mercifully the English mail only arrived once a week. Fenella was so happy that she tried hard to feel affectionate toward her mother, but the eternal hints, or open requests for money, were a trifle dispiriting. Vanity made Fenella unwilling to say she could not afford to send large sums home; that they were not really so very rich. She usually sent a cheque off once or twice a month. There was a certain grandeur about dispensing largesse, which she enjoyed. But as Mrs. Marchmont usually forgot to acknowledge any of these gifts, it was a fleeting compensation.

Fenella never mentioned these transactions to Alistair. She drew the cheques to her own account.

Life went on, charming, amusing, through the cold weather. There were dances, parties, riding picnics. They gave little dinner parties in their own house. Fenella could never grow quite accustomed to being hostess at her own dinner party. It seemed too good to be true.

Tonight there were red roses. Fenella had found them, all unexpectedly, for sale on the pagoda steps, and carried them home in triumph and made her table look just like an English dinner table. They looked so pretty, with the crystal and silver, the best lace table mats. Fenella sighed a little, as she noticed how shabby her dress had become. That was the only blot on the evening. May Valentine was there, in fresh rose pink chiffon. Far too girlish for her, but still, fresh. Sir Raymond Pemberton was there. Was he, Fenella wondered, really a naughty old man? He always looked at one with a twinkle in his eye; he held one's hand the fraction of a second longer than was quite necessary. In some ways he reminded her of Maurice, with the same wistful look in his eyes. He was a bachelor, rich and unattached. People could not imagine why he drifted around the East when he might live comfortably in England, but Alistair said it was because they would have turned him into an old man in England and he did not want to be an old man. He sat on Fenella's right tonight, and on her left was Gilbert Cheney, head of the Eastern Oil Company, a charming person. Every mother with a marriageable daughter, every man with a marriageable sister, laid nets for Gilbert, but he had never yet been entangled. He had a lean, clever face, and a head-in-the-air look that suggested he could not be bothered with women.

Beyond him sat John Fane, whom someone had asked Alistair to be kind to. Alistair was kind to him with occasional dinners, and had been for years, but John had never enjoyed them much until Fenella came. He spent the greater part of his life up in the forests alone, and on his short trips to Rangoon Fenella appeared to him an angel of beauty and light. Sometimes he dreamed dreams that she let him kiss her, but he was much too shy ever to suggest such a thing and went on loving her quietly from afar. Fenella knew he liked her. There was an expression in his voice when he talked to her, in his eyes when he looked at her, recalling something her mother had once said: "You don't suppose people stop getting love letters just because they are married?"

But, of course, there must never be anything like that. She had all youth's passionate belief in married love, and a scornful pity for those women who have made a mess of it and are drifting around looking for emotional adventures with other men. Poor things, she called them to herself. She wanted only Alistair and Alistair's kisses. She was so proud of him. She would never tire of the joy of sitting like this, at her own dinner table, watching him, listening to him talk. My home, she thought, my dinner party; my husband—

The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 16

"I had an instance today," Alistair was saying, "of how easy it is to make money out here, if one isn't too scrupulous. You know that old rascal Wa Lee?"

Fenella had seen him once, an ivory-faced Chinaman with boot-button eyes and a deferential manner—like an ivory inlay in a Chinese cabinet. She leaned forward, listening, because she liked Alistair's voice, the way he told a story. Sir Raymond watched her, quietly amused, perhaps quietly envious.

"The old blighter is evidently involved in this opium smuggling gang we're on the track of. We've got enough evidence to run a case. It comes up next week. If we can only get more evidence I've an idea we'll show up the whole lot of them this time. Well, who should arrive at my office this morning but Wa Lee. And quite politely and quietly he put it to me that if I would drop the affair and suppress the evidence I had already got, he would make it worth my while to the tune of fifty thousand rupees."

"The Chinaman always has difficulty in ridding himself of the belief that every man has his price," said Sir Raymond.

"He had the whole thing planned out. I wry nothing, you wry nothing. You give me word, I put parcel money some place, tell you place, you catching. No record made. All finish," Alistair laughed. "All he got from me was a running kick for his trouble."



I GAVE MY HEART

By Lotta C. Dempsey

I gave my heart to a gypsy lad
(A vagrant fellow, he)
Who smiled one day as he passed my way,
Free, as the winds are free.

I gave my heart to a gypsy lad—
I know not where he dwells,
But the grass, dew-kissed in the moun-
Is a tale his swagger tells. tain mist

I fain would follow the gypsy lad,
Who wooed with a Romany song,
But the garden wall is tall, too tall,
So I sent my heart along.

"Excellent staff work. He must have had considerable practice over this sort of thing."

"Obviously in a country where persons of a small monthly salary keep on retiring worth lakhs of rupees!" said Sir Raymond, "while the world says nothing whatever, and pretends these things come like manna from Heaven."

"What makes it easier still is that your case will probably fall through, anyway. It is extremely doubtful whether we shall get the evidence we want and if we don't, the whole thing will be dropped meantime. Supposing I wasn't scrupulous. I'd say 'All right' to Wa Lee, take the cash, and let him think I had suppressed the evidence I never got. And there you are. My nest feathered and no one the wiser. One wonders how often it happens quietly."

"And has one's suspicions," said Sir Raymond, "when one sees people one knows are on a thousand a month and losing two and three thousand a week at the races. However, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Have you ever been to the races, Mrs. Farquhar? I never see you there."

"Alistair isn't a member."

"Lunch with me at the Turf Club next Saturday and come racing with me. It's quite amusing. I've got a party on."

Fenella looked at Alistair through the roses on the table.

"May I, Alistair?"

They all laughed at that.

"Of course you may. I've got to go out to the district on Saturday and it will make a nice change for you.

Don't let her gamble away all the bazaar money, sir."

"What about you, Cheney?"

"Thanks. I hate the place. I've lost three good youngsters this last year, all through that confounded race course. I never pass it without wanting to put a match to it."

"Come to lunch only, then. The Governor is coming. We won't make you stay if you don't want to. What about you, Fane?"

John Fane said sadly that he was going back to the jungle the following morning. He would have loved to go and act as A.D.C. to Fenella, carry her parasol and collect her winnings if any; whereas all he would be able to do was to sit in a damp distant jungle and dream about her.

Fenella thought, "The Governor! Then it will be a very smart party and I've nothing decent to wear at all. Sir Raymond will send his car for me. If only I had a new dress!"

She reviewed her wardrobe the following morning. There was nothing there fit to put on for a lunch party. The expensive trousseau that was to have lasted her for years had wilted in five short months to a collection of rags. She stood, biting her finger, her dresses spread out around her, her hats on the bed. Surely it would not be very extravagant if she got herself one new dress, one hat. She had not been near the shops for weeks and as far as she remembered, all her bills were paid. It would be bad policy for her to appear at a smart party looking like a bundle of old washing, she told herself. She could put this aspect of it to Alistair if he said anything, but of course he would not say anything. Alistair was always sweet about things like that.

She put away her passé garments, put on her hat, and went off down into the town to see Madame Alinette.

MADAME ALINETTE spoke with a French accent but looked rather darker than just French. She was small and alert, and her hair had remained brown in spite of all that time had endeavored to do to it. She had cupboard full of pretty flowered chiffon dresses, and draped them carelessly over chairs for Fenella to inspect them, insisting at the same time that none of them were really worthy of her.

"With your complexion, your figure, madame, you require something *du grande chic*. Voilà, this is the dress for you."

She opened a special cupboard and brought out, heavily swathed in tissue paper wrapping, what proved to be an entirely plain and unadorned black chiffon dress, with a long black chiffon coat to match it, devoid of trimming of any kind save that the belt was fastened with a small paste buckle.

With it went a black chiffon hat of Spartan simplicity, expensive as only simplicity ever is. Fenella sat staring entranced at the black chiffon dress, unaware that this was a turning point in her life and without a suspicion of all that hung on her decision to have it or not. Life erects no sign posts. Wise women travel with a map and learn to read it early. Fenella never did.

It was impossible to consider any of the flowery garments and floppy hats after setting eyes on that black chiffon dress. It came from Vionnet, and the cut and hang of it were a marvel and a delight.

"You would," said Madame Alinette, "be quite a sensation."

She held the black chiffon hat up on

one hand.

"Why not try them on?"

"I expect they'll be far, far too expensive for me," said Fenella breathlessly. But she went into the fitting room and tried them on. Standing there in front of the glass, she was astonished at the difference it made to her figure. Why, she really had a wonderful figure. All the clothes she had had before had been ordinary things picked up here and there in this shop and that. It was Fenella's first experience of a real artist's handiwork, and it took her breath away. What a difference it made! She put the hat on, and pulled it down over her bright hair. Madame Alinette gave it a sideways twitch to the correct angle.

"Mais, madame. *Je vous assure*."

Fenella thought, "Alistair has no idea I can look like this." There flashed through her mind all the men whose eyes lit with admiration when they looked at her. Gilbert Cheney, John Fane, Sir Raymond, Alistair. In this dress . . .

She said, breathlessly, "I'd love to have it. But what does it cost?"

"Five hundred rupees. That is for the hat, the coat, the dress. It is not dear, madame, I assure you. Of course, you could have this, and this," she indicated a flowered chiffon, a floppy hat of colored straw, "for perhaps one hundred, but then the difference!"

But then the difference!

Fenella turned and twisted before [Continued on page 42]

by MARGARET
M. SPEECHLY



Drying the crimson flowers of Zanzibar which give us cloves.

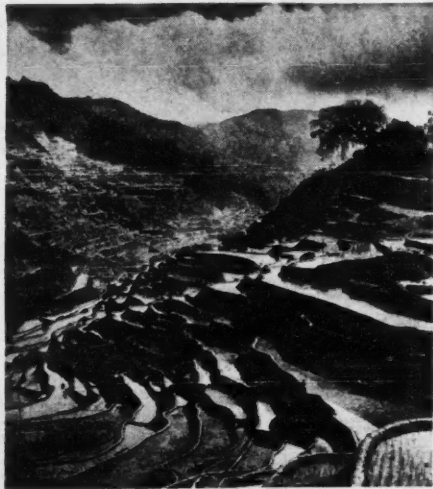
The Romance in Your Pantry

WITHIN the four walls of your pantry there is a veritable storehouse of romance. Side by side on the shelves are foods that have come from the four corners of the earth, some used by man since before the dawn of history, others discovered under the most romantic circumstances.

It was the fearless explorers of the Middle Ages who brought cocoanut to the Old World. While roving the southern seas they noticed that every coral reef on which there were signs of human life was fringed with graceful palms. On investigation they found among the feathery fronds clusters of shaggy, brown nuts containing "milk" and white meat. As a curiosity and as a means of convincing a public likely to be sceptical, these sea-rovers included some cocoanuts in their cargoes along with pearls, amber, pottery, spices and other evidences of tropical wealth. Throughout the intervening centuries the popularity of cocoanut has increased until today it is one of the world's culinary favorites.

Spices also have a romantic history. Far back, seventeen centuries before Christ, spice, presumably cassia, was imported into the land of Egypt and was considered a gift suitable for kings. Joseph was sold about 1729 B.C. to trading Ishmaelites "bearing spicery and balm and myrrh." Later, in the famous empires of Greece and Rome these fragrant substances were presented as offerings to the gods. When such a high value was placed upon spices it is no wonder they led to the discovery of new lands and even to warfare among nations ambitious to own spice-growing lands.

Cinnamon comes from Ceylon, the earthly paradise referred to by explorers as a source of "gold and silver, pearls, gems, ebony, pepper, elephants, monkeys, parrots and innumerable other things." For centuries Arabian traders were the only people who knew where to find cinnamon and they jealously guarded the secret until adventurous souls from other countries began to explore. Experts say that true cinnamon grows only in Ceylon, and that in other lands the trees produce cassia which is similar in flavor though not quite the



The terraced rice fields of the Philippines.

same. The spice is secured from the bark, which is stripped off the trees by dusky natives who know just how to select and remove it.

Most of the world's supply of cloves comes all the way from the tropical islands of Zanzibar and Pemba off the east coast of Africa. Sailors relate that the fragrant odor of the crimson flowers travels far out to sea and saturates the clothing. No doubt you wonder how this spice received its name. Years ago a Frenchman endowed with an imagination saw in the clove a likeness to a small nail or tack and promptly christened it *clou*, the French for nail. Eventually the trade name became clove.

Two other spices which come to your pantry from the other side of the world are nutmeg and mace, and, strange to say, they both grow on the same tree. In Madagascar, Singapore, the Banda Islands and the West Indies, there flourish huge groves of nutmeg trees which begin to bear fruit after nine years. When the coolies split open the fruit, they find next the outer covering a fleshy layer and in the centre the nutmeg itself. After being dried and ground, the fleshy part is known as mace. Both men and women spend their entire lives sorting nutmegs and tapping them on the floor to detect the unsound ones.

The mariner who discovered allspice long years ago was convinced that it could be used as a substitute for cloves, mace, cinnamon and pepper—and named it accordingly. This much-used spice grows in sunny Jamaica where there is an abundance of warmth and moisture.

Next to salt the most used seasoning is pepper which is

Ceylon, Zanzibar, Singapore,—from the four corners of the earth come the familiar foods of our table

brought from such remote parts of the world as Sumatra, Mangalore, Lampong, Penang and Singapore. Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berries of a climbing shrub, but to get white pepper it is necessary to soak off the outer skin before grinding. Cayenne originally came from the city of that name but the hottest kinds now grow in Africa and Japan. Paprika, the mild red pepper used for garnishing, is a native of Hungary.

NEXT time you have tapioca for dinner let your thoughts travel across the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean to Java, the land of volcanoes and dense jungles. There in the sweltering heat of the tropics grows the cassava plant from which tapioca is made. Brown-skinned natives harvest the crop and take the roots to the factory where the starch is extracted. Then the "flour" is loaded on to steamers bound for the other side of the world, and on reaching its destination it is mixed into a dough from which is made the flake, pearl or minute tapioca of commerce.

Sago, too, is a product that must have warmth and moisture for growth. The tree from which it is harvested, flourishes in Siam, China, Ceylon, Japan, and both East and West Indies. From one generation to another the tribesmen hand down the information as to when the rich storehouse of food is ready for use, and just at the right stage they cut down the trees to find the trunks full from top to root of starchy material. Then they divide the trunks into lengths, scrape out the pith and extract the starch which is later mixed to a dough with water. This is pressed through a sieve to form pearl or bullet sago.

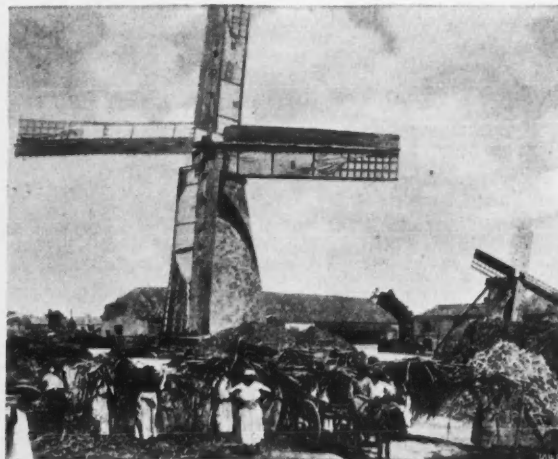
Ever since prehistoric times, dates have been a popular food. They flourish under the glaring sun of Africa and Arabia on the edge of oases where men and camels seek refreshment and shade. When picking time comes, several native boys climb the long shaft of the palm tree, posting themselves at intervals, and then they sing Allah's praises for giving them a good harvest of fruit. As soon as this

ceremony is over, the topmost lad cuts off a bunch of dates and hands it to the next below who in turn passes it on to those beneath. After all the fruit has been picked and before they descend from their lofty perch the boys once more sing a chant of thanksgiving. The next step in the preparation for market is performed by women under the shade

[Continued on page 56]



Two little Japanese tea-pickers pause long enough to photograph.



In picturesque Barbados — loading the sugar cane into carts.

PROF. DR. EMIL FRONZ

Official physician to the Emperor and entire Imperial Family of Austria. Hofrat Professor Dr. Fronz is one of the best-known medical men in Central Europe. His medical textbooks are widely used in universities throughout Europe.

*The Physician to the late
EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH
of Austria says:—*

"I know no better way to keep internally Clean"

JUST think what this means . . . this emphatic statement by one of Europe's most eminent physicians. Think, for a moment, what it means to you.

What Dr. Fronz is referring to is a simple corrective food . . . a food that excels all other methods of clearing away the poison-forming wastes that daily accumulate in your body!

Here, in his very words, is what Dr. Fronz says about this remarkable food, fresh yeast:—

"It is sometimes difficult for a physician to admit that a simple, home-like remedy has a greater

value than drugs bought at a much higher price.

"During my career as a physician, I have always prescribed natural remedies. In the front rank of these I place fresh yeast.

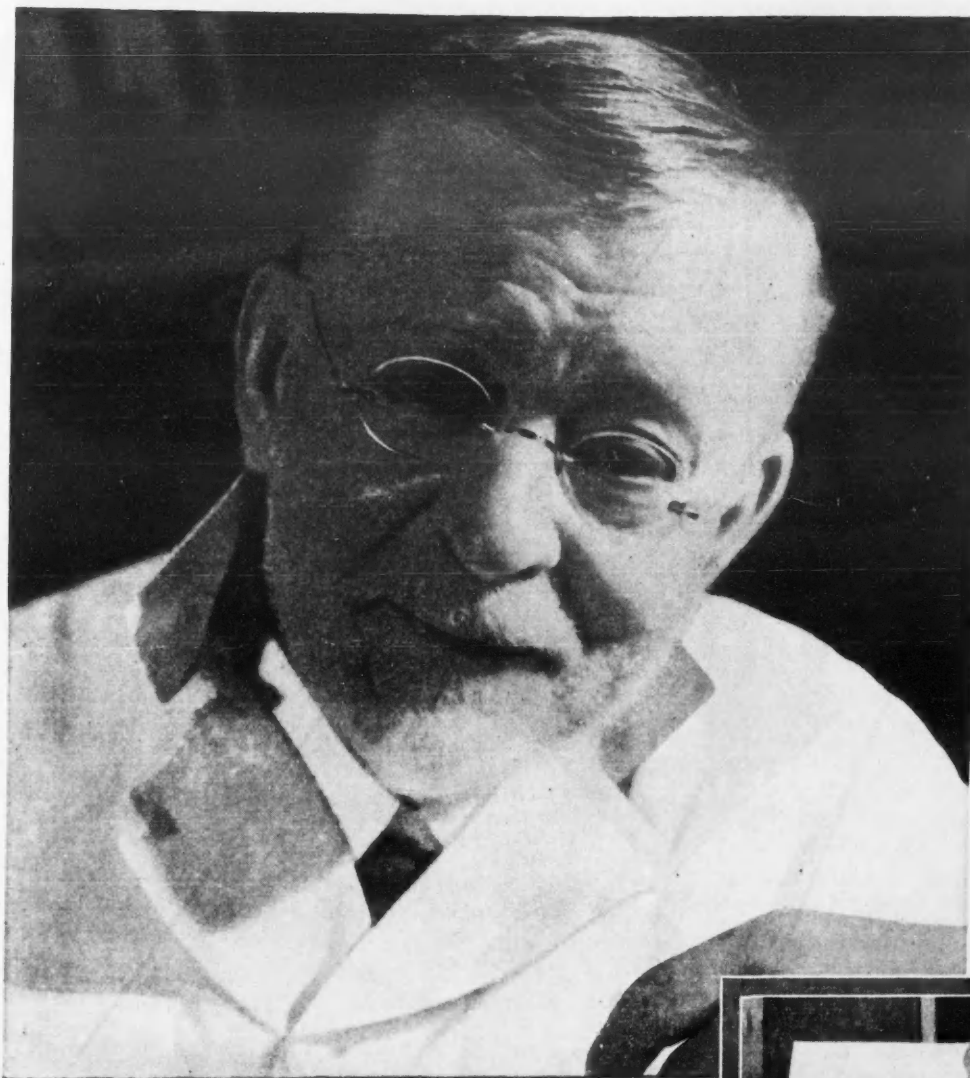
"My experience is that yeast will make elimination regular and restore digestion to normal.

"By keeping the system free of poisons, yeast will keep the skin clear of pimples, boils, etc. It has a marked tonic effect . . . I know of no better internal regulator than fresh yeast."

So why go on dosing yourself with weakening cathartics and violent laxative pills . . . when for a few cents you can get this pure, fresh food that corrects constipation more permanently than anything else you have ever tried?

Go to the nearest grocery store, restaurant, drug store or soda fountain today and get two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regu-

(Left) "My blood was in bad condition. I suffered from insomnia, severe headaches and sick stomach," writes Mrs. H. F. Beaven, Ottawa, Ont. "My doctor told me Fleischmann's Yeast would do me good. Now my headaches are a thing of the past. I sleep well and feel fit for my daily tasks."



(Below)

Poisons that form in sluggish intestines undermine health! Headaches, poor digestion, skin troubles, etc., result. Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean by natural means.



(Left) Here's the way thousands combat internal sluggishness! Before each meal they eat a cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

larly, three cakes a day—before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Each cake, you know, is rich in three vitamins—B, G and D.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

What Noted Hospital Authorities Say:

DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, founder of the world-famous clinic in Frankfort, Germany, reports: "In my clinic yeast is used constantly. It can, in a short time, bring about normal functioning of the bowels."

DR. ALBERT W. BAUER, Vienna hospital authority, states: "To correct constipation permanently there is nothing better than yeast."



Buy Made-in-Canada Goods.

You get real benefit only from fresh yeast • Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh • Be sure that's the kind you get!

BUILT TO FIT

by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

In every house there are the odd bare corners which need completing

CERTAINLY, built-in and built-to-fit furniture can greatly enhance and add comfort to the ordinary furnishing scheme of a room. It has a way of giving a note of variety and supplying needs in small and odd spaces, which conventional furniture is often unable to do. And a point to be noted, and sometimes forgotten, is that it need not be stationary, though originally designed to fit a given place.

Of course, the ideal moment to plan actually built-in features is when a house is in the process of construction or remodelling, when they automatically become permanencies. Of such types are the built-in sideboard or corner cabinet for the dining room, or built-in dressing table and closet units for the bedroom, but the subjects of this article are those pieces which are primarily designed to fill some lack in the finished scheme with which one has to deal.

Of all such furniture, which one might distinguish as "built-to-fit," book and nick-nack shelves are perhaps the most often required. The places where they may be installed are legion, but it sometimes takes imagination to picture the best and most original setting for them. Illustrated is a most unique arrangement in a small apartment where one room serves as both living and dining room. It is one of those compact arrangements designed by apartment architects, in which a large double closet is provided for a folding bed. This closet covers one good-sized wall, making rather a problem, considering that wall space for piano, chesterfield and any other large piece of furniture is at a premium in such a room. In this case, however, the situation has been met in a most ingenious manner. The doors of the closet were entirely removed, which, with modern hinges, is a simple operation. Before the open space was placed the chesterfield, and above the level of its back, shelves and niches were installed. The effect in the room is of an interesting built-in recess, where a meaningless gap otherwise existed, and the space taken up by the unneeded closet provides wanted space for books, radio, lamp and oddments. The placing of the sofa is most convenient, where it is possible to adjust radio or light and place one's hand on a book without disturbing oneself.

Another illustration shows an ingenious combined table and tier of shelves in a room where the situation of windows and radiators makes the placing of an ordinary reading table almost an impossibility. The only available and convenient space, in a corner where the stairs ascend, was also of such a shape that a table would have thrown the chair in the group too far out into the room. All these factors had to do with the designing and executing at very low cost of a fitted piece to meet the room's need. It is a table which



The wall recess in this charming apartment was once a folding bed closet.

might be used in almost any north-west corner with equal convenience. Its outline is so planned that a declivity is formed for the "fitting in" of the chair, tapering off in a narrow ledge. The larger curve provides an ample surface for lamp, ash trays, cigarette box or any other object which is associated with reading comfort. The stain and finish is that of the surrounding woodwork.

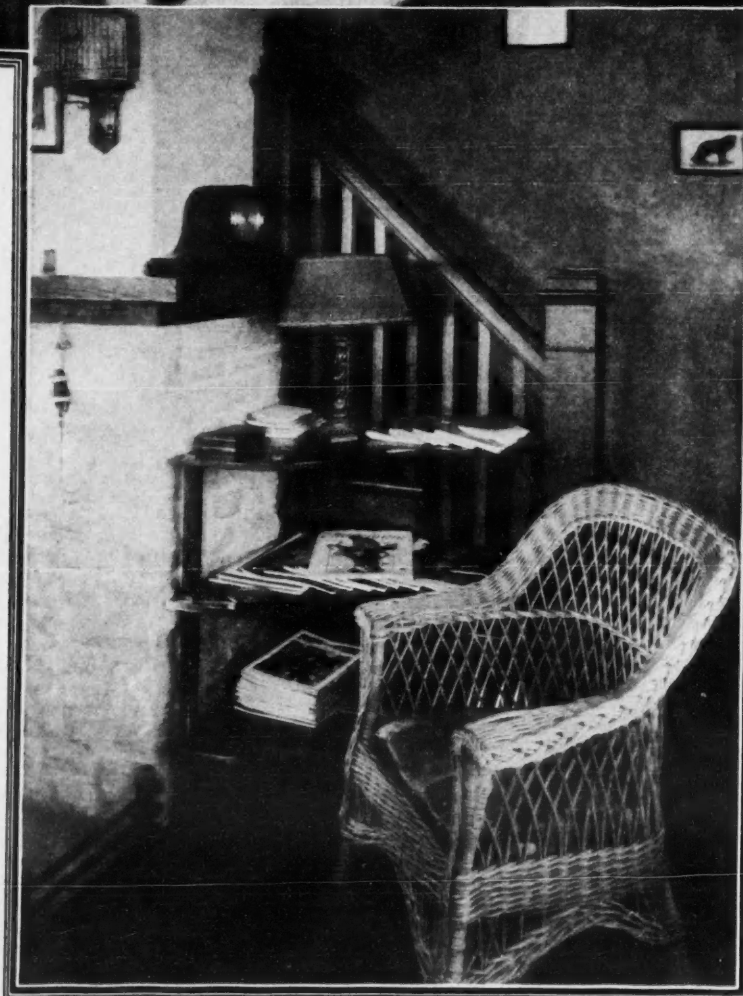
A novel and convenient device is a combination radiator cover and more or less twin bookshelves, designed for the high narrow wall space so often created by juxtaposition of doors and windows. Although the shelves have the appearance of a rather sophisticated type of cabinet work, they are in reality a very reasonable form of semi-amateur carpentry. Their wood is knotted white pine, perhaps the cheapest type of lumber available. Their pediments and aprons are executed with a fret saw to the design indicated, as were

the side pieces. These latter were slightly decorated with round molding, producing a workmanlike finish. The wood was lightly stained honey color, hardly changing the hue of the natural tone; lacquered, sandpapered and waxed. The finish is one which is much in vogue at present, taking its cue from the wall-panelling effects of some of the most beautiful Eighteenth Century houses. This light wood in built-in features is a happy note among richly colored furniture, for it is a better thing to make this contrast, than to attempt to reproduce the stains and polishes of the professional finisher of fine woods in the room's regular furnishing. Thus bookshelves of pine or other cheap wood may as effectively be painted simply white or black, or follow the scheme of the woodwork.

A most useful and effective type of small bookshelf is a pair of twin "boxes" standing on the floor at either end of the chesterfield, reaching the top of either arm. They give a pleasing effect of symmetry, furnish end-table convenience and get away from the stereotyped narrow table or book-trough. Their lower shelves may be arranged to accommodate magazines.

The increasing availability to the general public of unpainted furniture now makes it possible to find many odd and useful manufactured pieces, which a few years ago we should have had to have custom-built. Among these are the quaint corner cabinets for the dining room, Welsh dressers for the dining room, combination living room or pantry, and an endless variety of hanging and standing shelves with niches and surfaces of all kinds. Many in the amusing modernistic manner are particularly designed to fit the needs and scale of the small informal house and apartment. The

manufacturers of such furniture are always willing to plan and make some especially equipped or combined piece at small extra charge. For instance, the combined desk and china cabinet is a useful thing for [Continued on page 60]



An ingeniously designed table fills an awkward corner and provides a cosy reading nook in a room where an ordinary reading table is almost an impossibility. The chair fits into the curved table.

In 64 cities of France, alone—Beauty experts advise this way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Lovely LINA CAVALIERI of Paris

tells why she advises Palmolive



YOU'VE never known any beauty formula as widespread as this! France, herself, so wise in the ways that lead to loveliness, has enthusiastically adopted the daily use of Palmolive Soap ... because experts assure her there's no better way of keeping that schoolgirl complexion.

Lina Cavalieri, with salons in Paris, Cannes, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Le Touquet, is a leading figure in this movement toward natural loveliness. She recommends her own cosmetics, of course. But with them, to further the work so well begun in her own studios, she is careful to recommend Palmolive.

"Before retiring, of course, use Palmolive,"

"If you have the mistaken notion that soap may harm your skin, it is because you are not using the right soap. Next time try Palmolive. I heartily advise it ... to keep skin smooth and lovely."

Lina Cavalieri



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says Mme. Cavalieri. "Massage its lather gently into the skin of face and throat. Rinse with warm water, gradually changing to cold. Then I advise the application of my Camphorated Jelly No. 5.

"In the morning cleanse the skin thoroughly with this same soap. Then use my 'Lotion Onc-tueuse' No. 7 before applying my Cream No. 2 for neutral skins.

"By following this simple treatment, you will keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris leads! 63 other French cities follow. And throughout the world, in over 1600 cities, beauty is now being safeguarded because specialists have discovered and recommended Palmolive daily care.



YOUTH is precious! Keep it! Keep every outward sign of it. Begin with that schoolgirl complexion. Lovely Parisiennes have a smooth, creamy complexion that is fostered by the use of the oils of olive and palm as embodied in Palmolive Soap.

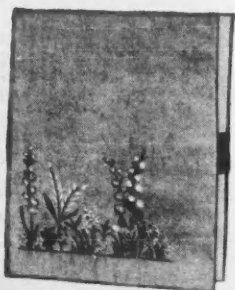
6321B

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEA, CKGW, and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

NOVELTIES FOR CHRISTMAS

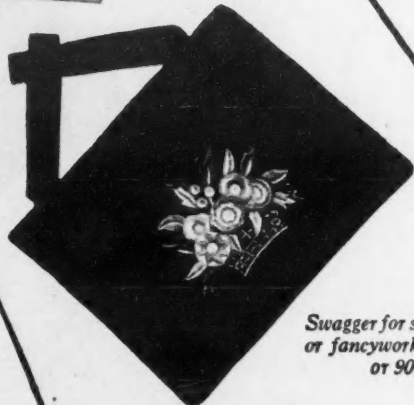
A charming assortment of bazaar and Christmas handicrafts designed in our own studio and presented by Marie Le Cerf



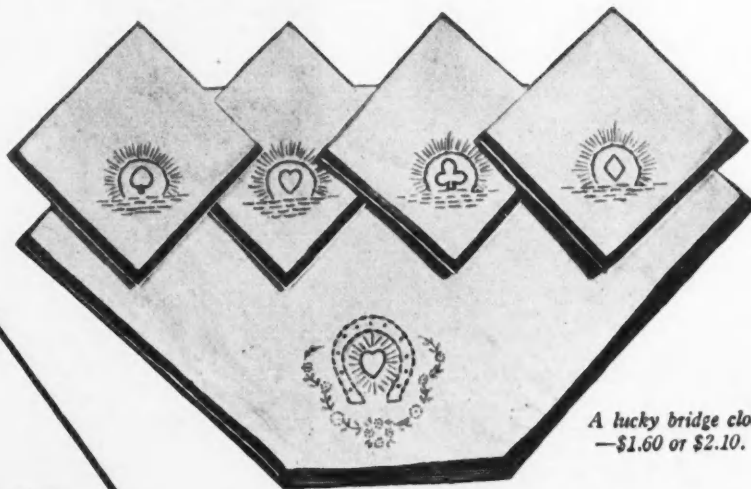
A writing case for lady's desk—95c.



A handy wall pocket—35c.



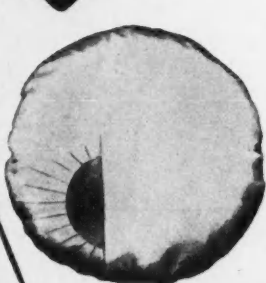
Swagger for shopping or fancywork—\$1.15 or 90c.



A lucky bridge cloth—\$1.60 or \$2.10.

THIS month we are showing a group of novelties that are designed especially for the bazaar booth or the Christmas stocking. We think that you will like them because each individual article has been designed with an eye not only to its beauty but to practicability and simplicity also. Only the simplest stitches are used, and the directions that are sent with the handicrafts are explicit and easy to follow. They may be ordered from Marie Le Cerf, of The Chatelaine's Handicraft Department.

Writing Case No. C38 should be an inspiration to even the worst correspondent. Hollyhocks glow on a background of verdant green, but they can also be obtained stamped on a soft shade of yellow. The well known buttonhole, satin stitch and French knots are used. The stamped linen, lining and cottons only are supplied, the foundation being of ordinary cardboard. The case is 12 x 15 inches. The stamped green or yellow



Dainty bou-jour pillows—75c. each, form 55c.



A charming gift picture—65c.



The full-blown rose conceals a night dress—95c.

Irish linen is 65 cents; the lining with pockets is 15 cents and the cottons for working are 15 cents.

Wall Pocket No. C33 takes just an evening's work to complete. It should be mounted on cardboard or buckram, to hold a flashlight, clothes brush or any other easily mislaid article. Its size is 4 1/2 x 7 inches, and it comes stamped on heavy butcher blue art cotton, complete with lining for 25 cents. The cottons to work are 10 cents.

Shopping Bag No. C39 is extremely smart. The brightly colored flowers in their green basket stand out in splendid contrast against the black background. Size is 12 x 15 inches. Stamped black art felt is 70 cents, lining is 15 cents, and cottons to work are 30 cents. If preferred, heavy brown Irish linen will be supplied instead of the felt. The linen is 45 cents.

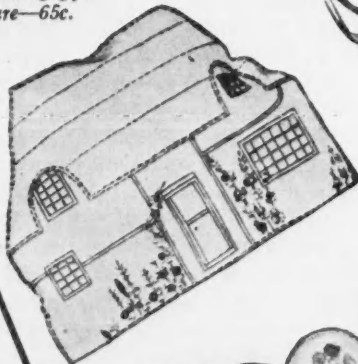
The Horseshoe Bridge Cloth No. C37 should bring luck to the hostess who possesses it. Matching serviettes are supplied to save an extra cloth for refreshments. The [Continued on page 58]



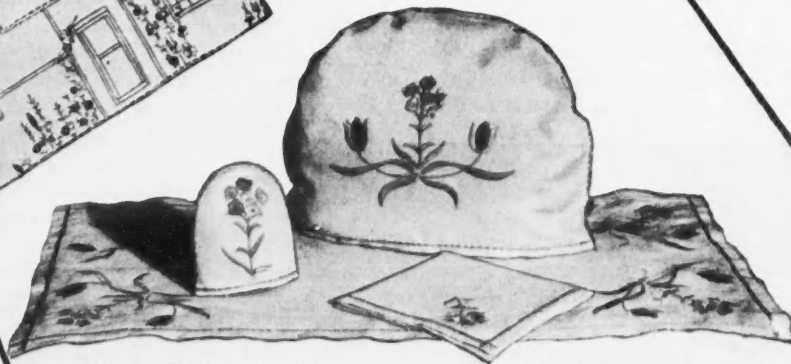
A cunning wee spread for the nursery—\$1.75.



A bib for baby—27c.



Above, an English cottage cozy—55c. or 75c.



A breakfast-in-bed set—\$1.25; cozy form 50c.

sympathetic condition of the other one prevented her reading or sewing. The accident, while peculiar in itself, is one of a number arising from similar causes.

The woman was sewing in a comfortable little sewing chair by a sunny window. Her door bell rang and she went to answer it. Upon her return, she found that her sewing had slipped from the chair, falling between the rockers. She stooped quickly to pick it up and struck the left lens of her eye-glasses on one of the little finishing knobs of the chair posts. The blow did not break the lens but it so injured and ruptured the eye that its immediate removal was imperative.

Care in stooping or reaching up over one's head, should be taught from childhood. To a certain degree it is instinctive, but not always sufficiently so.

Fancy shades and decorations around electric bulbs should permit a free circulation of air, and should not touch the heated glass. If the condition of retained heat is permitted, the glass may melt and the red hot filament ignite the flimsy material.

Children should not be allowed to experiment with a burning-glass or thick lens like a reading glass unless some older person is with them.

Faucets should be well packed at all times, and especially those in the bath tub.

The proper handling of ordinary tools and household apparatus, will lessen the accident list. To cut a loaf of bread or a roast of meat or anything else by drawing the knife toward the individual, is an unsafe procedure. If the knife slips, we are sure to have a mishap.

In purchasing washing machines or any other labor-saving devices, those which are as nearly fool-proof as possible should be given the preference.

Some one permanent member of the family should always understand the use and care of any mechanical device, and that person should be the one responsible for instructing maids or other helpers on the use of such apparatus. This is true also of electric irons and other household mechanisms.

Poor illumination is frequently the reason that mishaps take place. The woman who is using the sewing machine on a dark day or in the evening, will not be nearly as likely to get her finger under the moving needle if she has a well-placed and adequate light.

In fact, one of the rules of the Canadian home should be, "See clearly what you are doing before you attempt to do it." This brings us back to the need of the right mental attitude in relation to our work and our play.

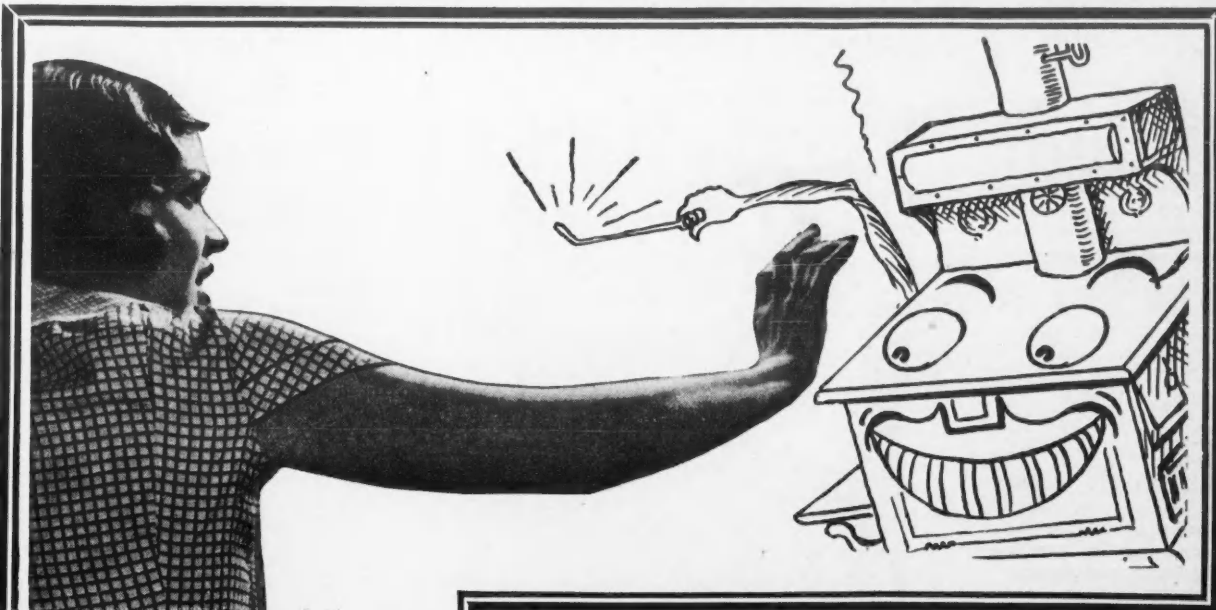
IN BUILDING a home, the convenience and need of a basement with plenty of head clearance, a well-ventilated and lighted attic, and plenty of closet and storage cupboard room for brooms, mops and ironing boards, should be considered. In renting an apartment, convenient storage space should not be forgotten. To have such things standing about or tucked into crowded corners, is not desirable. These utility articles may tumble if there is not room for them and trip or injure some one at the moment or later. Closets which are overcrowded give no opportunity for the proper assembling and segregation of supplies such as external and internal medicines.

Cracked glassware and dishes are likely to come apart in the hot, soapy dish water and give some one a dangerous cut. Better throw them away at once.

A cracked lavatory in the bathroom may be more dangerous than would at first appear.

The careless handling of cleaning fluids, or a lack of proper understanding of the care needed safely to handle those which are inflammable or explosive, is responsible for many accidents and much damage to property. Unless there is time enough to do the work carefully, a place to do it safely, and reasonable knowledge of the danger of friction, of proximity to open flames, the garments better be sent to a professional cleaner, plain soap and water used, or time enough taken to master a safe technique of use.

DRIVE OUT THAT KITCHEN NIGHTMARE



**BEACH GAS CONSOLE
MODEL G44A**

Dual Service (two-in-one) burners, greater cooking convenience and economy.

Beauty of design, colour harmony and labour saving serviceability, establish a new standard of perfection in this very modern Gas Range by Beach. You should see it in colours and have all the details. Send for complete information.

STOP fussing with an old range that drives you wild. You will enjoy perfect service, reliable results, and kitchen freedom, when you instal a Beach, as well as the charm of its appearance in your kitchen.

Whether you use gas, electricity, coal or wood for cooking, there's a Beach model to suit your tastes and needs with all the "in-built" qualities that really count. Added years of dependable service. Greater dollar-for-dollar value. Fill in the coupon below so we can tell you about them—and the dealers where they may be inspected.

Furnaces and Electric Water Heaters too, if you are interested in them. The advice of our Heating Engineers is yours for the asking. Tell us your heating problems, and let us help to solve them.

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Send free and without obligation, details of the Beach Range best suited to my home.

Number of people in home.....Size of kitchen.....Space for range.....

Date.....

Style of range preferred.....Kind of fuel I use: Gas.....Electricity.....

Coal.....Wood.....My home is heated by: Hot Air furnace.....Hot

NAME

Water.....Coal Stove.....Wood Stove.....

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Should you find it inconvenient to secure your Beach Range, Furnace or Electric Water Heater locally, tell us. We shall see that you are supplied.



Children should not be allowed to experiment with a burning-glass unless some older person is with them.



Take every care of cuts whatever has caused them. Carelessness can bring much suffering.



Medicines should be kept absolutely out of the reach of children, and it must not be forgotten that little children being of an enquiring turn of mind may do some surprising climbing.

SAFETY FIRST!

by ELEANOR WILMOT

Illustrated by EDITH McLAREN

MEDICINES, garden dusting powders, solutions for spraying and cleaning compounds should be kept absolutely out of the reach of children. It should not be forgotten that little people being of an enquiring turn of mind, may do some surprising climbing.

Medicine should never be taken in the dark, for once a mistake has been made, it may be difficult to correct. Medicines for external and internal use should be kept in different places, and all substances of a poisonous character, marked in some way in addition to any indication on the label. A round-headed pin thrust into the cork, or a cord tightly wound around the neck of the bottle and firmly tied, or a strip of adhesive tape around the neck of the bottle, or somewhere on the package, will afford a signal through the sense of touch, even at night time.

Medicines should never be taken which are imperfectly corked, because evaporation may have increased the strength away beyond what was originally intended, making the dosage much too strong. Medicine which is prescribed for one person, should never be taken by another person, nor should the patient go on with the use of that medicine without the doctor's advice and sanction.

FURNITURE which is weak or rickety, or because of heat or use is no longer rigid, should be set aside until repaired. A bad fall may come from a chair which gives way unexpectedly, or from a bed which collapses.

Broken bones because of icy porches and porch steps are constantly reported in the cold weather season. The winter time use of matting, special non-slippery, removable wooden steps over stone ones, attention to cleaning, the use of sawdust, sand or salt, will all help to prevent falls.

The formation of heavy icicles which because of their weight may fall or be loosened by the

sunshine, can be prevented by keeping gutters and eave spouts repaired and clear of leaves or other refuse. A falling icicle may wound or stun.

UNBURNED matches should be kept out of the reach of children and mice. A metal container is best. Burned matches should never be thrown into a waste basket. Oily waste of any kind should be disposed of in such a way that there will be no danger of spontaneous combustion. Better to burn up the cloth with which the floors have been oiled or waxed, or to lay those cloths into the kitchen range or fireplace, where if they do burn, they will do no harm. If there is no stove or fireplace, they can be thoroughly soaked in cold water and put into an old can in the trash barrel. Oil mops should be kept in a ventilated place and the mop part stood in a metal container.

Trees which are aged, diseased or weak, and which may fall in a high wind, should be given attention in advance of the time they come down, go through a roof, or injure some one.

A tub or barrel with a sufficient depth of water to drown a young child which falls in head first, has no excuse for being there at all.

Sharply cut weed stubs which would puncture an eye, or broken glass which would cut a bare foot, should be taken care of before trouble arises

PECULIAR accidents are by no means rare.

It is often better to put a bath towel in the bottom of a slippery tub, than to risk an elderly person getting a fall. Another excellent idea in this connection is to fasten a metal handle or towel rack securely in place with several screws, in such a location that the one getting up in the bath tub can grasp it readily and feel safe in doing so.

Within a few hours of writing these lines, a woman was met who had recently had one eye removed, and the weakness caused by the



The use of sawdust, sand or salt will prevent many a bad fall on a slippery porch or steps.



Unburned matches should be kept out of the reach of children and of mice. A metal container is best.



Don't cut a loaf of bread by drawing the knife toward you. If the knife slips there is sure to be a mishap.

Furniture which is weak or rickety should be put on one side until it is mended. A bad fall may result from a chair which gives way unexpectedly.



A tub or barrel with a sufficient depth of water to drown a young child who falls in head first, has no excuse for being there at all.



news about the girl 94 MEN WANT TO MARRY

I've been learning a lot about men.

In the last few months, I've talked to 100 nice, attractive, eligible young men. I asked them what kind of girl they'd like to marry!

And they told me. They were *interested* in girls and marriage.

Here's the news—they want "a real girl." Not a stage star or a movie queen. These men described some one very like you or me. 94 of them said, "I want a girl with *natural* charm, a girl who looks like the real thing."

So let's look at our complexions! Are they fine-textured, smooth, so that they look natural, even with make-up? Does a man's first glance tell him we belong to that group of "fresh, charming, *natural* girls?" If not, let's do something about it. Let's bring Calay to the rescue!

73 DERMATOLOGISTS APPROVE CALAY!

Calay is marvelous for the natural look men admire. It is the only toilet soap which has been approved by 73 famous American dermatologists. Dermatologists are *doctors*—it's their special business to restore skin to *natural* health—so they *know*!

These doctors urge soap-and-water cleansing, and approve Calay! When you use Calay you'll know why. Such exquisite cleansing! Such gentleness! You get a velvety, frothy lather so soothing you wonder how it's made. That's a secret. But I can tell you this—tests have shown that rain-water is no gentler to your skin than this delicately fragrant Calay.

So do try Calay for a week. See if your skin doesn't look smoother, feel softer. And see if you don't notice a new fresh look—that natural look men admire.

Helen Chase

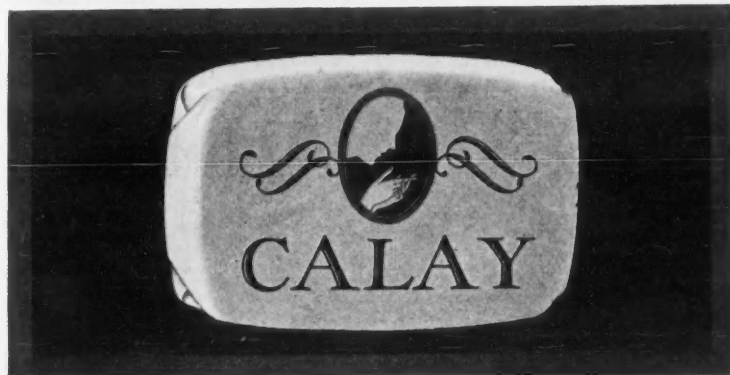
A SUCCESSFUL YOUNG ADVERTISING MAN

agrees with 94 other attractive men in admiring "a real girl." He says: "The girl I'm looking for will have ideas of her own. She won't believe everything she hears or follow everything the crowd does. Probably she'll be good-looking, but not a raving beauty. Everything about her—her manner, her charm, her appearance—will be *natural*, unaffected!"

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



CALAY 10¢



For the fresh natural skin men admire

How I Use Canned Foods

Do you only "heat and eat" canned foods? There are dozens of delicious variations which will be suggested by this writer's discoveries.



BEFORE coming to Canada we lived thirteen miles from the nearest railway station and found housekeeping very difficult in consequence. Since living out here, where we are only four miles by road and less by a footpath, from the station, housekeeping has been even more difficult. In fact, during our first six months we were often seriously short of food. This unpleasant experience implies naturally two things: first, the railroad station belongs to a settlement, not to a town; and secondly, it took some time to find out how and where provisions were likely to be obtained.

It was during this period we existed on canned food, and I soon learned that as housekeeper and cook to a party of nine persons it behooved me to make the canned stuff go as far as possible, since, although it is delightfully easy to "heat and eat," it is likewise a very costly way of living for an extended period.

Even now, after the course of some years, living as we do in the real countryside, I find it expedient to stock up the storeroom with supplies before the advent of winter; for it may well happen that the peddling butcher who calls round once a week, may fail to negotiate the heavy snowbanks and will give our farm a miss. Other parts of the settlement which lie closer to the one and only store are able to run in and purchase cans of soup or meat when occasion demands. And it is because I know they use the stuff just as it comes from these cans, shouting all the while about the price and the high cost of living, that I am emboldened to relate my efforts after economy, since there must be many others in the same predicament.

My first experiment was with cans of tomato soup. I poured the contents of two cans into three pints of fresh milk, set the saucepan on the fire and stirred steadily till all was thoroughly mixed, adding a very small quantity of salt. Then, when everything was piping hot, I added two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, previously mixed with three-quarters of a cupful of cold milk; and stirred again till the mixture was thick and creamy. This soup served with big slices of thick toast, or a dish of fried crusts, made an excellent hot supper at small cost and, rounded off with a cold pudding of some sort, satisfied the party. Asparagus and celery soups were treated the same way.

CANNED pork and beans is an easy dish to prepare and may be varied in many ways. I found the family liked it particularly well when I took to turning the contents of a big can into a large frying pan, adding a wee drop of water to give the necessary moisture and also stirring in a quarter of a cupful of tomato Ketchup. After which, I would allow the contents of the pan to simmer for half an hour at least, stirring every now and then.

I also gave them curried beans once in a while, slicing two large onions into a saucepan and frying till soft with a little good dripping; then stirring in a dessertspoonful of curry powder and a pinch of salt. This mixture is stirred for a few minutes to let the curry powder cook. The powder is, if people would only realize it, a raw ingredient. Then,

small can of potted meat on the breakfast table and tell a family party to consider it a satisfactory course after the cereal has been finished. I know my family, all possessed of healthy appetites, would think it an insult, or that some sort of enquiry should be made about the state of my brain. But mash a dish of cold boiled potatoes, pepper and salt them, add the contents of one can of potted beef, bind with one whipped egg, fashion into balls, roll in flour, and fry in a pan of smoking hot lard—and see the household clear up the hot breakfast! Here, too, the total cost—especially on a farm—is not excessive. Sometimes I varied the dish by putting in a half can of salmon instead of the potted meat; and, believe me, it is a far, far nicer way of consuming canned salmon than by using it plain. Once or twice I was reduced to salmon fish cakes as a supper dish, when I served a sauceboat of hot egg sauce and a dish of plain rice to make the cakes go further.

Another great "find" was the day we were left with only a can of sausages in the store room—no butcher, a hungry family to feed, and no chance of further supplies till the following day. Somehow, some way, that one-pound can of sausages had to feed the party. Luckily there was plenty of time to con the situation, so I boiled a large pot of potatoes, drained without shaking them, and then, slicing them fairly thin, fried them in a mixture of butter and pork fat. As soon as the pan was free, I likewise fried the sausages, cut into small pieces so as to go as far as possible; and stirred these bits into the heaped up dish of fried potatoes. Over all I scattered a couple of hardboiled eggs, having previously mashed them down finely with the back of the fork. The ubiquitous dish of rice supplemented, and as plain boiled rice is not very palatable unless served as a foundation for something else, I added *sauce Robert* to the menu. This French sauce is easily made. A finely chopped onion is fried in a small saucepan, in a little butter or dripping. When soft, a small quantity of flour is added and stirred in, together with one teaspoonful of mustard flour. Next, little by little, a cup of weak broth—or, as in our case, a cup of Oxo—is added, and the sauce allowed to cook till a creamy consistency is achieved. The final touch is a tablespoonful of malt vinegar, and the sauce must come to table as hot as possible.

INTERESTING variations can be evolved with canned fruits. For instance, empty the contents of a can of Bartlett pears into a deep pie dish, add a couple of tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a drop of water and three small

Keeping house for a family of nine, far from convenient stores, made it necessary for this mother to evolve many ideas in economy which every mother will appreciate

by G. E. EDWARDS

little by little, still stirring, a full cupful of milk is added, and later the can of beans is introduced. This dish, served with nicely boiled rice, soon gives one either a midday or evening meal, and a bottle of sharp pickles adds the necessary zest. On a farm, where milk is always available and onions come from the vegetable garden, curried beans reduce the household bills.

Another resource, this time a breakfast dish, I also got out of a can—a little eight-cent can of potted meat. Now I defy anyone to put a

pieces of mace. Cover the pie dish, and set in a moderate oven for an hour. The fruit can afterwards be turned out into a cut glass dish for serving, cold, of course. The pears will be found a lovely shade of pale brown, and the flavor delicious.

Of course, for very special occasions one can contrive a sort of false *Pêches Melba*—slices of pineapple with a half peach, also canned, set square in the centre of each slice, the centre being filled with whipped cream or ice cream if the freezer is working, and topped with a small spoonful of strawberry jam. And should the aforementioned jam be made from wild strawberries, so much the better, for the tang of the wild fruit is vastly superior to the garden product. This, of course, is not an economical dish. I offer it only as a suggestion for some special occasion. But it shows that even on a farm miles from anywhere, it is possible to fare sumptuously if due forethought is exercised.

A supper dish for hot weather can be made from canned vegetable soup. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one quarter cupful of cold water for ten minutes. Add three quarters of a cupful of boiling water and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Stir into this the contents of one can of soup. Pour into a mold and let stand until the mixture begins to "jell." Stir once or twice to prevent the vegetables sinking to the bottom. When set turn out on a plate and garnish with lettuce or other greens.

Fish pie is a general favorite. It is economical and easily made—an advantage which the busy housewife will appreciate. For this cook macaroni until tender and arrange a layer in the bottom of a buttered baking dish; add a layer of salmon and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice. Add another layer of macaroni, then a layer of fish and repeat until the dish is full. Pour over this enough white sauce or tomato sauce to moisten, cover with buttered crumbs and heat in a moderate oven. The pie will be equally "tasty" when made with mashed potatoes instead of the macaroni.

One tires sometimes of canned corn if it is always served "plain," but a corn pudding will always have an enthusiastic reception. Chop one can of corn (two cupfuls) and season with salt, pepper and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter, two slightly beaten eggs and two cupfuls of hot milk. Pour this into a buttered baking dish. Set the pan in a dish of hot water and place in a moderate oven until firm. Corn chowder, too, is popular. Peel and cut potato into small cubes (enough to make four cups.) Cook a slice or two of onion with two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat, stirring it frequently. Add to this the potatoes which have been parboiled for five minutes. Add two cupfuls of boiling water and cook until the potatoes are soft. Stir into this four cupfuls of milk and the contents of a can of corn. Reheat and add a little butter (about three tablespoonfuls.)

Fig tapioca is a good family dish. When the children are tired of tapioca served "plain" with cream and sugar, this offers a welcome variation and is just as nutritious. Soak half a cupful of pearl tapioca overnight in water. In the morning drain off any water which has not been absorbed. Scald one and one third cupfuls of milk in a double boiler, add the tapioca and cook twenty minutes until it is transparent. Then add two slightly beaten egg yolks and one quarter cupful of brown sugar. Cook this mixture until it is thick, then add one cupful of canned figs cut into small pieces, and let cook for a few minutes longer. Cool slightly and fold in two stiffly beaten egg whites. Serve cold. This recipe will serve eight people.

Often one has occasion to use just the juice of canned tomatoes, so that the pulp that is left becomes quite a problem to dispose of. Stews and hash, omelets and some sauces are delicious with the addition of tomato juice.

A Centrepiece in Cluny Crochet

by

ELSIE
GALLOWAY

FOR this centrepiece a medium weight creamy linen eighteen inches in diameter was used, and No. 50 écreu linen thread which was a perfect match for the linen.

First shrink the linen by laying a damp cloth over it and pressing with a moderately hot iron until quite dry, and then cut out the centrepiece. It is well to make a paper pattern first to make sure of having it perfectly round. Next measure in $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the edge at exact centre of each side when folded in quarters, and draw two threads for Italian hem-stitching. Leave four threads and draw two more. This leaves a square of linen inside the hem-stitching.

Use the same thread as for the crocheted lace and a blunt-pointed needle—this works more easily than a sharp-pointed needle—and work from right to left on the right side of material. Fasten thread on under side at extreme right edge of upper row of drawn threads, and bring it down to lower row on right side and take up four threads. Draw needle through and insert it again in first place on lower row, making a backstitch over these four threads and bring needle out diagonally above, four threads to the left. Complete stitch by inserting needle four threads to the right on upper row where thread first came up; carry it under these four threads and out. *Insert needle directly below in lower row and take up four threads to the left. Make a back-stitch over these four threads by inserting needle in same place, and bring it out four threads to the left on upper row. Complete stitch by inserting needle four threads to the right, carry it under these four threads and out, making a backstitch on upper row. Repeat from * across and work other three sides in same way.

When hemstitching is finished turn the edge of centrepiece under about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch and work d c over the turned edge in three lengths of stitch—that is, instead of inserting hook same distance from edge each time, take a short st, then a little longer st, a third st longer still, the fourth same length as second, the fifth same as first and repeat in this order. To make the lace edge, begin with a chain of thirty-eight stitches.

1st row—Tr tr (thread over 3 times) in 14th st from hook, make a block on tr tr in this way—ch 6, s c in centre of tr tr, ch 3, tr in same place as tr tr, ch 7, s in 4th st of 6 ch, ch 6, s in 4th st of 7 ch, ch 3, tr in tr—ch 5, d in 7th st of 13 ch at beginning of 1st row. Ch 11, s at end of 13 ch in corner of blk of 1st row. Turn.

2nd row—Ch 13, s c in 11th st from hook, ch 3, s c in 3rd st of 5 ch of 1st row, ch 3, tr in corner of block (blk) of 1st row, ch 3, s c in 4th st of 13 ch, counting back from end of ch, ch 3 tr in tr. The first block of every alternate row—that is, on straight edge of lace—is worked in this way. Ch 5, blk over next 5 ch made same

as blks of 1st row, ch 12, tr, tr in corner of blk of 1st row, make a block as follows—ch 6, s c in centre of tr tr, ch 3, tr in same place as tr tr, ch 7, s in 4th st of 6 ch, ch 6, s in 4th st of 7 ch, ch 3, tr in tr—ch 5, d in 7th st of 13 ch at beginning of 1st row. Ch 11, s at end of 13 ch in corner of blk of 1st row. Turn.

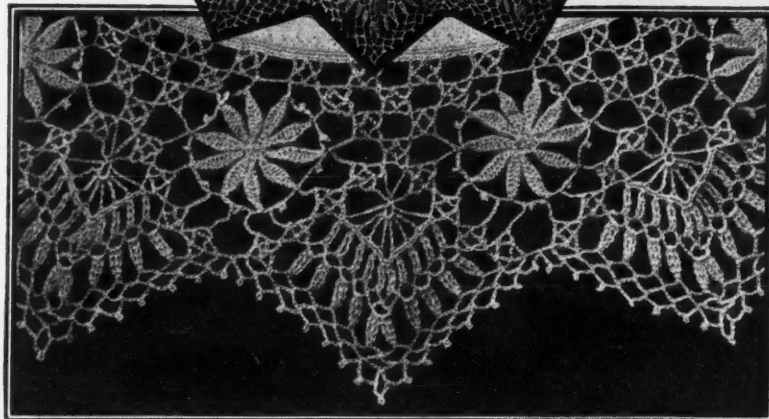
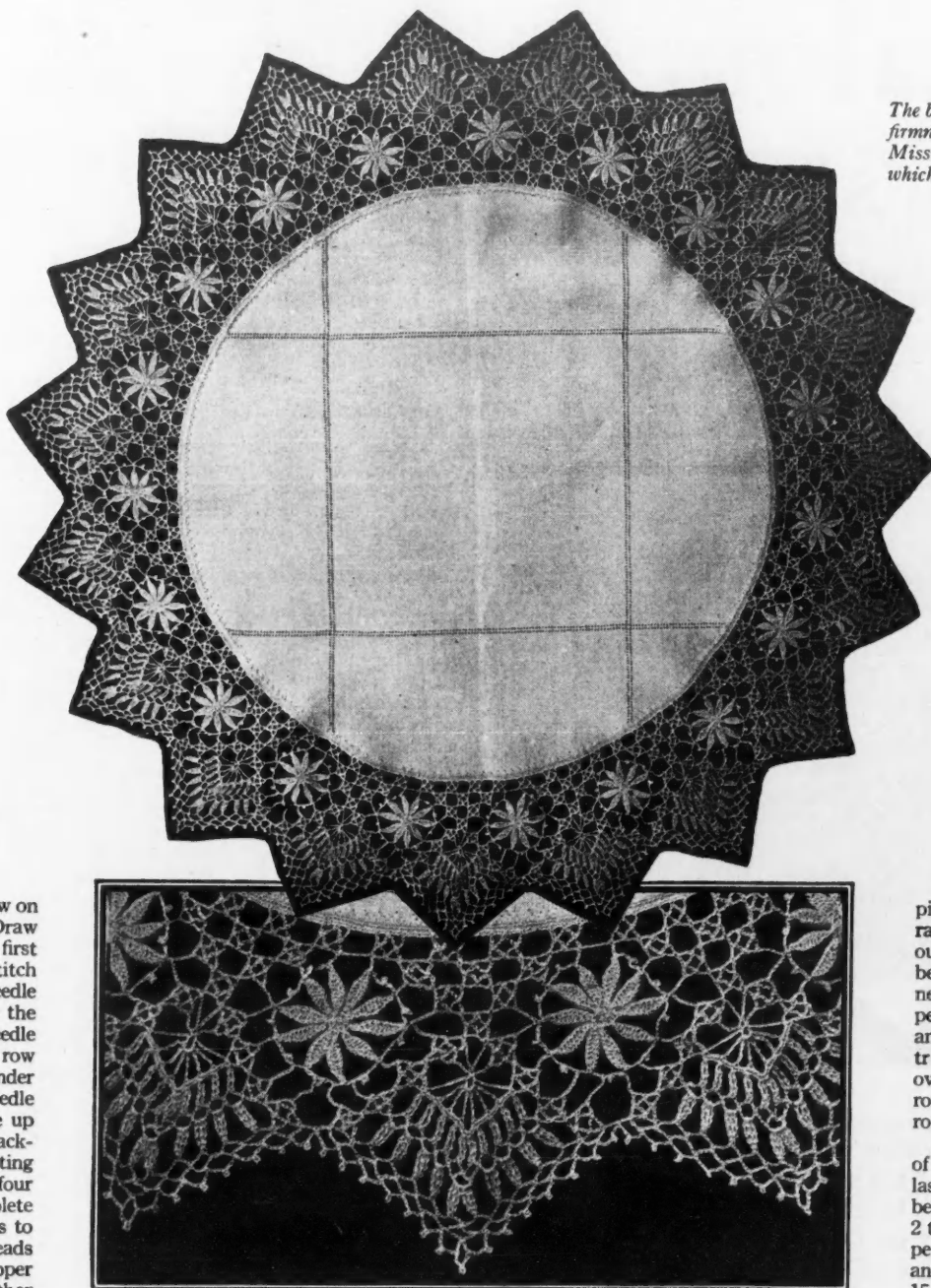
3rd row—Ch 13, s in 11th st from hook, ch 3, s in 3rd st of 11 ch, ch 3, miss 2 sts of 11 ch, tr in next st, ch 3, s in 4th st of 13 ch, ch 3, tr in tr, ch 13, s in 11th st from hook, ch 3, tr in corner of last blk, ch 7, s in 4th st of 13 ch, ch 6,

tr tr in next d, (ch 3, 2 tr tr in d over tr tr) 4 times, * ch 8, turn, d in 2nd st of ch between tr tr.

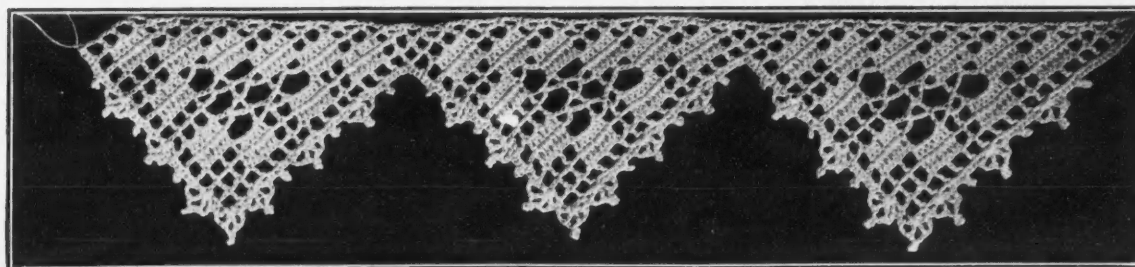
5th row—(Ch 5, d in 2nd st of ch between tr tr) 3 times, * ch 3, tr in 3rd st of 5 ch in centre, ch 5, tr in same place, ch 3, d in 2nd st of next ch, (ch 5, d in 2nd st of next ch) 3 times, ch 5, s in 3rd st of 8 ch, work blk thus: Ch 6, miss 2 sts, s in next st of 8 ch, ch 3, s in 3rd st of 15 ch, ch 7, s in 4th st of 6 ch, ch 6, s in 4th st of 7 ch, ch 3, miss 2 sts, s in next st of 15 ch, sl st in next 6 sts of ch, ch 13, s in 1st st of centre, work petal, d in d of centre, 2 tr in each tr, d in d, sl st to base of petal, ch 12, turn, miss 1st st and work petal on ch, catch to centre and sl st back to point, ch 3, tr tr in nearest corner of blk, ch 5, tr tr in corner of blk at end of row. Turn.

6th row—Ch 13, blk, ch 9, 1 tr with p in pt of last petal, ch 11, s in same st of centre and next st work petal, sl st to same st of centre and to next st, ch 11, 1 tr with p in pt of last petal, work petal on ch, sl st to centre and sl st back to point, ch 7, p in 4th st, ch 15, fasten to same st and next st of [Continued on page 57]

The beauty of this lace depends on the firmness and evenness of the work. Miss Galloway used an écreu thread which was a perfect match for the linen.



This simple edging is very effective for pillow slips, towels and other household uses.



A TALE OF THWARTED AMBITION WITH AN UNUSUALLY HAPPY ENDING

For years she had looked forward to the day when her rooms might be bright and cheerful . . . only to be faced with the fact that this added appearance meant just a little more than the family budget could stand.

Then came the suggestion . . . Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs . . . and upon them was built the happy ending of the story.

Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs provided the exquisite touch of rich colour she had hoped for in far more expensive rugs and the new lower-than-ever prices enabled her to save enough to buy many other things that also helped "make" the room.

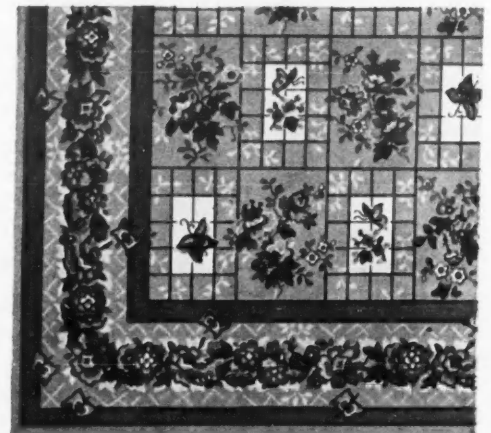
This beauty will last . . . that she knows . . . for Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs are guaranteed . . . and are so easily cleaned that housework takes only half the former time.

CONGOLEUM CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL

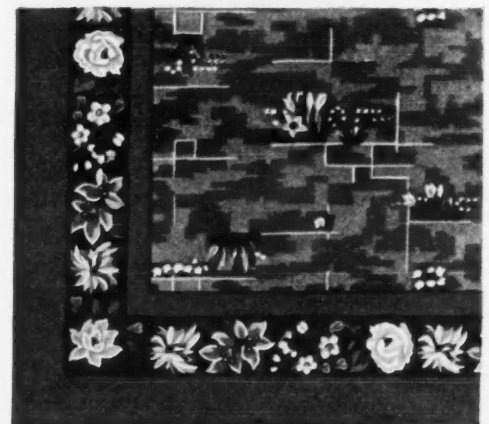


SPRING—The name tells the story. A restrained modernistic motif of flickering lights and shades, showing through a bower of blossoms. A welcome touch of colour that makes rooms hard to leave—that makes floors the easiest thing imaginable to clean. Gold Seal Rug No. 613.

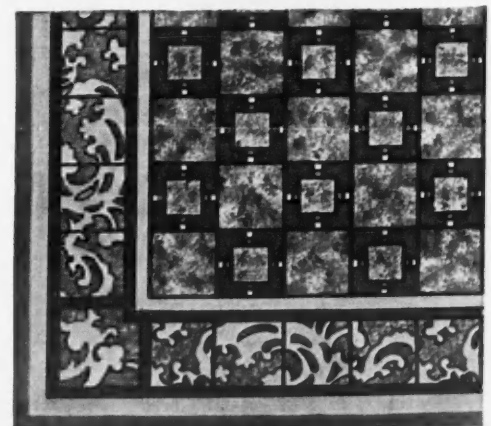
GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
RUGS



GLORIA—Congoleum Gold Seal
Rug No. 636



MAYTIME—Congoleum Gold Seal
Rug No. 629



SPARTA—Congoleum Gold Seal
Rug No. 624

Chopped meat sandwiches
Small whole tomato
Bread and butter and honey sandwiches
Banana
Oatmeal cookies
Cocoa (in vacuum bottle)
Tomato and lettuce sandwiches
Date bread and cream cheese
Apple sauce Cup cakes
Milk

Salmon and celery sandwiches
Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches
Baked custard
Fruit juice

Potato Soup
(24 servings)
16 Medium potatoes
½ Pound of butter
¾ Cupful of flour
5 Quarts of milk
2 Medium onions
2 to 2½ Tablespoonfuls of salt

Wash and pare the potatoes, cut in quarters and cook in one and a half quarts of boiling salted water until tender. While the potatoes are boiling add the sliced onion to the milk and heat over hot water. Without draining, mash the cooked potatoes thoroughly, add the butter, the salt and the flour which has been mixed to a smooth paste with an equal quantity of cold water. Boil for five minutes to cook the starch in the flour, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add the hot milk from which the onion has been removed, stir over the heat until of uniform consistency and serve.

Corn Chowder
(24 servings)
4 Cupfuls of canned corn
6 Cupfuls of uncooked potato (cubed)
¼ Pound of fat salt pork
2 Small onions finely chopped
5 Quarts of milk
½ Teaspoonful of celery salt
Salt to taste

Cut the salt pork into small pieces, add the chopped onion and cook until light brown. Add the potato and cook for about ten

minutes. Add the corn and the milk and cook until the potato is soft. Add seasonings to taste and serve.

Rice Pudding with Raisins
(24 to 26 servings)
6 Cupfuls of water
2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
4 Cupfuls of washed rice
1½ Quarts of milk
2 Cupfuls of raisins

Place the water in the top of a double boiler, add the salt and boil. Add the well washed rice gradually and boil for five minutes over the direct heat, stirring constantly to prevent sticking. Place over hot water and cook until the rice has absorbed the water. Add the warm milk and continue cooking, about one and a half hours altogether, until the kernels are quite soft. Add the washed raisins during the last half hour of cooking. This may be served with additional milk if desired.

Cocoa
(24 servings)
1 Cupful of cocoa
1 Cupful of sugar
1 Quart of boiling water
4 Quarts of milk

Mix the cocoa and the sugar well, add the boiling water and boil over direct heat for five minutes. (This cooks the starch in the cocoa.) Add the milk and place over hot water to cook until ready to serve. If a scum forms on top, beat with an egg beater.

Sandwich Fillings
Cottage cheese and chopped peanuts.
Cream cheese and pineapple jam.
Chopped bacon, alone or with chopped egg, tomato, spinach or lettuce.
Peanut butter, alone, with jelly or moistened with orange juice.
Chopped hard-cooked egg with lettuce.
Chopped dates, figs, prunes or raisins, alone or with nuts, moistened with cream or orange juice.
Minced or thinly sliced meat.
Salmon or tuna fish, with chopped celery, apple or a little mayonnaise.

This Movie Rumpus

Continued from page 3

Players constitute a dangerous monopoly, or has it been the means of providing this country with luxurious, commodious theatres where a man and his family can enjoy two-and-a-half hours of entertainment at a moderate charge?

Among the commissioner's findings, there is no mention of the fact that when these large theatres were being built, they provided a great deal of work for Canadians. Canadian architects and builders, Canadian shops and factories all benefitted by the huge orders necessary to furnish and equip them. The capital invested in them runs into millions of dollars.

IT IS difficult to touch on this subject without hurting somebody's pet feelings, but very few theatre patrons prior to 1929 were more than casually interested in the question of ownership and control of Canada's best movie houses.

Suddenly the eyes of Canada were focused on the break which occurred in the early fall of 1929 among the directors of Famous Players Canadian Corporation. It is quite likely that if there had not been a rift in the relations of the directors of Famous Players—a more or less personal break, which afterward affected the shareholders and drew the attention of the public to the affairs of the company, the Royal Commission would never have been called upon to investigate the Canadian Moving Picture situation.

There is a flippant saying current that every man or woman, who has a job at all, has two—his own and the motion picture business. It would be funny if it weren't now rather a serious affair, but there are always people ready to probe and question

and discuss the motion picture industry in all its phases.

Very few big business mergers will stand too close investigation. From the days of the first great "trust busting" in the United States, large corporations have had to stand the glare of unfavorable publicity. But in Canada we have been singularly free until now from government restriction.

THE Famous Players Canadian Corporation passed into actual control of the Paramount Publix Corporation through the voluntary action of its directors. I. W. Killam, Montreal financier and newspaper owner, turned over his huge holdings to the New York concern which had had virtual control of the Canadian company since its inception. Many Canadians on the board of directors, among them J. P. Bickel, advised the shareholders to accept the terms offered them, and so the deal went through.

One person credited with starting the White investigation is Ray Lewis, editor of the *Canadian Moving Picture Digest*, a trade journal which alternately supported the independent theatre-owners in Canada and the Famous Players Corporation. Miss Lewis was chosen representative of the minority shareholders of Famous Players who were not satisfied that the company had not accepted the alleged offer of \$70 a share from British Gaumont. On the stand, Ray Lewis, or Mrs. Joshua Smith, was referred to by I. W. Killam as "Nathanson's second self." But whatever the result may be, I feel quite sure Mrs. Smith acted in good faith and in the interest of the "smaller fry" among the theatre owners.

However, I asked a man who owns one

No woman should risk unknown substitutes for Kotex



Wear on Either Side . . .

1. Can be worn on either side with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
2. Kotex is soft . . . Even the gauze is specially treated to make it amazingly soft.
3. The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in Canada's leading hospitals.
4. Disposable, instantly, completely.

Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Kotex is safe

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety. Kotex is machine packed and sealed in dust-proof packages.

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. Wear it on either side. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. It is disposed of so easily. Last year millions of pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface. The gauze, too, in Kotex is specially treated to make it amazingly soft.

Kotex is sold at drug, dry goods and department stores.

KOTEX
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1979



For 3 FREE KOTEX Samples

Send coupon to:—Moyra Monk, R.N., Dept. 6-10-1
Room 1103, 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

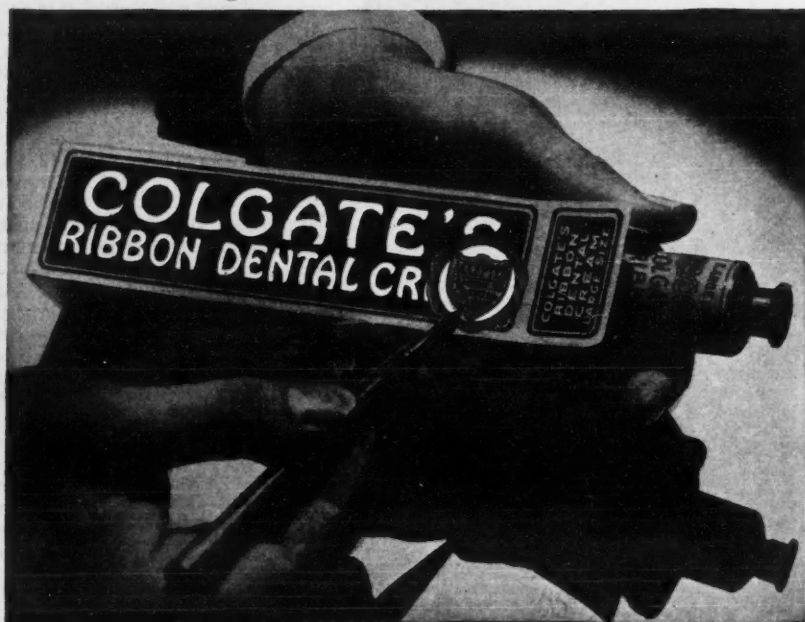
Name

Address

City.....Prov.....

What does this seal mean when it's placed on a toothpaste?

It means, Madam, that this toothpaste has been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association



MADAM, this seal is the most authoritative answer to the question "what toothpaste should I use?" It is placed only on toothpastes that have been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

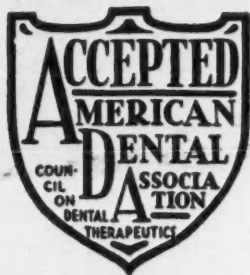
What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of a product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

Be guided by this seal

The seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. Therefore, look for it, when you buy a toothpaste. It is your most authoritative guide.

MADE IN CANADA



See the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy.

1944

and Colgate's costs but **25c**

THE SCHOOL LUNCH



What your child eats for his mid-day meal is as important as his lessons

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

ONCE again the long term of "carried lunches" is beginning, when the thoughtful mother must see that her shelves are well stocked with supplies for making the daily school lunch appetizing and healthful.

Waxed paper, cups, napkins and various other essentials may have been resting serenely on the shelf when school ended, but holiday picnics and fishing trips leave them surprisingly diminished. If the whole lunch must be taken from home, a more complete stock of supplies is needed, but even when the valuable hot dish is supplied at school certain materials must be on hand.

The first consideration is a dust-proof container for each child, and one of several varieties may be chosen. The best type is the metal box or pail with well-fitting lid and holes to allow for the circulation of air. These can be scalded and aired every night and are light and durable; some are fitted with a vacuum bottle which makes a hot soup or drink possible. Fibre boxes are inexpensive but are not so durable or easily cleaned. Small baskets may be used, but the lunch dries out more quickly and in the winter may freeze. Cardboard boxes may prove satisfactory and inexpensive and appeal to the boys especially, as they do not need to be carried home.

Next on the shelf should be a goodly supply of plain white paper napkins because we really need three for each lunch—one to line the lunch box, one to serve as a desk cover, and one for a serviette. Waxed paper to wrap each article of food comes in a roll to be clipped off as desired, or in packages of uniformly cut sheets. Even the thin sheets of "butter paper" may be used for this purpose. Many mothers who buy bread in waxed wrappers save the wrapping, for, although slightly crumpled, it serves excellently and is a factor in economy.

The filling of the lunch box entails a daily problem, and the wise mother knows that unless she solves this problem successfully she is not co-operating with the teacher and cannot expect brilliant scholastic achievement from her child. As one doctor has said, "You cannot fill the mind when the stomach is empty." So into the lunch box she puts, as the main part of the meal, sandwiches made from lightly buttered, twenty-four-hour-old bread, and she uses the whole wheat bread frequently. Each sandwich has a tasty, wholesome filling as suggested below, is cut into convenient size, leaving the crusts on, and wrapped individually in waxed paper. Crisp celery, fresh lettuce leaves, or a small ripe tomato provide sandwich accompaniments which offer pleasing contrast in texture to the somewhat dry sandwich.

The lunch box dessert may be fruit, fresh, stewed or dried, or a simple pudding which is successfully carried in the tightly covered containers previously referred to. Plain cookies or cup cakes, gingerbread or sponge cake, provide the ever popular sweet and occasionally pieces of plain chocolate or dates rolled in sugar are included.

Some form of beverage is necessary to complete the lunch. Milk, cocoa, or fruit juice add healthful properties and are most desirable if they can be satisfactorily carried.

When hot food is provided at school, it should be planned in advance, and word sent home with the children as to the nature of the dish, so that the mother can pack the lunch box with suitable accompaniments. Usually the hot dish prepared at school is built around milk and may take the form of a hot cream soup with tomatoes, corn, peas, potatoes, beans or other vegetable as an ingredient. Or it may be a vegetable dish combined with milk and cooked in the oven, if such a piece of equipment is available. Scalloped potatoes, corn chowder, baked beans are favorites and give little trouble to those who are preparing lunch. Macaroni and cheese or spaghetti and tomatoes are likewise nourishing and easily prepared. Milk puddings or cereal desserts are other common hot dishes; rice tapioca and various cereals, plain or with the addition of dried fruit, are made or served with milk. If the equipment is limited, cocoa is a good choice. The value of the hot dish at school is becoming more and more recognized not only in its relation to the health and efficiency of the students, but as a means of class co-operation, of social training and of teaching the children the importance of the proper kind of food.

The same careful planning is needed if the children come home for lunch, and although the choice of foods is less limited, the same points are stressed. Egg, fish or meat, suitably prepared and accompanied by baked potato and a fresh vegetable, might form the main part of the meal. Stewed fruit and bread and butter, or a simple pudding, serve as dessert, and a glass of milk or a cup of hot cocoa provides the nourishing drink. The wise planning of the school child's meals is a vital factor in his progress and with this in mind, suggestions of value to mothers and teachers are given here. With the hearty co-operation of these two, we can expect a large measure of health, both of body and of mind in the children of today.

*Indicates that the school supplies the hot dish:

Cream of potato soup*
Grated carrot and celery sandwiches
Apple Ginger snaps
Dates rolled in sugar

Corn Chowder*
Brown bread and butter
Stewed prunes or apricots
Cookies

Chopped bacon and egg sandwiches
Celery
Rice pudding with raisins*
Cocoa*

When the lunch box provides everything:

likes a good picture no matter where it is made. He shops for amusement today just as he does for every other commodity, and goes to the theatre providing the best entertainment at popular admission prices.

English people are quite frequently harsh critics of English pictures; after seeing nearly every English picture released during the past two years in Canada, among a probable two dozen features of outstanding merit, there are only three or four I would class as first-class entertainment. "Young Woodley" stands in my opinion as the best of them all; "The Middle Watch" is a fairly amusing comedy; "One Embarrassing Night" is another well-made, clever and entertaining farce. "Atlantic" is a serious and arresting screen drama. I was out of town when "Uneasy Virtue" was presented but I understand it is a good picture. Everything was done to ensure its success.

Every British picture of any consequence presented in our larger cities has had the assistance of a friendly press, of patriotic societies and flattering pre-views to create interest and to offset the bad impression which so many poor pictures from the old country have made in the past.

As to a higher moral tone characterizing the majority of British films, I cannot find this claim substantiated by fact. It is well known in theatrical circles that censorship in England is neither so arbitrary nor so drastic as it is in Canada and in the United States. Many British pictures even after rigid censorship retain just as many objectionable sex and jazz scenes as the same tune of Hollywood pictures.

THE gist of the whole matter is this. Some folks want to insist upon everybody seeing more and more British pictures whether they like them or not.

In one portion of his report, the Hon. Peter White, K.C., says that "in the release year 1928 to 1929, 548 feature pictures were brought into Canada and 401 features in the release year 1929 to 1930—a total of only seventy-three pictures of British origin were shown in Canada during this period or seven and one half per cent of all pictures provided for the Canadian public." The Commissioner goes on to say that all exchanges in Canada show a few English pictures but "pictures of the latter company (British International Limited) are distributed by Regal Films Ltd., a distributor controlled by Paramount Publix Corporation. I can find no evidence that either of these distributors has made any serious effort to promote the exhibition of British pictures and any utterance in the evidence has been of a more or less disparaging nature."

Statistics and figures are not very interesting to the lay mind, but the following facts are enlightening at least. At Elstree, England's largest studio, now equipped to make sound pictures, only fifty-six full length features have been completed since its inception in 1927—these figures were published in the fall of 1930. In view of this fact, I think Canada has done very well to have actually shown seventy-three pictures made in England during the release years from 1929 to 1930 inclusively.

The following fact is interesting also. "While the export of British pictures has been steadily declining and has reached the lowest point since 1930 in other parts of the world, Canada has doubled its importations of British pictures. Australian importation of British films has declined in the same period, so that more English pictures have been shown proportionately in Canada than in any other part of the world. In 1930, 553,084 feet of film came into Canada from Great Britain; from March 1930 to March 1931, the number of imported feet of film from England increased to 1,068,543 feet."

Pictures of English and foreign make have always come into Canada. As far back as 1914 and 1915, several British, French and Italian films were imported; then the American product was paramount for a while, with Hollywood running full blast and Europe at war with her studios practically closed down. In the fall of 1922, an English feature partially in color, "The Glorious

Adventure" featuring Lady Diana Manners, was shown. Then came a flood of pictures starring Betty Balfour, the popular little Cockney favorite, and "Alf's Button."

There followed a slump for a while, and I remember well the efforts made by Arthur Cohen, then vice-president of Regal Films, and Henry Nathanson, general manager, to put over several English pictures. They were the only available English product but both Mr. Cohen and Mr. Nathanson felt that Canadians ought to create a market for English pictures. These pictures only met with mild success though every effort was made to give them a forced popularity in certain large key houses throughout Canada.

My candid opinion is that the Famous Players Canadian corporation has done everything in its power to show British pictures to the best advantage. I know that once booked, any sane theatre manager is going to try to make money out of any picture. But by going to several managers of suburban theatres I have found that they almost dread having to play British pictures. They say that their paying customers stay away and wait until a change of bill whenever there is an Old Country picture playing.

MISS JOAN ARNOLDI discussed at length at the I. O. D. E. convention in Halifax this year a British picture called "Escape" by John Galsworthy; it was made at Beaconsfield, with Sir Gerald du Maurier, Edna Best, Madeleine Carroll and a good supporting cast.

"Escape" tells the story of an ex-officer in the British Army who chivalrously rescues an unfortunate young woman who wants to make his acquaintance in the early hours of the morning. The scene is laid in Hyde Park where Captain Matt Denant is walking after the theatre. The girl is seen and arrested but Denant turns back, asks the policeman to release the young woman, and in the scuffle which ensues, knocks the man down, accidentally killing him. Convicted of manslaughter Captain Denant goes to Dartmoor Prison for five years.

The rest of the film is taken up with the gloomy prison scene, the efforts to escape and the haunting, heartbreaking episodes in which the convict is pursued until he finally seeks shelter in the home of a young clergyman. Rather than embarrass the reverend gentleman Matt surrenders to the law, and like the closely pressed fox when closed in upon by the dogs, he presents a picture of utter and profound despair. Sir Gerald du Maurier in the rôle of Captain Denant leaves nothing to be desired so far as acting is concerned, but his futile and wasted chivalry fails to arouse any real sympathy for the part; and the whole tone of the picture is so morbid, so utterly devoid of entertainment value that I agree heartily with theatre owners who didn't want to play it. This sad picture of a modern Jean Valjean trying to evade the long arm of British justice is not a wholesome movie, or one which anyone need regret not having seen.

As to the charge that Colonel Cooper's organization bought the picture and tried to suppress it, the fact is that the general manager of R. K. O. Pictures releasing "Escape" says he had about fifty bookings for it, and although a few theatre managers asked to be released from their contract, it was shown in about forty Canadian theatres. It was not liked anywhere.

So far as not being featured at a downtown theatre in a large Canadian city as Miss Arnoldi claimed, it only encountered the same fate which is meted out to hundreds of pictures irrespective of where they are made. I sat on a screening board for several seasons and saw all sorts and varieties of films. Many of them met the same procedure as "Escape." Had it been made in Hollywood, Germany, France, Italy or the South Seas, it would have been judged on its merits and rightly consigned to near oblivion. Today any feature length talkie has to stand on its own merits as entertainment—to make an issue of this film was at least ill-advised, if not a matter of mere prejudice and lack of business experience.

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BETTER BECAUSE RICHER IN PURE ANILINES

of these small theatres in Toronto, a very intelligent, reasonable and sensible man, whether the abuses about buying pictures were as flagrant as some of the testimony implied. From his guarded answer I surmised that he and most of the other "little fellows" realized that they couldn't expect to deal with the big producing companies on the same basis as the large theatre owners, but they had to stick together to try to get the best deal they could out of the situation.

It would seem to me that the average small theatre owner would have as much chance of getting first call on a producer's best product as the owner of a small suburban jewellery shop would have in the same market with one of the nationally known jeweller's buyers. And if anyone thinks the small butcher or grocer can go into the same market with a big departmental store, on the same price basis he is also very much mistaken.

Every time I think of the furore caused by the terms "block booking and blind booking," I wonder if block and blind booking in motion picture distribution are any greater evils than similar intricacies of the garment trade. I know of many cases where Canadian buyers abroad are forced to buy an entire factory's output to ensure them certain wanted models, and it has always been a common practice this buying of "job lots" which eventually find their way to department store bargain counters.

WHEN it comes to the moral side of the question I think the danger is rather exaggerated. After all, each province in Canada has, supposedly, an efficient board of censors appointed and maintained for the purpose of deciding what is fit for the public to see. There is, of course, definite need for supervision of suitable pictures for children, but I think this menace is often much exaggerated by fanatical reformers.

As a rule, motion picture producers are fathers, were fathers, or will be fathers; so are theatre owners. They do not want to destroy the youth of the country, but they watch and gauge public taste closely and reflect what they see in their wares. For the past year we have been surfeited with gangster films, with morbid and depressing pictures dealing with prison life and the highly colored careers of thugs and racketeers. Already the pendulum is swinging back to a healthier and pleasanter type of production, and it is good news that the popularity of lurid sex films is on the wane.

At this or any other time parents should be altogether responsible for their children's whereabouts. It may seem irrelevant but I think parents ought to control their own children, and keep them away from movies that are not suitable nor intended for them anyhow. During the past year and a half I saw five or six down-town movies every week. I cannot recall enough children at any performance of the more sophisticated type to cause any alarm.

Before leaving the subject of the recent film enquiry I must say a word about Colonel Cooper, whom I know very well. He has had to bear the brunt of the charges made against his organization—"the Cooper organization, a mere offshoot of the parent organization in the United States of which Will Hays is the head," as Mr. White calls it. It is perfectly true that he represents an organization devoted to the interests of the producing and distributing companies which comprise it, but some of the insinuations against his methods of dealing with women's organizations are ridiculous when they are not insulting to the intelligence of these same women.

He is alleged to have "dined" and consulted with prominent clubwomen, hoodwinked them and led them into endorsing productions which otherwise would not have been shown advantageously in Canada. Surely this is a gross libel on the intelligence and perspicacity of our smart clubwomen. Ever since 1926 I've been in touch with the doughty colonel and never has he once tried to pull the wool over my eyes! His "dining" activities have not been more noticeable

than those engaged in by business men and women everywhere.

I do not think Colonel Cooper has ever been responsible for any De Mille orgies in the way of entertainment, and if he has tried to get together a group of women to discuss subjects of mutual interest it would seem a perfectly legitimate, logical and sensible way to meet. That such a practice is neither new nor unusual can be proved by the fact that nearly every buyer who arrives in New York or Paris is entertained and dined lavishly by the houses with which he does business.

AS TO the future of British pictures in Canada, I think the Hon. E. A. Dunlop, Ontario's genial Provincial Treasurer, has been very wise in his proposed quota legislation. He discovered that the suggested quota of thirty per cent British pictures for Canadian theatres is impracticable, because the supply is so limited it would be impossible to enforce it. England only requires a quota of seven and a half per cent British films and there is frequent difficulty in getting that requirement. Therefore the Ontario quota act is in reality a big "stick" held in abeyance to be used if the movie people are not good.

C. B. Cochran, well-known English producer of smart revues, wired his playhouse the London Pavilion for talkies. He was fined a month or so ago for failure to show the required quota. Mr. Cochran paid a £25 fine, the maximum penalty. His defense was that he could not procure a sufficient number of first-class British talkies. At Elstree, England's largest studio, owned and operated by British International Pictures Limited, some of the best British pictures of the past two seasons have been made.

British pictures, especially talking pictures, are improving tremendously but they are not yet as good as the best Hollywood product and the Canadian fan is as well aware of this fact as are Englishmen and Americans. For the past year and a half a real effort has been made to show more British pictures throughout Ontario. Some of these are vastly better than the general average of English pictures made some years ago.

During the war, picture production in Great Britain was practically at a standstill. Money and man power were otherwise engaged, but since 1927 when the government passed the first quota act, John Maxwell and other British producers have made a wonderful effort to put Elstree and British studios generally on a basis of bigger and better production. The result has been some very good talkies, but the average Englishman and Canadian still seems to prefer American pictures if they are available.

Admitting every atrocity which has come out of Hollywood in the past, and without bias or prejudice, the average movie fan likes the average American picture better than the average British picture. The superiority of British actors does not alter this statement much, because a large percentage of the best theatrical talent in Great Britain is under contract in Hollywood—Charlie Chaplin, Clive Brook, Elissa Landi, Ronald Colman, Frederick Kerr, Ralph Forbes and his mother Mary Forbes, George Arliss and his wife Florence Arliss, C. Aubrey Smith, Dorothy Mackaill, Leslie Howard, Holmes Herbert, Victor McLaglen, and a host of lesser lights are all working for American producing companies. Cyril Maude is under contract to Paramount although he made "These Charming People" for that company in England.

So far as Canada is concerned, the list of Hollywood actors, stars and featured players includes such reigning celebrities as Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler, Walter Huston, James Rennie, Fifi D'Orsay, Fay Wray and others too numerous to mention. In view of these facts, it would seem impossible to charge that British pictures necessarily excel so far as talent is concerned.

When one asks unbiased persons, both English and Canadians, as to their preference, everyone with the possible exception of small patriotic groups admits that he



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styles of today are particularly helpful, for while they stress the virtue of unusual necklines, they are equally fashionable whether the surplice effect or the high, swathed effect is adopted. A cleverly draped scarf, such as is being worn on so many frocks nowadays, will work wonders for the too-long neck. It may be draped loosely around the base of the throat and flung over one shoulder; or to give a still further shortening effect, might be drawn more closely around the neck. A round or oval neckline and dainty lingerie collars are becoming. For jewellery, large beads will be found most effective, in a choker string. For evening wear, large square earrings with matching beads, would be charming.

Of course, the foregoing advice should be exactly reversed when the too short neck is to be considered. On no account should chokers be worn, nor should the Peter Pan collar, however charming it may be, be worn. Length of line is the object to aim for—the deep V neckline, the surplice closing if the figure is plump—longer, but not lengthy, strings of beads—a brooch at the base of the neckline. Deep square necklines are also charmingly wearable.

Narrow and "Humpy" Shoulders

I have included these two defects under the same heading because very often they go together, and because in many cases the antidote is the same for both. But first, do let me point out that exercise is a far more potent antidote than clothes for the round-shouldered woman. Bear in mind that a collar of some description is essential, especially one that is deep at the back. A small cape, or a bolero, if the figure is slim enough to carry it off, is an ideal disguise. A Bertha collar will hide the humpiness of the shoulders and will also broaden them. Those pretty deep lace collars that fashion is bringing back to us this season are also wonderful helps for the round-shouldered. A deep square of lace at the back will tend to square off the curves of back and shoulders. Set-in armholes always should be worn, not raglan, nor the drooping off-the-shoulder seam, unless the frock is sleeveless. Little cape sleeves are charming for the narrow-shouldered.

The broad shouldered woman should bear in mind the maxims of the narrow-shouldered, and shun them. For her, sloping shoulder seams and off-the-shoulder seams are flattering.

Large Hips

The styles of today are very kind to women whose hips have spread a little. The natural waistline and slim lines over the hips are flattering characteristics of the modern trend. Frills and flounces should play no part in her wardrobe. Here again, the surplice effect and the skirt which falls smoothly over the hips, perhaps with inserted panels, is kind. If your figure combines the two drawbacks of narrow shoulders



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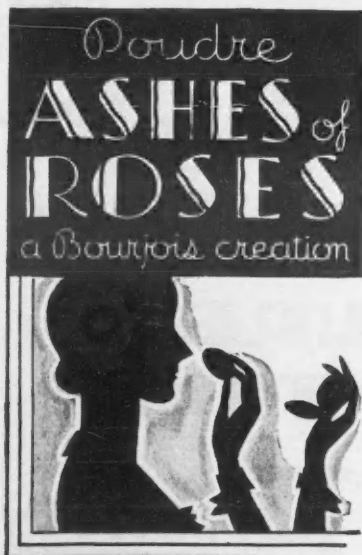
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OCTOBER'S BEAUTY TALK



Sit down in front of your mirror and ask yourself what you would like to change—then read this article

by ANNABELLE LEE

TAKE SEE ourselves as others see us," sang the Scottish bard. That's all very well, and as far as it goes, undeniably sage. But it doesn't go far enough! The eyes which look into our mirrors should be clear and unprejudiced enough to see ourselves as no others should be permitted to see us. If we can look upon ourselves without bias and without the faint glow of idealism which long familiarity with a reflection breeds, we've gone a long way beyond the "see us" stage. In fact, we're almost ready to hoodwink them into seeing us as we are not!

didn't fall in line with the rest of your appearance. Perhaps the cunningly contrived swirl at the side which had such a softening effect upon your features, contrived to look over-elaborate when worn with the straight up-and-down lines of your severely tailored coat. Whatever the trouble, you disliked the hat heartily ever after—and never went back to that milliner again! All of which has a moral for customers and milliners alike—never buy a hat without seeing it in relation to your full-length figure.

The most common imperfections in



Never buy a hat without seeing it in relation to your full-length figure.

And there's nothing shameful in that either. If a little judicious use of artificial means is going to make us more attractive to ourselves and other people, why hesitate to employ them? If, by dressing a certain way—wearing a pin for adornment instead of beads, for instance—will take a pound or two off our appearance, why quibble over the ethics of deluding our friends?

A very smart woman who spends her time between Paris, London, and New York, lecturing to other smart women on how to be even more fashionable, claims that the basis of personal distinction lies in capitalizing your dominant feature. If your nose has always been of an unmanageable size, for instance, don't try to disguise it, but dress up to it. You will then have the distinction of being known as "that extraordinary Mrs. So-and-So with the nose." By the same token one might say that if you happen to be cursed with protruding ears, don't, oh don't cover them up, but train your hair back from them in order that they single you out for attention. Why, you might even turn that till now carefully hidden thin spot at the parting, to notorious advantage!

No... I hold the perhaps démodé opinion that a woman should make herself as attractive as possible rather than be ultra-smart—and she need not lose her individuality in the process either.

To get a proper perspective of your own appearance, it is a decided advantage to possess a long mirror. Make-up can be adjusted with the aid of a hand mirror only, but when you experiment with your hair, your hats and your frocks, the tout ensemble must be considered. Haven't you often made the sorrowful discovery that the hat which devastated you with its charm in the soft-lighted sanctuary of the milliner's shop, was a complete wash-out when you tried it on at home? In nine cases out of ten, that is because it was bought simply to suit a face. You sat in front of a small mirror, and undoubtedly chose a hat which suited your reflection admirably. But unfortunately the reflection was limited, and when you came to wear the hat, somehow it

women are: too wide or too narrow a face; too long or too short a neck; a humpiness of the shoulders, or too narrow shoulders; big hips; too long or too short arms. Let us take each one of these defections and see how we can counteract it with a mixture of art and commonsense.

Wide and Narrow Faces

Much can be contrived with a judicious use of rouge, to give an impression of greater or less width to a face. Remember that rouge accentuates the area it covers. Blend the rouge close up to the eyes well in toward the nose, and softly down to just below the line of the lips. The general lines of the color form a long, narrow triangle, with the highlight of color just below the cheek bones. Be careful not to blend it too far over toward

never be a visible line) forms a wide short triangle, and you may extend the rouge faintly almost as far as the ears. A touch of rouge on the tip of each ear will widen the narrow face.

Women who possess high cheek bones should be careful to place their color below them.

Just as a touch of rouge on the ears will widen a face, so will earrings, if they are of the stud or short, round variety so popular now. The woman whose face is wide should avoid earrings of this sort. If she wears earrings at all, she should be careful to choose those of the drop type. With a round, plump face it is wisest to shun earrings altogether, however much they may tempt one.

Hairdressing, whatever the shape face, is very much a matter of individual features and characteristics. Rules cannot hold fast where these are concerned, but in general it is safe to say that no woman with a round, plump face should wear her hair parted down the middle, nor taken straight off the face and off the ears. A side parting, with the hair dropped softly over the ears and swirled toward the back is usually an effective way of treating this type of face. The long, narrow face usually requires a fluffier treatment. But there are an infinite number of faces that are neither one nor the other (indeed, most of our features are quite unclassifiable)—so that my best advice would be to sit down in front of a mirror and study your features and experiment.

The Prominent Nose

If you have a prominent nose, don't use a light shade of powder. A rachele or a creamy naturelle will tend to minimize its size. As a matter of fact, whether your nose is a pert retroussé or a dignified Roman, it is always advisable to use a powder a shade darker than your skin. A wee touch of rouge just on the under-tip of the nose will tend to make it appear smaller.

Thin and Full Lips

Women with thin lips often moan that lipstick only makes their lips more "streaky."



If you have too round or too narrow a face, a judicious placing of your rouge will appear to change its shape.

the ears. A touch of rouge on the chin tends to lengthen the face. Of the three types of rouge available—liquid, cream and powder—cream rouge is the most satisfactory to use. Although it requires more skill to apply than powder, it gives a very natural effect, and blends perfectly. It is a good idea to use cream rouge for the morning make-up and compact rouge during the day.

Naturally, the narrow face requires opposite treatment. Place a little rouge just below the cheek bone and blend up toward the eyes and over toward the ears, and down to a line about level with the base of the nose. The line of rouge (although it should

In precisely the same way, the full-lipped woman often makes the mistake of accentuating the lips by overloading them with lipstick. For thin lips, to give the impression of fullness the lipstick should be applied more heavily in the centre, and lighter toward the corners. For full lips the lower lip should be lighter than the upper, with the lipstick applied more heavily at the centre than at the corners.

Your Neck

Dress plays a leading rôle in disguising the too short or too long neck. Luckily, the

have taken the dress to your home, perhaps copied it, for all I can say, and it is a model."

Fenella threw away all pride and pleaded with her, almost wept with her. It was useless. Firmly Madame Alinette handed the box back to her.

Madame Alinette went into the office after Fenella had gone. The man in shirt sleeves was mooning about in bedroom slippers.

"Tried to land that black costume back on me, she did."

"You didn't take it?"

"Not half. But it doesn't look as if the cash would come in too rapid, does it, at that rate?"

"Get the brokers in and it won't be our affair," said the man, gloomily lighting a cigarette. "I can't think why you ever wanted to put all that money you had into this sort of a show."

THERE was nothing for it but to unpack the black dress and press the creases out of it. If one had it, one might as well wear it. Fenella told herself that in some ways she was relieved Madame Alinette hadn't taken it back. It would have been humiliating beyond words to have to appear at a smart party with the Governor and his wife there, wearing a shabby old rag eight months old.

"I'm going to enjoy myself and not think about it this afternoon," she said, but felt most unlike enjoyment. "That week-end at Freshfield things looked much blacker than this, and they turned out all right. I'm silly to worry and fuss."

She sat in the cool green and white drawing-room, polishing her nails. The servants had gone away to have their morning meal; the house was very still. A plan came to her. Why should she not ask Sir Raymond to give her a tip at the races and back it? People said he made a fortune there himself. Her spirits began to rise. Of course; that was the way out. People frequently made much more than a thousand rupees in an afternoon when their luck was in. Fenella was usually lucky. She had been winning at bridge on the ship, hand over first, when Alistair butted in and stopped her. He would, of course, be furious if he knew, but there was no reason why he need ever know. Perhaps, long afterward, when she had proved that she had turned over a new leaf and would never land herself in such a knot again, she would tell him herself, and he would, of course, forgive her, and that would be the end of that.

She seated herself at the writing table and picked up her pen to write to her mother. Mrs. Marchmont's letter had contained a frank request for twenty pounds, and she was not going to get it this time. Fenella had just started writing when she heard someone on the outer verandah.

"Who is there?" she called.

The curtains parted. Wa Lee, the Chinaman, came in.

"I lookee fol Mistuh Fa'quh."

Although the servants were all away and the house empty, and although Alistair told her Wa Lee was a thorough old rascal, Fenella did not feel in the least afraid of him. There was something friendly, benign about him as he stood there, his hands tucked into the sleeves of his Chinese coat, his ivory face imperturbable, his eyes like two boot buttons behind his gold-rimmed glasses. He looked like a figure off a Chinese screen.

"Uh, huh!" said Wa Lee. "Not back till to-morrow night. Velly pity, now. I can sit down, yes?"

"Certainly. Is there any message I can give my husband?"

She picked up her pen, and while she waited, drew cats upon the blotter. When in doubt, Fenella always drew cats. Little stout cats, long elongated cats, mother cats with fleets of kittens. And the expression of the cats always gave away the state of Fenella's outlook at the time of drawing, for sometimes they were triumphant and jubilant cats, and sometimes wan and emaciated cats, and sometimes drawn with anxiety or goggled with terror. Or all goo-

goo with coyness, according to the artist's frame of mind.

There was a little silence. Wa Lee sat with a hand on each knee, looking perhaps at her, perhaps into space. She could not say because the light shone on his glasses.

"Pelaps your husband tell you plenty thing?" hazarded Wa Lee. "Pelaps you can help him sometimes. Plitty lady often help velly much gentleman husband, now . . ."

Something inside Fenella awoke and warned her. "This is adventure. Real adventure. It's something to do with the bribe Alistair had had offered to him. I've got to go very carefully. He's going to talk about that money again."

She smiled at the little man. After all, there was no harm in hearing, just for the fun of the thing, what he had to say.

"He tells me quite a lot of things, of course," she said, not looking at him, drawing cats.

"Allee lightee. Then he tell you, pelaps, about me?"

"Perhaps."

Wa Lee pointed an ivory finger first at his chest and then at Fenella.

"I know somtling, you know somtling. I say nothing, you say nothing, only you don't forget it. Nothing writing, nothing putting piecee paper. Velly dangerous. You wantee money, telephone 800 givee one piecee message. Fifty thousand luepes coming for plitty lady and gentleman husband who can helping Wa Lee . . ."

HE NODDED his head. When she looked he had gone. Perhaps the memory of Alistair's running kick was still with him. She stood biting her finger. Of course she had no intention of taking it. But how easy it would be. And not, as far as Fenella could see, even particularly wicked. If Wa Lee was stupid enough to chuck large sums of money about, well, it was his own affair.

But Wa Lee wasn't stupid. The way he had managed the interview, the way he had everything all planned out and his tracks covered all the way, amply proved he was anything but a stupid man. No doubt there was a catch somewhere, and anyhow it had nothing to do with her. She wasn't going to get mixed up in it. She went to dress for the lunch party.

SIR RAYMOND'S car fetched her at half past twelve and drove her out to the Turf Club. She wore the black chiffon dress and coat, the entirely plain black chiffon hat. She knew she looked marvellous, even before the look in the eyes of all the men told her so over again. Everyone turned to look as she came up the steps. She heard men asking who she was. She had a great success. The whole day was going to be a success. She had a feeling that she was going to be lucky and she meant to back her luck. She had scraped together every rupee she could find in the house. She had a feeling things were coming right. She was glad now that she had kept the black dress. It made all the difference. Even Gilbert Cheney who always had the head-in-the-air appearance of not bothering much about women, paid her quite a lot of attention. She was sorry John Fane was not there. He liked her so much already, she longed to know what effect the black chiffon dress would have had on him.

May Valentine was there in floral chiffon. Mrs. Jarvis, the wife of Alistair's chief, was there in floral chiffon. How glad Fenella was that she had not fallen to that lure! Really very like wall paper. She stood, aware of Sir Raymond's flattering remarks about her, talking to Gilbert Cheney, waiting with a little thrill of excitement for the Governor and Lady Charlesworth to arrive. She had never met Lady Charlesworth and was a little overawed. Magnificent people were bound to be magnificently well dressed.

Sir Everton Charlesworth was an ugly little man, undersized and stout, but able, because of his personality, to wear ridiculous clothes and preposterous uniforms when needs be, without ever looking comic or undignified, or making his worst enemies

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and large hips, a bloused top, belted at the natural waistline, will give symmetry to the figure, and so will a bolero or a cape. Avoid fullness at the side of the skirt. If there are any flares, they should be placed in the front or at the back. If your legs are shorter than they should be for perfect symmetry, concentrate on your waistline, and see that it is as high as possible. Wear your skirts long, and have them fall in an unbroken line from waist to hem. Uneven hemlines tend to reduce over-plump legs.

Long and Short Arms

The arms are apt to be overlooked in even the most critical self-examination. The



Don't make the mistake of overloading your lips with color—whether they are too thin or too full.

The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 25

the mirror, enchanted by the tall, slender, beautifully clad figure presented there.

"Certainly this is your dress," said Madame Alinette, "and as for paying, you take your time, madame. Something on account, perhaps a hundred rupees. I do not press."

Five hundred rupees—it was a lot of money, but paid off here and there one would never miss it, and madame said she would not press. A dress like this would last for ever. She could wear it when she went home. She could wear it without the coat for evenings. If she bought it she would not want anything else for years. She said, rather breathlessly, "You can send it along at once?"

"But at once, madame."

ALISTAIR went away on Friday afternoon with many kisses and laughing admonishments to her to be good. They had never been separated for a night before since their wedding, and Fenella felt depressed and lonesome.

"I wish you had gone to stay with May Valentine," said Alistair—"instead of remaining here alone. Never mind, love. Only three little days. I'd take you with me, only this particular trip is a most insalubrious one."

The new dress, coat and hat had come from Madame Alinette and were tucked away in her wardrobe, waiting for Saturday. She kept on remembering them, not with unmitigated joy, for they haunted her a little. They were so terribly dear. But something on account would do. And madame would not press for money. She must add up her cheque counterfoils and see how much she could afford to send on account, and then a time of saving would have to set in until she was square. She had promised Alistair so faithfully that she would not run into debt, but this, she told herself, was hardly running into debt. It was more like buying something on the installment plan.

She got out her bill file and her cheque and account book, switched on the reading lamp and sat down at Alistair's desk on the verandah. He had already taught her how to keep her papers in order, but it was with a little sinking of heart that she realized how fat the bill file was. She could have sworn there weren't any. It was always the way. She had never yet made up her accounts without finding she owed far more than she expected. She had forgotten all about those silver brocade shoes, and chocolates. Was it possible she had bought and eaten all those chocolates and sent those cheques to her mother?

Fenella sucked her pen, becoming rather

"something wrong" may prove to be that your arms are just a trifle too short or too long for perfect proportion. The elbows should be level with the top of the hipbone, and the fingers should reach halfway down the thighs. A closely fitting sleeve, long and pointed over the hand, is a very graceful and length-giving type to choose. Or dainty lace or a frill fluttering over the hand will work the same magic. If, on the other hand, your arms are too long, strive for greater width in the sleeves, in order to shorten. The bell-like sleeve, or the tight sleeve with a frill cascading from the elbow to the wrist, are both kind to the over-long arm.

agitated as the minutes passed, and she copied out the totals on to a sheet of paper. Thank goodness, that was the last of them. But what a lot there were!

SHE shifted her position, pushed her hair back from her forehead, and began to add up the column and find the grand total. Fenella's fingers danced upon Alistair's blotting pad after the manner of one playing the piano. When she got to the end of the column, she leaned back in her chair, regarded the result and laughed uneasily.

Of course it was wrong. Any total achieved by Fenella must be wrong. She tried again. It added up more next time. She gave a little gasp. It couldn't be right. Encouraged by the knowledge of how bad she was at arithmetic, she knew it couldn't be right, tore up the paper and began all over again, copying out the totals. Maybe she had put in a nought too much somewhere. Heartened, she remembered on how many occasions she had done this.

But, alas, try as she would, the amazing total remained the same. She could not understand it. She could not see how such a thing had happened. One thousand rupees, ten annas she owed already, and her cheque book, no matter how she added it up and subtracted it, could not be made to show a credit of more than fifteen rupees. She had forgotten all those cheques she had sent home to her mother. She had forgotten all about the large cheque she had written in a spirit of bravado for May Valentine's Hospital Fund. She had done exactly what she had faithfully promised Alistair she would never do—got into debt again, got into debt to a quite staggering amount. Her next quarter's allowance was not due till March, and then it was only five hundred rupees. And on top of this one thousand rupees, ten annas, the five hundred rupees for the black chiffon hat and dress had still to come.

Fenella got up, feeling a little sick.

"This is me—the sort of girl I am. I can't manage the simplest affairs but just go on getting into one mess after another."

Fenella did not sleep very much that night.

MADAME ALINETTE'S shop was hardly open to the public when Fenella arrived. Madame hurried forward to meet her, all smiles.

"Ah; you want perhaps some little alterations?"

Fenella had explained her position. The Frenchwoman's face changed suddenly.

"No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Farquhar, but purchases once made, you understand, we cannot take back. It is not business. You

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TORONTO CANADA

says I might just as well throw my money down the drain. But I've got a sort of feeling . . ."

The horses were going out. *Wild Jane* was easily picked out of the crowd. Her jockey did not attempt to mount her. She was led out by two syces, each holding a rope tied to her bridle. *Wild Jane* had already killed two jockeys. They said her owners had to pay double fees to get her ridden at all. The little jockey walking behind looked small and grotesque, like a punchinello.

Why wouldn't Jill go away? Why would she go on talking and talking about *Wild Jane*. Fenella sat with her hands clenched in her lap, feeling almost hysterical.

"Look at her, the darling. I've always loved that horse. Plunging all over the place. She's trying to jump the starting gate. Of course, she always does that. There's a nice horse. Oh, *May Day*. Someone tipped me that, but I had a feeling about *Wild Jane* today. Like my glasses?"

"No, thanks," said Fenella, her eyes burning, her throat dry. Supposing Jill's hunch came out right and *Wild Jane* did win. That would mean she would be more firmly involved in debt and misfortune than ever. Why think of such a silly thing? The chances were a hundred to one against *Wild Jane's* starting. Sir Raymond said so, and he made a mint of money out of racing. But she decided she would never do it again. It was so exciting that you felt horrible. Your knees wobbled, your throat felt all queer. Never again.

"Don't forget I'm coming to lunch with you on the thirteenth," said Jill. Fenella tried hard to smile cordially, but she could pay no attention to anything except the horses now lined up at the far side of the course against the starters' gate.

"*May Day* has drawn the rail. That's in her favor," said Sir Raymond. A bell clanged. Someone said, "They're off." The mottled line of color that had been the horses broke up and became bright flashes in a cloud of dust. "White and rose quarterings well in front," said Sir Raymond. "It's not even going to be a race. Hello, what's happened behind there?"

Jill's voice said, "Look at that hound my money's on. Well is she named. What is she doing? I believe she's jumped the rail. Her jockey's come off. Now she's fallen into the ditch, I think. I can't see what's happening—"

Someone said, "*Wild Jane* is out of it, anyway," and laughed. Fenella sat, her hands gripped in an agony, her face white and tense. Out of the knot of horses coming round the bend on to the straight, one had detached itself and sailed away into the open ahead of the others like a swift little boat on a green sea.

"Rose and white quarterings. It's that brute *May Day*. Oh, why didn't I? *May Day* romping home. What a mug I was!



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The Front Page Girl

by R. V. Gery

In Next Month's Chatelaine.

Wild Jane's jumped the rail back again and is coming up with the others now. They should put her in a circus. As a racehorse she's a farce I say! Look!"

A sigh seemed to surge through the grand stand, a gasp, as with a scraping of chairs people got to their feet in their excitement.

Fenella gave a little cry and caught at Sir Raymond's arm.

"Oh, look!"

MAY DAY was half a furlong ahead of the others when they came round the bend. She sailed away triumphant, and it seemed as if nothing else had a chance against her, when suddenly she seemed to pause and stagger as if something had hit her, and then she was no longer a thing of beauty, a rose and white flash against the green of the course, but a struggling heap of legs kicking upon the grass, the jockey lying some way off, very still. Like a little punchinello.

"Oh," gasped Fenella. "Look." Her fingers gripped Sir Raymond's arm unconsciously.

As if from nowhere, appeared a great gaunt brute of a horse with a fiddle head and left the field behind without an effort. Easily it went, hardly appearing to try. From the crowd a roar went up.

"*Wild Jane! Wild Jane!*"

Apparently it did not matter when *Wild Jane* started. She was bound to win as long as she did start. She passed the dark kicking heap that was all that remained of *May Day*, where the ambulance men were busy taking away the still figure in rose and white quarterings. She came past the winning post with nothing within a yard of her, lolloping, going easily.

"Look at that!" Jill's voice sounded shrill and triumphant. "My hunch was right. What a horse! I knew she was going to win today! Did you ever see such a race?"

People were talking all around, laughing a trifle hysterically. What had happened to *May Day*. No one quite knew. Some said she had broken her heart. Some said darkly the horse had been pulled and fallen, and they hadn't heard the end of it yet. The stewards would take action. But the racing proceeded with no objection being launched. *Wild Jane* paid fifty to one on the books.

Fenella had lost another hundred and twenty rupees. She sat very still, her hands knotted in the lap of that black chiffon frock that had been so much too expensive. Why had she bought it? She knew now her old green georgette would have been quite good enough. In that she would have been just as smart as Lady Charlesworth and her market basket of a hat.

"Whew!" said Sir Raymond. "That was bad luck. I thought we had it easily. It looked like not even being a race."

Something about Fenella's stillness began to worry him. He said, "I'm dashed sorry, Mrs. Farquhar. Afraid you're down. But nothing very much."

A hundred and twenty rupees was nothing very much to him, thought Fenella. She tried to smile.

"I shouldn't have done it," she said, and her voice sounded small and frightened. "Alistair doesn't like me gambling."

Sir Raymond remembered, a bit late in the day, Alistair's words.

"Don't let her gamble away all the bazaar money, sir." So he was one of these close young fellows, was he? Do him a world of good to have to settle up a few debts for a pretty wife.

The look on her face still worried him. He said, "Look here, why not borrow it from me and pay it back as it suits you. Money isn't worth fussing over. Only one never learns that until it's too late."

"Oh, no, thank you." She tried to smile; tried hard to look as if it was a mere bagatelle to her as it was to him. She knew what borrowing money from him would mean. She had been had once like that with Maurice. It would mean more hand holdings, more kissings. Better to throw oneself on Alistair's mercy.

Sir Raymond, watching her, thought,



"NERVES? I can't afford them!"

"Shopping used to give me a headache, too. Now, I just take some Aspirin and keep going. The pain is gone before you know it, and you don't get tired when you haven't an ache or pain to nag you. Try it!"

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feel like laughter. With him came his wife. Fenella was conscious of disappointment when she saw Lady Charlesworth. After all, she thought, my old black lace would really have been quite good enough.

Lady Charlesworth was thin and carelessly middle-aged without an effort to the contrary. She wore a dress that screamed bargain counter very much marked down. It had started life short, but a nice remnant had brought it to a more fashionable length, the remainder of this material being used to supply those touches to the collars and sleeves so dear to the little dressmaker round the corner. Her hat resembled nothing so much as an unsuccessfully packed market basket. Bunches of flowers lodged upon it at remarkable angles. It was clear that a hat to Lady Charlesworth was something to cover the hairdressing with, and nothing more.

But her clothes did not matter at all. Her middle-agedness did not matter at all. She was so genial, so kindly, so entirely natural. Fenella began to feel overdressed, but her spirits rose again when Sir Raymond paid her pretty compliments.

"It does a man good out here to see a woman really well turned out," he said, his eyes appraising her. "That, if I may say so, is a most charming kit of yours. Most of the dresses one sees out here simply scream bargains at you. They have that very much marked down look."

Complacently Fenella knew it was true. With the perfect cut and finish of her frock she put all the other women, even the Governor's wife, in the shade. She began to enjoy herself. The lucky feeling flooded her again. She knew things were going right that day. She was sure something nice was going to happen.

She said to Sir Raymond, "Will you do something for me?"

He smiled at her. His eyes were very wise, rather tired.

"Quite a lot."

"Find me a winner. I want most awfully badly to make some money."

"Most people want that. I would have thought you could get anything you wanted from that handsome husband of yours for the asking."

She flushed suddenly and looked away. She did not want to think of Alistair. Not just at that moment. Sir Raymond, seeing the sudden flush, wondered idly, "Can he be mean with her? Young men are such fools. They never realize their luck."

"But I want to make some money, not ask for it," she parried.

He leaned over her shoulder and scanned her racing card.

"Let's see what we can do, then. But it's a tricky game, you know. Do you want to go on the books or the tote?"

He had to explain that to her.

"You can run an account with the books, but the minimum bet is thirty rupees. On the tote you pay cash and it's only five rupees a time."

"Oh, I'd better pay cash."

"Wait, then, while I go and have a look round. One can often pick up a tip."

He disappeared. The rest of the party had gone to look at the horses in the paddock. Fenella leaned her chin on her hand, and watched the passing crowd outside the sacred precincts of the grand stand.

She caught a glimpse of Sir Raymond, dapper in his grey top hat, racing glasses slung across his shoulder. He was talking to Wa Lee. With a flicker of amusement Fenella recognized the Chinaman. He wore his wide linen trousers, his Chinese coat, but had crowned the whole with an English felt hat. Sir Raymond saw her and smiled, and went on talking to Wa Lee, obviously about her. Perhaps he was telling the Chinaman he wanted a tip for a pretty lady. Sir Raymond liked to pose as a beau.

Someone else hove into Fenella's line of vision. Jill Lancing, smart and cool in white linen. No one else wore white linen at the races, but Jill's shoes and hat were all to match and she got away with it. Fenella wondered where she got her clothes.

"Making money?" asked Jill.

"I hope to."

"So do I. Most sincerely. How nice you look!"

"So do you. I was wondering where you got your clothes."

"Make them myself."

"Jill, you never—"

"Yes, I do. And I'll tell you a secret. I'm hoping to open a shop in Rangoon. I'm broke to the world and don't want to go home to England. I'm trying to make some money to start with. I've got a certain amount of taste."

"I shall certainly buy my things from you if you do," said Fenella, but remembered with a start that she must not buy anything more for months and months—not until she had got everything square.

"You'll get married," said Fenella, to change the subject. "All girls get married out here, don't they?"

"I've no luck. The people I like never like me."

Was she alluding to Alistair, Fenella wondered? People said she had been in love with him, but you took what people said with a whole cellarful of salt if you were wise. Perhaps Jill would tell her when they knew one another better. As a married woman she might even help.

"There is only one man in Rangoon I would marry, and he will never ask me," Jill went on. "But why do I tell you this. The lemonade I drank at lunch must have gone to my head. I must go and study form."

Sir Raymond appeared, mopping his brow.

He seated himself beside her.

"Now then, I've got a flutter for you, if you really want one."

She leaned shoulder to shoulder with him over the racing list, her lips parted. Sir Raymond had some difficulty in taking his eyes off her eager young face and keeping them on the list before him.

"May Day, out of Wa Lee's stables, stands at twenty-to-one and is practically a dead cert. White, with rose quarterings. Pretty colors which you ladies always like, I know. If you put on ten rupees you stand to win two hundred—and so on. If you go thirty rupees on the books, you stand to win six hundred for thirty rupees, twelve hundred for sixty rupees. Wa Lee says May Day is a cert as long as Wild Jane doesn't start. Wild Jane never starts well, except sometimes in the opposite direction. That's where your gamble comes in. What do you say?"

Fenella drew in her breath sharply. If she went on the books she might win enough to clear herself altogether. To wipe out everything she owed, and start anew without Alistair ever hearing anything about it. They let you put it down, if you went on the books. She had had the feeling all day that her luck was in, that something marvellous was going to happen to her. Wasn't this her chance?

"I'm going to back May Day. Do come with me and show me how."

"Books or tote?"

"Oh, books, I think." She said it casually, easily, as if she was accustomed to racing all her life.

They made their way through the laughing crowd of all nationalities gathered round the bookies. Fenella, breathless, watched Sir Raymond put on six hundred rupees each way for himself, and then arrange her insignificant bet for her. The money Sir Raymond stood to make, if May Day came in, made Fenella feel quite giddy. Why shouldn't she double her stake? Something urged her, and she ran back along and did it. Then, with a hammering heart, she took her seat again in the grand stand beside Sir Raymond. It was terribly exciting. She did not know how she was going to endure it. It ran through her veins like fire. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes like stars.

"Got anything on?" asked Jill.

Fenella nodded. She felt too excited to speak. Jill said, "I've got a hunch that Wild Jane is coming up trumps today. Dunno why, but I have. I had a feeling when I came here it was my lucky day. I've put my all on Wild Jane and everyone

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FOR CONSTIPATION

Sylvia shrugged her shoulders. It was no good arguing with him when he was like that, and she could not use her second method again so soon. It didn't do to make herself too cheap. Besides, last time he had been a little too responsive. Instead, she confided her disgust to Pee-Kee. "Poor little darling," she cooed. "Being taken to a nasty, dirty, horrid little hotel. Never mind, mummy'll look after you."

But Joe made no comment, not even to remind her of her recent promise. It might be unpleasant for a time, and would in any case completely ruin this trip, but he would have to give Sylvia a taste of Petruchio's methods.

He had turned the car now, and within two minutes they were at the entrance to what was presumably the garden of "The Open Door."

IT HAD no doubt begun life as a country house. Indeed there were grounds for the inference that its transformation had been of very recent date. It was a long, low, white house in two stories, set well back from the road, behind a lawn of fine old turf, bordered with well-kept flowerbeds, a shrubbery of rhododendrons and a ring of tall trees, notably walnuts, chestnuts and silver birch. A broad gravel drive entering between stone-pillared iron gates, led up to an unobtrusive front door that stood hospitably open.

Joe stopped the car there and looked at Sylvia. "I suppose this is the place," he remarked. They had passed the stranger who had directed them a few yards from the gate, but she had taken no further notice of them; and looking back, Joe could see no sign of her following them.

"Doesn't look like an hotel to me," Sylvia commented indifferently. She had been brought here against her will and had no intention of being pleasant about it.

"Oh, well," said Joe, getting out, "may as well enquire, anyway."

But when he had lighted a cigarette and stared for a moment or two into the rather dark square hall, he still hesitated. He had never seen a place look less like an hotel.

"Going to spend the evening here, apparently, darling," Sylvia remarked very audibly, though the confidence was addressed ostensibly to Pee-Kee.

Joe frowned, and made a movement toward the well polished brass handle of the old-fashioned bell; but before he could ring it, a tall boy of sixteen or so, in flannels, came across the hall, looked at Joe and then said, half apologetically, "Oh, did you want to see anybody?"

"Afraid I've made some mistake," Joe replied. "We were told that there was an hotel just round here called—"

"Yes, this is it, all right," the boy interrupted him. "Did you want to stay the night or something?"



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"That was the idea," Joe admitted. He liked the look of the boy—a nice, clean lad, with frank grey eyes that seemed to offer and expect friendliness.

"Righto! I'll get daddy," the young man returned cheerfully. "Mother's gone out for a blow. I don't know if you passed her in the road. She ought to be in directly, anyway."

"But look here, you know," Joe began. "Isn't there a porter or a clerk or someone—"

The boy cut him short. "No, rather not," he put in. "We don't run to extras of that sort. I can help you with your bags. But I'll just find out from dad if there's a room for you. I say, that's a beautiful car, isn't it? What can you get out of her? Eighty?"

"I can, but I don't," Joe said. "Not particularly anxious to kill anyone, you see."

The boy put up his hand and further ruffled his already tousled hair. "Yes. That's what dad's always rubbing in to me," he commented apologetically. "And it's absolutely right, of course. But it must be a bit of a temptation sometimes, isn't it?"

Joe was about to reply, when Sylvia called to him from the car. "When you've quite done chatting about motors, Joe, would you mind finding out if there's a room to be had here?" she said.

"Rather. I expect there is, you know," the boy replied and darted back into the house.

"Nice kid, that," Joe commented to Sylvia.

"Seems to be the son of the proprietor," she returned contemptuously.

"Yes," Joe agreed brusquely, turned his back on her, and sauntered into the hall, disregarding her cry of "Joe! One minute. I want to speak to you."

He was reflecting that he would gladly give half his fortune to be the father of a boy like that, even if he were the son of an hotel proprietor. But all the offspring he seemed likely to have was that goggle-eyed, yapping tuft of grossly spoilt fur that was sitting in his wife's lap, looking about it with a tiny greedy slip of pink tongue protruding from its wet muzzle. How he loathed that dog!

His vicious thoughts were interrupted by a tall man in a dinner jacket and black tie, who entered the hall through a side door and came straight across to him. Joe noticed that he walked with a limp, but he had a fine pair of shoulders.

"My boy tells me that you want a room for tonight," he said as he came up. "And there is one I can let you have, but I'm afraid it's a bit on the small side. We're rather full up just now. Holidays and all that, you know."

Joe had not been in the City for fifteen years without learning to spot a gentleman at sight, and he recognized the breed now, beyond any possible dispute.

"Well, yes," he returned with a touch of hesitation. "Found this place rather by accident. We met a woman in the road—"

"In brown tweeds?" the other enquired. "My wife, I expect." His eye took in the car, and the overfurred figure of Sylvia leaning out of the window, before he added with a faint hint of surprise. "Did she advise you to come here?"

"Well, no. In a way she didn't," Joe explained. "She advised us to go on to Sidmouth. But it was getting a bit late—"

"Quite. It's only for one night, I suppose," the tall man interposed. "Is that your wife in the car?"

Joe nodded. This was not the first time that he had been a little ashamed of Sylvia despite her beauty, but he had no intention of letting anyone guess that. "We've been married nearly five years," he remarked on a boastful note.

"I expect she'd like to see the room," the landlord returned, without congratulating Joe by so much as a glance of admiration in the direction of the front door. "My wife's just come in. I'll get her to come and show you round. We're a bit understaffed at the moment."

Queer for a fellow like that to be running an hotel, Joe thought, as he strolled back to the car.

"We can have a room," he told Sylvia.

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"You don't know what pleasure it would give me," he went on, quietly, "if you would look on me as a real friend and let me help you. I've a lot of money but get little fun out of it these days."

She shook her head and smiled at him bravely. There was a suspicion of tears in her eyes. All the evening he could not get her out of his mind. Surely one hundred and twenty rupees could not be a desperate matter to her? He cursed himself for having helped her with that tip she wanted. He thought, "Cheney was right. Gambling is a curse. People who can't afford it insist on taking a hand." If only she would let him help her out. He sat quite late that night thinking about her, seeing again her tense little face, her eyes with that suspicion of tears.

Fenella went home to the empty bungalow. She took off her far too expensive hat and threw it on the bed. What a fool she had been! But she had felt so certain of her luck that she was bound to win today. With a little catch of terror at her heart she thought, "That's the gambler's blood in me. Perhaps that's how daddie felt when he went on and on..."

Only let her get out of this mess and she would never touch the thing again. She got out her account book and made up the new grand total of her liabilities. It had reached really serious dimensions now. She owed one thousand six hundred and twenty rupees, ten annas, and the racing debt had to be paid within the week. What on earth was she to do! She sat at her writing table, drawing cats. Horror-stricken wan cats

with dispirited tails. Lean emaciated cats, worn to a shadow with secret troubles.

Alistair would not be back until Monday. That gave her two more days. Tomorrow was the thirteenth. She shivered, hoping there was nothing sinister about that. She had until the evening of the fourteenth. What was it was happening on the thirteenth? Oh, yes; Jill Lancing was coming to lunch. Fenella made a note of it on her blotter. She sat for a while wondering whether she would tell Jill and ask her advice. Jill was a capable sort of girl and used to being short of money herself. She might know of some way. But she decided she could not let Jill know she had gone behind Alistair's back in this fashion. It would look almost as if she and Alistair were not on good terms, and Fenella's pride revolted at giving Jill the slightest chance of harboring such a suspicion.

No; she must fight her way out of this alone.

She sat, her head in her hands, not far from tears, until the feeling that someone had entered, more than any sound she heard, made her look up with a little cry. At the other side of the room stood Wa Lee, his hands tucked into the wide sleeves of his Chinese coat, his ivory face beaming with good nature and friendliness.

What will Fenella do? Can she possibly avoid disaster? If she accepts Wa Lee's bribery she will ruin her husband and forfeit his respect. She cannot accept help from Sir Raymond; and she has only a short time to make a settlement of her dues.

Next month's installment is a thrilling development of Fenella's battle with herself and her difficulties. Don't miss the November issue.

The Open Door

Continued from page 17

awfully much. I won't ever do it again."

Always, before, he had responded eagerly to that method, and she caught the sound of yielding in his voice as he said: "Personally, I think it's rather disgusting to hear a woman talk to animals like that."

"It's only a kind of fun, Joe," she pleaded. "And I've said I won't do it again."

He appeared wholly to relent then, threw away his cigarette, put his arm round her and kissed her with a hint of passion. "I meant this to be a kind of honeymoon," he whispered.

But that was further than she was prepared to go. "Oh, look out, Joe, there's someone coming," she said, drawing away from him.

"Well, what of it?" he returned. "I don't care if there are fifty people. I'm not ashamed of kissing my own wife."

"No, I know," she agreed, "only you might ask this woman if she knows a decent hotel anywhere within reasonable distance. I'm starving, and so's Pee-Kee."

The woman had been fifty yards away when Sylvia had used her as an excuse to avoid Joe's lovemaking, but she was coming toward them at a good, swinging pace, and was already almost within speaking distance.

"All right," Joe said, and despite Sylvia's, "No need to get out. Call to her!" he opened the door, stepped into the road and saluted the stranger, bareheaded.

She was a woman of fifty or so, with a tanned, open-air complexion, and an athletic figure, dressed in a rough tweed coat and skirt, thick woollen stockings and flat-heeled brogues. Sylvia, sizing her up with a sneer of disdain, decided that she was the wife of some poor country parson.

"There's only one hotel that I know anything about near here," the woman said in answer to Joe's question; and then she hesitated, and looked very doubtfully both at the car and Sylvia before continuing, "and I'm sure it wouldn't be the sort of place you're looking for."

"No big places about?" Joe suggested.

"I don't know any hotel of that sort nearer than Sidmouth," the woman said, as if she knew precisely the kind of place Joe meant.

Sylvia had edged herself and Pee-Kee into the driver's seat, and now leaning out of the window on that side joined in the conversation. "How far's Sidmouth?" she enquired, with the touch of superciliousness that she adopted when speaking to those who were obviously very much poorer than herself.

The woman shrugged her shoulders. "Twenty or thirty miles," she said. "You could be there in half an hour, couldn't you?"

"Easily," Sylvia assented loftily. "Come on, Joe."

But Joe was apparently in one of his silly moods this afternoon, and instead of obeying her, he said: "And this other place near here? Where's that?"

"Under half a mile," the woman told him. Down that road to the right there, the one you've just passed. It's called 'The Open Door.'"

"Decent sort of place?" Joe enquired.

"Oh, yes, quite decent," the woman said without enthusiasm.

"Might as well have a look at it," Joe commented.

"Sorry I can't be more helpful," the stranger said, and without another glance at Sylvia continued her interrupted walk.

"Buck up, Joe," Sylvia exclaimed impatiently, as he still stood looking down at the road. "And just for once let's make record time for Sidmouth."

But he gave no sign of bucking up. Instead, he re-entered the car as if he had the rest of his life in which to make Sidmouth, and then began to crawl down the road, looking from right to left as if he had lost something.

"Joe, what are you doing?" Sylvia scolded him.

"Looking for a place to turn," he told her. "Turn? What for?" she asked peevishly.

"I'm going to have a look at this hotel round the corner."

"What an idiotic waste of time," Sylvia commented. "It's probably an inn or something."

"Going to have a look at it, anyway," Joe said, turning into a conveniently open gate.



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to help her with her opening. But she had lain awake so long planning her scene that she was beginning to feel horribly sleepy. Also, she was very curious to know what on earth he had found to talk about with those awful people downstairs. Perhaps, she might find that out before she began? Better trust to the inspiration of the moment.

At the sound of a step coming along the corridor, she hastily resettled the protesting Pee-Kee so that his presence in her bed should be clearly visible.

She sat up as Joe entered. One of her grievances would be weakened if she pretended to be asleep.

"Well," she began, as soon as he had closed the door behind him, and gave that single syllable its full value both by her tone and the angry stare of her widely opened eyes.

Joe glanced at her indifferently, let his gaze rest for a moment on the head of Pee-Kee, and then walked over to the dressing table. One thing was certain: he had not been drinking.

"Well," she repeated on a note of suppressed fury. She was beginning to feel the part already. "Aren't you going to tell me what on earth you've been doing all this time?"

"If you like," Joe said carelessly, and he came with that same air of complete detachment and leaned his arms on the oak rail at the foot of her bed.

She felt a little nonplussed. He was making it very difficult for her to start. It was like hitting someone who made no attempt to defend himself. Also, she did want to hear what he had been doing, and she would certainly be able to find an opportunity to begin the row when he had finished.

"Well, go on," she said, maintaining the threat in her voice.

Joe smiled with an effect of quiet confidence and indifference that was new to her.

"In the first place," he began, "I've been hearing the story of this place and how it was started. Very interesting story it is, too. This house and grounds—there's a great park at the back—belonged to Sir George Hardyng, baronet. You wouldn't have heard of him, but his son did awfully well in the war—V.C., D.S.O., M.C., and the whole bag of tricks, and he was one of those that earned 'em, too. However, when his father died, he found himself in a tight place—a year or two after the war, that was. The old man had lost all his money—never had much, I may tell you—and all his son had to inherit was this place, and he was a married man with five children. He tried to sell it, but he couldn't get any sort of price that'd keep him and his wife and educate three boys and two girls, not in the sort of way they wanted to educate them; and then his wife—a mighty plucky woman, by the way—suggested that they should run the house as a kind of private hotel chiefly for the benefit of their friends. They called it 'The Open Door' as a kind of mascot, on the principle that when one door shuts another opens. Of course, they knew no end of the right sort of people to help them, recommend them, and so on. Lady Mary Hardyng, that's his wife, is the daughter of Lord Sefton, and her mother was a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. However, she wasn't too proud to put her back into it, and they've done uncommonly well, as things go. That eldest boy of theirs, the one that came to the door, won a scholarship for Winchester. By gosh, he's a ripping boy, that. I saw him and his father together just after dinner, and you could guess how proud they were of one another."

Joe paused there, and his eyes grew very wistful. He put his hand up to his mouth as if something hurt him before he added: "That's the sort of thing that makes life really worth living. I'd give pretty near all I'm worth to have a boy look at me the way he looked at his father."

Oh! So that was the game, was it? Sylvia reflected. In that case she had better begin at once.

"What silly rot, Joe," she said contemptuously. "Someone's been pulling your leg. I didn't think you were quite such a fool. Do you mean to tell me that woman we saw in

the road was the daughter of a lord?" She sneered in a way that she knew Joe found frantically annoying before she concluded. "You must be a fool to believe that."

But he did not turn a hair. He gave no sign of having even heard what she had said, continuing quietly: "Lord Exmouth told me. You know, the Marquis of Exmouth comes after Lansdowne in the order of precedence. That was him in the window with his wife and two daughters. I knew him at once, of course. He's a director of one of our companies—old-fashioned affair, but sound as the Bank of England. I've met him half-a-dozen times in the City. He was awfully decent to me this evening. So were his wife and the two girls. The younger one, Lady Helen, has just got engaged to the Duke of Dorset's son. I wonder you didn't recognize her. Her photograph's been in all the papers lately."

Sylvia was staggered at last, her temper suddenly forgotten. Naturally, she knew all about Lord Exmouth from hearsay, but in her wildest dreams she had never imagined herself staying in the same hotel with him and his family—on terms of intimacy. But he and Joe seemed to have been as thick as thieves together.

"Oh, Joe!" she exclaimed. This was very evidently no time to pick a quarrel with him. "I suppose we shall be staying on here for a bit, then? I'd just love to meet them."

Joe's look of cold indifference rested on her again for a moment, and then he straightened himself and began to pace backward and forward across the width of the room.

"No, I think not, Sylvia," he said deliberately, after a moment's pause. "I've been thinking about all that. And it's come to me very strongly tonight that the time's come for us to separate."

"To what?" gasped Sylvia, and sat up so suddenly that Pee-Kee was jerked on to the floor. His mistress, however, took not the faintest notice of him, and all the subsequent conversation was carried on to a continuous accompaniment of thin whines and yaps, as that tiniest of Pekinese tried vainly to get back on to the bed again.

"Separate," Joe replied firmly, ceasing his pacing of the room and returning to his post at the foot of the bed. "We could arrange a divorce later. I'd take all the blame, naturally."

She stared at him in blank amazement. Had he gone mad, or was this some clever game he was playing?

"Comes as a bit of a shock, I know," he continued in the same even, composed voice. "But when you come to think about it, you'll agree that it's the best thing to do. You see, Sylvia, we don't want the same things, and it seems mighty unlikely that we'll ever agree about them. You're just out, so far as I can see, to grab all you can. I don't blame you, in a way. You've been spoilt. You're just a spoilt child, and it's mostly my fault, I admit. But for a year or two, now, I've been getting pretty sick of this money-spending game. There's nothing to it, no real satisfaction. Jolly enough just at first to swank, I know; but I'm sick of swanking. I'm within sight of forty, and I want to see something more ahead of me than just spending money on show."

He paused there a moment, but as she was still too stunned to reply, he went on with an air of quiet reminiscence: "It all came home to me as I was talking to Exmouth and Hardyng this evening, and I was mighty glad to be able to put Hardyng on to a real good thing. He has saved a couple of thousand, and I'm letting him in to a show of ours that'll make it ten. However, that's by the way. What I was saying was that talking to men like that in a quiet, intimate way, makes you feel the difference between them and us. They're the real thing, of course. No hope for me to be like them, ever. I know that. But I might get a bit nearer to it than I am at present. And what I want for a start is to have a son like that ripping boy of Hardyng's. That, you know, is what gives one a real stake in life, real value, something to go on living for."

While he had been talking, a bewildering



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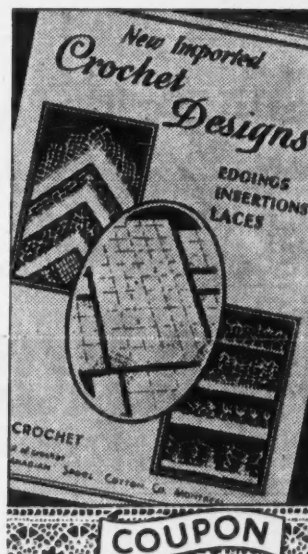
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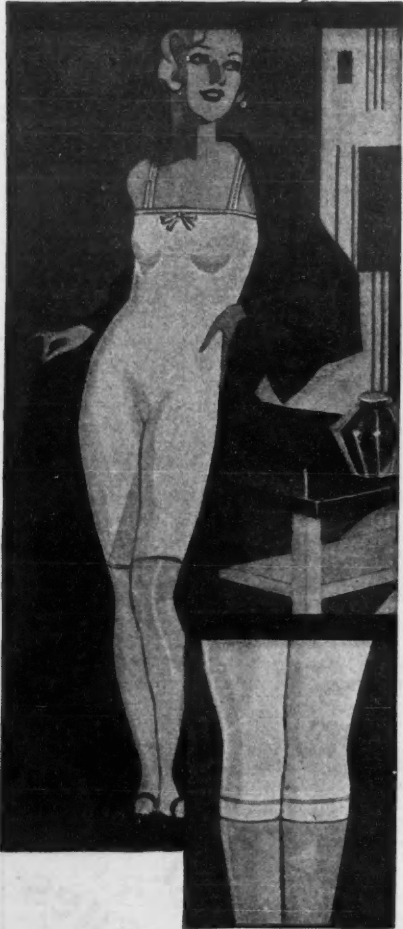
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"That woman we met on the road appears to be the wife of the proprietor. They're—er—gentlefolk, I gather."

"Did they tell you so?" Sylvia enquired critically.

"Not likely," Joe said. "I didn't need to be told."

"One of those ghastly amateur places, I suppose?" Sylvia commented.

"I like it," Joe replied curtly. "Now, hadn't you better get out? Mrs. Whatever-her-name-is is going to show you the room."

OH, WELL, thank goodness, it's only for one night," Sylvia remarked, when at last she was dressed for dinner. She had by then almost exhausted her adjectives of disparagement. Nothing had pleased her. She disliked the old-fashioned chintzes, the low windows, the dark oak furniture, the color of the carpet, the appearance of the maid, the smell of the climbing roses just outside the window; and as there was no private bathroom for them and no running water in the bedroom, she believed herself justified in condemning this country "Inn" of Joe's without any further need for discrimination.

Joe, after one or two preliminary protests, had shrugged his shoulders and relapsed into silence—a sign, she supposed, that the quarrel between them would run its usual course up to the point at which he could stand it no longer and set himself to coax, flatter and bribe her into "forgiving him." On this occasion, Sylvia decided to keep it up until they were well away from "The Open Door" and en route for some "decent hotel," in which they could spend the remainder of their holiday. Joe had had a little the better of it that afternoon, and he would have to suffer in consequence.

The dining room was certainly a trifle overcrowded when they entered it, some twenty minutes later; a fact that gave Sylvia the chance to throw a disgusted look—there was no need to say it—of "I told you so" at Joe as they made their way to a small table in an inconvenient corner near the serving hatch. After that, there was really no necessity for her to criticize the details of the simple, well-cooked and admirably served dinner. Nevertheless she did it just to keep her just cause well alight, demanding half-a-dozen unlikely things that were not on the menu; and when she was told that there was no service *à la carte*, making a great show of disdaining what she was given. In the intervals, she displayed a supreme contempt for the company, an effect that was a little spoiled by the fact that no one seemed to look at her—not even the men. "A very mixed crowd," she decided. They were all in evening dress of a kind; that is to say, the women—terrible old frumps some of them—had just put on any old rag, judged by Sylvia's standards. But there wasn't a single piece of jewellery among the lot that was worth looking at.

Moreover, the proprietor of the place and his wife—it was the woman they had met on the road—came in to coffee, and were obviously on terms of the closest intimacy with most of the guests, particularly with a queer-looking man who wore a mustache and small side whiskers, and whose family consisted of an especially dowdy wife and two muscular daughters. These people, who had the best table by the window, called the man "Bill" and his wife "Polly," and were, Sylvia decided, probably in the same line of business. She regretted that Joe had his back to the room and could not see the kind of company she was compelled to dine with, but she kept him informed as well as she could, seeing that he was still sulking.

It was partly to show him how little she minded his temper that she announced her intention of going to bed immediately after dinner. They were on their feet then, and she had gathered up Pee-Kee, who appeared to be thoroughly in sympathy with her opinion of the dinner and the company; but her effect was again rather spoiled, this time by the fact that Joe, having just caught sight of the other hotel-keeping family at the best table, murmured an awestricken "Gosh" under his breath and did not appear to hear her.

"I said I was going to bed, Joe," she repeated sharply.

"Did you? Yes, I should. Best thing you can do," he replied, with an inexplicable look of relief, adding still more urgently, "Yes, you pack off, old girl. I'll come along presently."

She decided to ignore the change in his voice, but having sailed across the room she turned at the door to discover with a little shock of surprise that Joe, instead of following her, was advancing, with a most unusual air of diffidence, in the direction of the impossible man with whiskers. Of course she knew that he had to know all sorts of people in business, but still . . .

ALONE with Pee-Kee, Sylvia decided that this time Joe had gone a little too far. Only once had she ever "let herself out" in a scene with him, and then the result had been entirely satisfactory. She had fully exercised her natural talent for rapid abuse, worked herself up to a state of violent hysteria in which she had so far passed the bounds of reason that she had ceased to act, and had ended by declaring her firm intention of leaving him. And at that critical moment she had really meant what she said. Her pearls were a memento of this occasion, and it seemed to her that the time was ripe for a repetition of it. Joe had been distinctly off-hand lately. He was always worrying her, too, about having children which she had not the least intention of doing for years yet. Now, the circumstances justified her, and it would be as well to give him another severe lesson.

She began by taking Pee-Kee into bed with her, a thing Joe detested her doing. That would furnish an admirable excuse for her opening. When he made his first protest—which would quite probably be a comparatively mild one, seeing that he had wanted this to be, as he had said, a kind of "second honeymoon"—she would work him up into a temper and then let go. She had quite an appalling list of grievances to furnish herself with material: from his threat to wring Pee-Kee's neck that afternoon, through all the horrible inconvenience and disgrace of planting her in this dirty little hotel, down to the final outrage of leaving her alone all the evening.

He would be certain to come to bed before eleven.

Joe's failure to fulfill this well-founded expectation, however, was the first of the factors that upset Sylvia's plans. Midnight came, and still there was no sign of him. "The Open Door" was an old, solidly built house, and no sound of movement or voices from downstairs penetrated to the bedroom in which she lay. What could he possibly be doing? Sylvia mentally reviewed the company she had seen in the dining room, and was satisfied that it was not a woman who was keeping him. The only possible women were the athletic daughters of the other innkeeper, and Joe disliked that type. But if it was not a woman, he must be drinking. He very, very rarely drank too much, but she had known him to be a trifle too far gone on occasions, and had disliked the effects. He had been maudlin and affectionate. Well, if he were drinking tonight, he should have no chance of being affectionate.

By a quarter to one, however, she had begun to grow so uneasy that she got out of bed and opened the door. From the landing she could hear a distant murmur of voices, and creeping softly to the head of the stairs she was able to distinguish the sounds of three men talking, one of whom was certainly Joe. She held her breath at intervals but could distinguish no words until, after the sound of a chair being pushed back, she heard someone say: "Well, good night, Bentley. I'm sure Harding and I are much obliged to you." Then Joe's voice in response saying something that she could not catch.

He was coming at last, anyway, and she crept quietly back to bed to wait for him.

This lateness of Joe's, sitting up to the small hours, gossiping with two horrid men—she had always been afraid that he had rather a taste for low company—was certainly another and very legitimate grievance.

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choice of plans had been whirling through Sylvia's agitated mind, but what she could not decide was whether or not this was just a passing mood of Joe's. Never since they had been married had she seen him quite so deeply in earnest, and there was a quiet force behind all he had said, which had warned her that this was no occasion for displaying any of the too familiar items of her repertoire. Just before he came to his last pause, she had been on the verge of responding to him, offering to do her best, give him all he wanted. But that last sentence of his once more shocked her into silence, and she collapsed on to her pillow with a sigh of despair.

Joe smiled. "Oh, I'm not suggesting that you should be the mother of 'em, my dear," he said. "It isn't your line. I know that. Which is why I've come to the conclusion that the only thing for us to do is to go different ways. I'll be generous. You can have the best part of the money. I've got it in my mind now to chuck the City for good, but I've always been careful, and my investments alone bring me in near twenty thousand a year. Well, I don't want more than five, the way I see it, and you can have the rest without any kind of condition. I'll make it over to you by deed of gift, and with that and your looks you ought to have a pretty good time, once we've got the divorce through. Oh, well, I think I'll turn in now. We can discuss the details in the morning. But," he paused again, this time with a slight effect of embarrassment, and then concluded: "It isn't, you see, as if you really cared a hoot for me, personally."

He didn't wait for her to reply to that, but, after one reflective glance at the whining Pee-Kee, he picked him up, lifted him on to the bed, and then crossed the room and began to undress.

Sylvia lay very still, completely ignoring Pee-Kee's efforts to get back into his former place. The vista of a possible future had opened before her at Joe's concluding remarks. She saw herself as a young—she was only twenty-three—and exceedingly attractive widow, completely independent, and able with an income of fifteen thousand a year to indulge her every whim. But the vision would not come right. There was something lacking in it, something that made all the difference between happiness and—well—loneliness. There would be no Joe in future, and the more she looked into that imaginary life to come, the more certain she became that Joe had shown himself utterly mistaken in one statement. It wasn't the least true that she didn't "care a hoot" for him, personally. No doubt she had teased him, bullied him a little. But that didn't mean that she wasn't loving him all the time. Her mother had warned her before she was married not to let her husband "get the upper hand," and she had found Joe beautifully manageable on the whole, until tonight. Was it possible that she had killed his love for her? Forgetting to be anything but her natural, immature, childish self for once, she suddenly jumped out of bed with a violence that all but upset the unhappy Pee-Kee on to the floor again. "Joe!" she cried.

He was already in his pyjamas, just ready to get into bed, and he turned to her with a queer look in his eyes, a dominating, intense look that meant, as she saw very plainly, that he was not in a mood to stand any nonsense of the kind with which she had made him all too familiar.

"Well," he said curtly.

She hesitated. Then: "I suppose what you really mean is that you don't care for me any more?" she asked with a new humility.

He looked at her calmly before he said in the same cool, detached voice, "Well, you've done your best to kill my love, haven't you? Love needs some sort of return, you know. It doesn't mean taking all you can get and giving nothing in return. I'd like you to see Hardyng and his wife together. I don't mean that they're sloppy or sentimental, or anything like that. But you can just feel the sort of love they've got for one another. And they've been married, getting on for twenty years."

Yes, she saw the truth of all that in an instant of inspired vision. Her mother, as usual, had been wrong, utterly, wickedly wrong. She had a picture of herself as she had been that afternoon, and she suddenly blushed hot with shame.

"Oh, Joe!" she said. "I see it now, but I didn't understand. I didn't understand."

"Understand what?" he asked, arrested by this new tone in her voice.

"What a little beast I've been," she said, and came a step nearer as she continued: "But you'll give me one more chance, Joe, won't you? Just one more chance? I'll do anything you want me to, dear. I'll have twelve children, if you really think we ought to have as many as that. I will really. Only—it isn't true that I don't love you any more, Joe. I do. Oh, darling, I do—frightfully. I'd sooner come and be with you on that five thousand a year, and have all those children than go off alone and live on fifteen. I would, Joe."

He was within touch of her as he said in a low, stern voice: "Is that the truth, Syl?"

"All truth, Joe," she returned, looking him full in the face with eyes that held no suggestion of anything but a simple, girlish love.

"If I believed that—" he said, laying his hands on her shoulders.

Her tears welled and brimmed over. Then she was in his arms, and he was kissing her face dry again.

"I could never feel the same for anyone but you, you know, Syl," he whispered.

She nestled closer to him. "This shall be our 'open door' into another life, Joe," she said.

Two minutes later, Joe looked across at Pee-Kee, and remarked, "What are we going to do with that?"

"There's quite a soft, woolly mat outside the door," Sylvia said. "He can sleep there."

AFTER ten minutes vain scratching, Pee-Kee trotted down the passage and tried another door, which was mercifully opened by an old maiden lady who had fallen in love with him in the dining room. It almost seemed as if Pee-Kee had been listening.

The Goose's Sauce

Continued from page 5

Oh, to have a moment alone, to press her fingers against her temples, to examine the situation unobserved, and try to guess what in the name of bad luck could have happened!

In the temple-pressing business Doria found herself handicapped by the letter in her hand. She stared at it, frowning. There was a funny thing. Nobody here but Lynn, who couldn't possibly have anticipated her coming. She hated mysteries.

She thrust the letter into her muff as Danvers appeared with a tray. Sitting on the rug at his feet she could look prettily up at him. After a little back-talk about sugar and cream and preferences in biscuits, a pause ensued. Danvers let it continue. He was the world's flattest tire when it came to bright conversation.

"Well," said Doria at last, "what ought I to be doing for you?"

"What what?"

"I say, what should I be doing for you? Making a brew of herbs and simples or unleeching a couple of leeches, if you know what I mean. Don't look so pipped, big boy! Surely you realize what brought me to your sylvan villa?"

Danvers said he had been wondering. He was so serious that she felt uncomfortable. She hated people to be serious unless they were making love.

"Why, I heard you were ill, frightfully ill. So, even though you had not let me know and we weren't—er—didn't—"

"Exactly," he helped her. "Just so."

"Well, after all, I am still your wife and I

Continued on page 72

Women and their Work



Mrs. Leo Erenhouse

SCOTLAND was the birthplace of Mrs. Leo Erenhouse, but by right of citizenship, Haileybury, Ontario, can claim her for its own. She has lived there for twenty-eight years.

Her energies are chiefly directed toward the aid of the children's shelter in the town, and her efforts to assist this worthy cause are untiring. She believes that everything possible should be done for the young people of her community, especially those children who have through some misfortune been deprived of the influence of a happy home life. Mrs. Erenhouse also takes a keen interest in sports of all kinds, and is always ready to support and encourage games and active life in the community.



Mrs. Marion Wallwork

WITH home interests divided between the farm and town, Mrs. Wallwork naturally has a wide knowledge of the problems that present themselves to both farm and town women, and is an active member of the Bow Island, Alberta, Women's Institute, where her work is highly thought of. Her husband, Mr. Walter Wallwork, operates the N. A. Ranch which is the oldest in the district as a wheat farm under irrigation.

Mrs. Wallwork is secretary of the Women's Institutes, a branch which is yearly developing and broadening its work. She was previously chairman of the immigration committee, and has been delegate to both Macleod and Medicine Hat conventions.



Mrs. R. D. McAlpine

MRS. McALPINE has made child welfare and education her chief interest outside of her own home. As the wife of Dr. R. D. McAlpine, she takes a prominent part in the social life of Dresden, Ontario, and is an ardent club woman. Mrs. McAlpine is on the executive committee of the municipal chapter of the I. O. D. E., and is convener of the child welfare work for the County of Kent. In this capacity she has accomplished tangible results, both in the schools and in individual cases which claimed the committee's attention.

Besides being convener of child welfare, Mrs. McAlpine is also educational secretary of the local chapter of the I. O. D. E.,



Mrs. Walter H. C. Honneyman

FACED with the task of providing a living for herself and her three small children, Mrs. Walter H. C. Honneyman decided to carry on the newspaper left her by her late husband. And, thanks to an energetic mind and the will "to do," she has succeeded in making *The Manor Advocate*, Manor, Saskatchewan, a very live factor.

Mrs. Honneyman not only does all the editorial work on her newspaper, but also all clerical work connected with the printing office, and in addition owns a drug store which is under her sole charge. Mrs. Honneyman's third and most important job is the bringing up of her children. They are not the losers when their mother combines the jobs of breadwinner and homemaker.

An Open Letter from a Minister's Wife

Continued from page 8

congregation should not imagine that she is unfriendly or uninterested or trying to snub them. She has a right to expect that they make a few excuses for her. Perhaps she is so tired that she is not quite sane; perhaps she is one of those people to whom it is torture to show their feelings—dead and gone generations of sternly repressed forefathers may have laid their unyielding fingers of reserve on her lips; perhaps she is wondering if anyone could sell her a little time; perhaps there are many small worries snapping and snarling at her heels; perhaps she has had one of those awful moments when we catch a glimpse of ourselves as we really are; perhaps she has the odd feeling of not belonging to this or any world, that follows an attack of flu; perhaps she is just

pitifully shy at heart. Or her own feelings may have been hurt. Because ministers' wives have feelings that are remarkably like the feelings of other women, and injustice and misunderstanding hurt us very keenly.

For my own part, when I recall the happenings of my own twenty years as mistress of the manse, I conclude that on the whole this is a nice kind of a world even for a minister's wife. The roses have outnumbered the thorns by thousands.

I look back and see many lovely things. They crowd into memory in a curious medley. Charming vanished households from which no one ever went away without feeling better in some way. Homes that were hospitality incarnate. Houses that always seemed pleased to have you come to

them. Frank, ungrudging tributes, appreciative, priceless words that cast a sudden rainbow over existence. Dear gentle souls who never once made me feel that I had said the wrong thing. Silent, gentle hand-clasps of sympathy that heartened when life was grey. Camp fires of young folks like fiery roses of night. Little friendly, neighborly offerings now and then—the jar of cream or jelly, the box of eggs, the root of an admired perennial, the bouquet that brought to the manse the loveliness of old-fashioned gardens.

And the dear, dear women I have known! Mrs. A., who was always like a comfortable fire on a warm hearth. Mrs. B., who had something about her capacious maternal bosom that made you want to lay your head on it and whisper your troubles. Mrs.

C, whose memory comes as a balm whenever I recall her. Mrs. D, whose words were always of things lovely and of good report. Mrs. E, dear soul, who told me so simply and sweetly, that she had been praying that my lost, beloved pussy might be found. And darling Mrs. F, with ageless sparrow and patience in her eyes, who, when someone remarked to her, "You've had so many troubles, poor thing," flashed back, "Yes, but think of all the fun I've had between times." A meeting with these women and many more like them always made me feel as if the day had given me a purple gift. I have received far, far more than I expected or had any right to expect from the people among whom it has been my lot and privilege to work.

Should Canada Have Midwives?

Continued from page 13

met by appropriate treatment. Diagnosis and treatment are within the province of the doctor and not of the midwife, who, no matter how skilful, has neither the knowledge nor the authority to deal with such conditions.

The prospective mother should be freed of laborious work for the last two or three months of pregnancy and it is apparent that freedom from financial or other anxiety is desirable. It is in this direction that the maternal benefit is of high value.

The importance of prenatal care of the pregnant woman demands strict attention to details. At the third month of pregnancy, every woman should see her doctor, or attend a prenatal clinic. The latter should be established in connection with every hospital where maternity cases are received. Each case should be thoroughly explored, the blood pressure taken, the urine examined, and the woman should attend at regular intervals throughout the period of pregnancy and meticulously follow the directions given. By this plan, hitherto

undiscovered physical conditions will be found and corrected, medical and surgical attention given, and the plan of campaign mapped out. Too often in the unsupervised cases is the doctor confronted, in a patient he has never seen before, with convulsions, heart disease, tuberculosis or other untoward conditions which are disastrous and which under the circumstances are no fault of the attendant.

The motto of the pregnant woman should be:

"Constant supervision of doctor or clinic during the entire pregnancy."

It is chiefly through the observance of this motto, and not by the substitution of midwife for doctor, that the maternal mortality will be reduced.

Prenatal care, the essence of the subject, can be provided only where physicians and hospitals are at hand. In the newer and more remote sections of Canada where the settlers are far from doctors, the situation must be met by the establishment of small hospitals. The municipal hospital of Alberta

and Saskatchewan and the Red Cross Hospitals of New Ontario fulfill this demand very well.

Natal Care

In the simple case of confinement, the midwife will probably be quite as successful as the average doctor. But she has to meet any condition that may arise and in a complicated case is obliged to call in a doctor. Most women nowadays demand an anaesthetic. The midwife cannot administer an anaesthetic; it must always be in skilled hands and is an element of more or less danger. First-class results are almost always achieved in the private wards of the hospital with competent nurses and specialists. In the public wards the closer contact of patients forms a danger. In simple cases the home with a competent physician is cheaper and better. It must be remembered when hospital treatment is criticized, that the hospital receives all the complicated and dangerous cases. Often patients in a moribund state are sent in and the death rate is thereby swelled. If there are tears of the

parts, an anaesthetic and a doctor are required. Of what use is the midwife under such circumstances?

Postnatal Care

In the after-care of the mother the methods are simple. They are chiefly that she be kept clean and properly fed; that she has adequate rest and sleep; and that the function of breast feeding is properly carried out. Then, too, the mother must not undertake work for some time. It is essential that the care of the infant shall be her first duty.

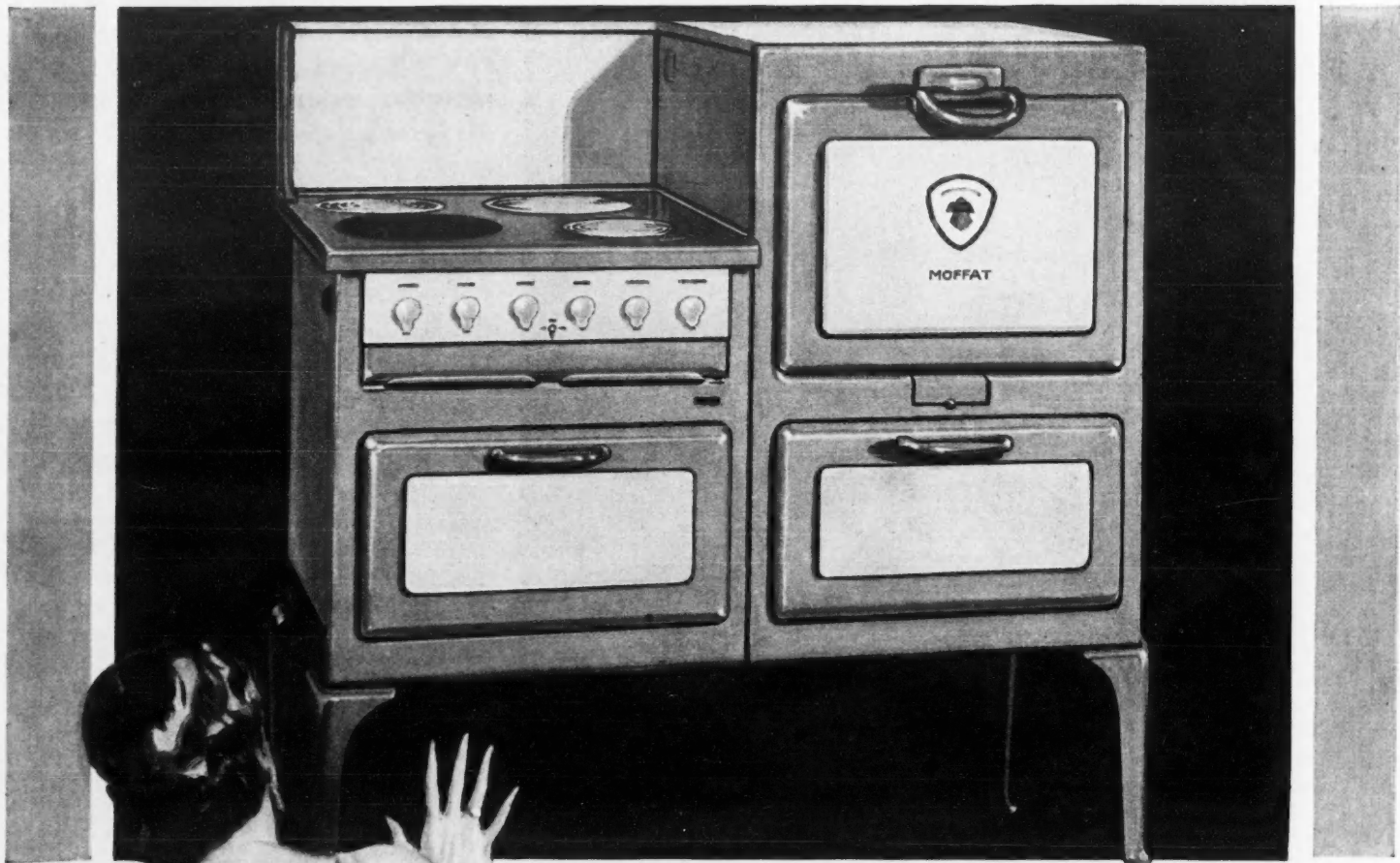
Education in Health

The public has heretofore not regarded childbirth as dangerous. Efficient prenatal care is the best means of reducing maternal mortality.

Education of women in the urgent need of supervision during the pregnant period is of infinitely greater value than the substitution of the midwife for the doctor.

It is in the sphere of women's societies that this knowledge can best be spread. To the credit of these societies it must be said that they are doing a fine work in this field.

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paniment to cottage pudding or plain suet pudding.

Grape Conserve

- 4 Pounds of blue grapes
- 2 Pounds of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of seedless raisins
- 1 Medium sized orange
- 1 Cupful of finely chopped nuts

Wash and drain the grapes, remove stems and separate the skins and the pulp. Cook the pulp until softened, then press through a sieve to remove the seeds. To the sieved pulp add the sugar, salt, raisins and the orange which has been chopped fine without removing the skin. Boil rapidly until the mixture begins to thicken, stirring frequently. Add the grape skins and cook for ten minutes more or until the mixture is quite thick. Lastly, add the chopped nuts and pour into hot sterile glasses. Cover with a thin film of paraffin and when the conserve is quite cold, add a thicker layer of paraffin.

Apple Chutney

- 12 Sour apples
- 1 Medium onion
- 2 Green peppers
- 1 Red pepper
- 2 Cupfuls of cider vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of currant or other tart jelly
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of ginger
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cayenne
- Juice of 4 lemons
- 1 Cupful of seeded raisins (chopped)

Chop the apples, the onion and the peppers very fine, combine them, add the vinegar and jelly and cook slowly for one hour, stirring frequently. Add the remaining ingredients and continue cooking and stirring for another hour. Bottle in sterile jars and seal.



Home Discoveries

FOR floors that are worn, that is as to stain and lustre, I have found an excellent substitute that is much more inexpensive than having them sanded and re-done. Simply buy some burnt umber powder and blend it with the solidified floor wax, using a stick to carefully mix it together. When well mixed, let stand five minutes, then use polish with a waxer always going with the grain of the wood. The result is worth the trouble. In re-doing some antique furniture we discovered this trick.—L. Hammersley, Sandwich, Ont.

Sleeve Protectors

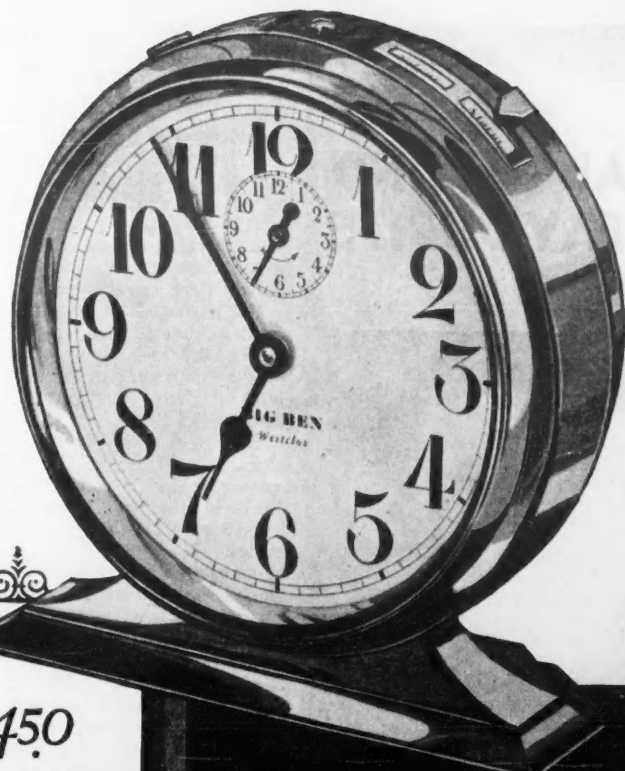
The small elastic bands which come around many of our grocery parcels, make wonderful little holders for slipping over the flared sleeves of a dress when washing dishes. Many a Sunday dress can thus be kept immaculate. When removed, they do not leave the unsightly creases, as if rolled back.—Mrs. Melvin White, Little Britain, Ont.

Restoring Bittersweet

When bittersweet begins to look faded and dry, it may be sprayed with tepid water and when it dries it will have retained all its original color and freshness. Take care while drying that it is placed so that the heavy bunches of berries will not weigh down the softened stems.—Mrs. S. Lawrence, Winnipeg, Man.

When Icing Cake

To prevent the icing from falling off the fruit cake, when cutting it, spread the white of an egg, slightly beaten, over the top of the cake before icing.—E. F. Brisbane, Toronto, Ont.



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BIG BEN

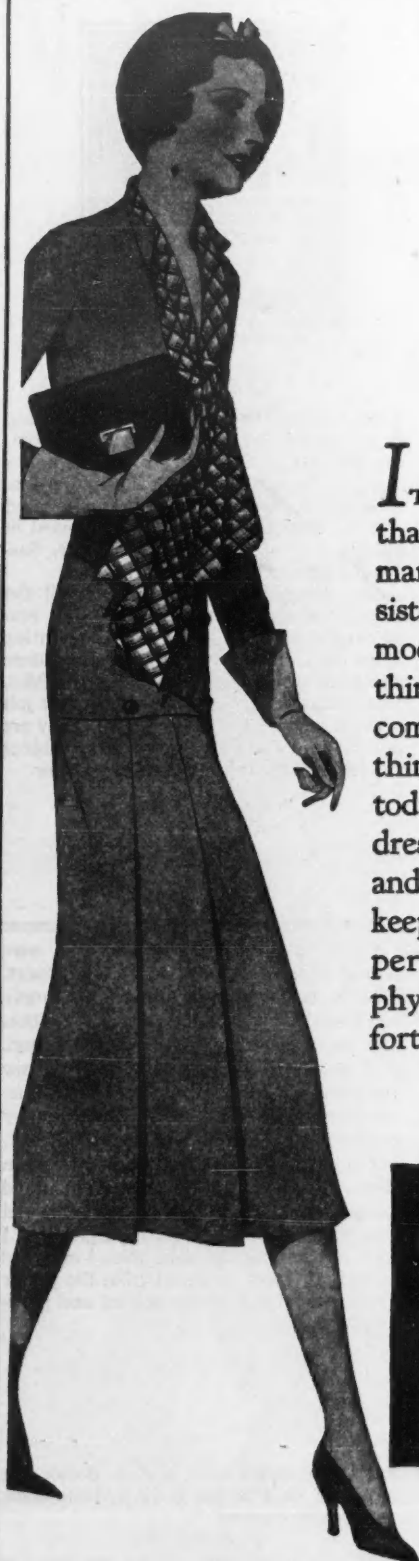
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as well as in the prevention of tuberculosis and other affections. Here, as in general public health, education of the masses of the people is perhaps the finest function of a health department. In tuberculosis, in cancer, and in most affections the best results of treatment follow the earliest recognition of the ailment. It is just the same in respect to the pregnant woman. If the ills of pregnancy are discovered early, and this can be done only through supervision by doctor or clinic, there will follow immediate improvement in the death rate of pregnant women. As soon as all women learn the value of this precaution, we shall soon observe an approach to the lower maternal death rates of the older and more homogeneous civilizations. In the meantime, let every woman who reads this article spread its information among her less favored sisters. Let women band themselves into societies for the spread of this

and other forms of health education. It is a patriotic duty for the safety of the mothers of Canada, the preservation of a great race of people.

It is not the public alone that needs education in this respect. The medical schools are not devoting the same attention to midwifery that is given to medicine and surgery. Young men and women in the study of medicine should have a more extensive course in midwifery, especially on its practical side.

In Sweden every medical student "lives in" the maternity hospital for four months. Increased practical education might be gained from the development of an outdoor service. In the advance of health education, both lay and professional, in adequate prenatal, natal and postnatal care of the pregnant woman, lies the solution of the problem of maternal mortality.

Apples and Grapes

Continued from page 21

Although few of us tire of the fresh raw fruits, we all welcome ideas for serving them in other ways, and thus imparting to less flavorful foods some of their deliciousness. The dishes for which the recipes are given here will add interest to any meal of which they are a part.

The following fruit combinations may be served as a fruit appetizer to begin the meal. They are equally appropriate for the salad course and make delicious desserts to "top off" a hearty luncheon or dinner.

1 Cupful of halved seeded grapes (green)

1 Cupful of diced pineapple

1 Cupful of diced oranges

1/4 to 1/2 Cupful of fruit sugar

Combine the fruits and the sugar. Serve, well-chilled in sherbet glasses—garnished with green cherries.

6 Medium sized apples

Juice of 1/2 lemon

1/2 Pound of grapes

1/2 Cupful of diced pineapple

1/2 Cupful of chopped walnuts

6 Marshmallows

Dice the apples and add the lemon juice. Halve and seed the grapes and mix with the pineapple, walnuts and marshmallows which have been cut in pieces. Combine with the apples and serve, well chilled, with whipped cream.

1 Cupful of cantaloupe or honey dew melon balls

1 Cupful of seeded grapes

1 Cupful of grape juice

Combine the melon balls and the seeded grapes, pour over them the grape juice. Chill and serve in sherbet glasses. Six servings.

Ginger and Fruit Salad

1 Cupful of diced tart apples

1 Cupful of seeded white grapes

1/2 Cupful of grapefruit pulp

1/4 Cupful of chopped preserved ginger

Combine the ingredients and serve well chilled on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise. Six servings.

Jellied Salad

2 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine

1/2 Cupful of cold water

1 Cupful of grape juice

2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar

1 Pint of dry ginger ale

3/4 Cupful of seeded halved grapes

3/4 Cupful of diced tart apples

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes and dissolve in the heated grape juice. Add the sugar, stir until dissolved and allow to cool. Add the ginger ale, allow to partially thicken and pour over the fruit which has been arranged in cold wet molds. Chill and serve with whipped cream. Six to eight servings.

Baked Apples with Grape Jelly

Select six large red apples, core and place in a baking dish. Fill the cavities with

grape jelly and pour around the apples a syrup made by heating together three-quarters of a cupful of the grape jelly with half a cupful of boiling water. Cover and bake at 375 degrees F., until soft but not broken. Remove from the oven and stick each apple with slivers of blanched almonds. Top with a marshmallow and return to a hot oven (425 degrees), until the marshmallow has puffed and softened. Serve hot or cold with the syrup in the pan, as a sauce.

A "Different" Apple Pie

1/4 Cupful of hot water

1 Egg yolk

3/4 Cupful of honey

3/4 Cupful of bread crumbs

1/4 Cupful of flour

1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon

1/4 Teaspoonful of nutmeg

1/2 Teaspoonful of ginger

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Paper-thin slices of apples

Add the hot water to the honey, and pour the mixture over the beaten egg yolk, stirring to prevent lumps forming. Combine the crumbs, flour and spices, and rub in the butter with the tips of the fingers. Cover the bottom of an unbaked pie shell with a layer of the thinly sliced apples, pour over them one-half of the honey mixture and sprinkle with half of the crumb mixture. Cover with another layer of apples, the remainder of the honey and crumb mixtures and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) until the edges of the crust brown, then reduce the heat to (325 degrees) and cook for about twenty minutes. This is delicious served with whipped cream.

Grape Tapioca

3/4 Cupful of tapioca

1/2 Teaspoonful of salt

1/4 Cupful of sugar

1/2 Cupful of grape jam or jelly

Soak the tapioca in water to cover for at least one hour. Add the salt and sugar and cook in a double boiler until transparent and soft, stirring frequently, and adding more water if necessary. Add the grape jam or jelly and stir until dissolved. Serve cold with cream. Six servings.

Another delicious tapioca mixture is made by cooking three tablespoonfuls of quick tapioca in two cupfuls of grape juice, adding a pinch of salt, during the cooking and half a cupful of sugar when the tapioca is clear. This is served chilled and garnished with cubes of grape jelly.

Delicious Cider Apples

1 Quart of fresh sweet cider

1 1/2 Cupfuls of sugar

4 Cupfuls of apples

Add the sugar to the cider and bring to boiling point. Pare and core the apples and cut in eighths lengthwise. Add to the cider, and simmer until the apples are tender but not broken. Remove the apples and boil the syrup until it thickens. Serve with the apples as a dessert or use both as accom-

HELPING NATURE

(A Real remedy)
(for constipation)



R
*It takes...3 days
It costs...50 cts.*

So many things will "act as a physic" no one need be told what they are. Most of them do a thorough job, and some act in half an hour—or even less time!

If you choose a laxative with a view only to its immediate effect, there are hundreds from which to make a choice.

But there is a better way to aid elimination. A way that thinks of tomorrow. That paves the way for future natural functioning of the eliminative organs—alone and unaided.

Start this real remedy tonight. You'll feel fine in the morning. And better still, the day following—and for days to follow. For in only three days you can do much toward restoring a proper alkaline balance. The whole system benefits from this simple process. You have neutralized the excess acid that so frequently causes constipation (and a whole lot of attendant ailments). And this is all you do:

The first day, take three tablespoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a little water. With fruit juice, if you would emphasize its action. The next day, two tablespoonfuls. The third, only one. On the next day you shouldn't need any. For you should be in better condition to have effective, regular movements until acidity has again become too much for Nature to handle by herself. After this aid, it may be days—or weeks—before a return of the acid condition in the digestive tract. And then you've but to repeat the alkaline treatment—which is not only harmless but a wholesome and helpful thing for stomach, liver, and other important organs.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is an ideal cleanser and conditioner which keeps the entire system sweet. Its use is endorsed by the medical profession—for men, women, and children. For sour stomach, distress after eating, sluggishness and those uncountable headaches, there is nothing like the true Milk of Magnesia of Phillips' formula. Your druggist has it.

A Centrepiece in Cluny Crochet

Continued from page 35

centre, work petal on 11 sts, sl st to next st of centre, ch 11, 1 tr with p in ch at pt of last petal, work petal on ch, catching to centre before sl stitching back to pt, ch 7, p in 4th st, ch 1, tr in pt of next petal. This completes daisy. Ch 7, tr tr in free corner of blk and work blk thus: Ch 6, s in centre of tr tr, ch 3, tr in same place as tr tr, ch 7, s in 4th st of 6 ch, ch 6, s in 4th st of 7 ch, ch 3, tr in tr, Ch 3, 3 tr tr under 5 ch, keeping last loop of each tr on hook, making 4 loops on hook after 3rd tr tr. Now work off 3 loops together then 2 loops. (Ch 7, 3 tr tr worked in same way under next 5 ch) 4 times, ch 7 3 tr tr in same place as last group, (ch 7, 3 tr tr under next 5 ch) 4 times * Turn. Ch 10, d in 4th st of 7 ch.

7th row—(Ch 7, d in 4th st of 7 ch of last row) 3 times, *ch 4, d tr in 4th st of centre ch, ch 7, d tr in same place, ch 4, (d in 4th st of next ch, ch 7) 4 times, d in nearest corner of blk, ch 7, d in next corner, ch 11, 1 tr (over 4 times) in 2nd st from p in ch between petals, turn and work blk on 11 ch as follows: (Ch 6, s in 3rd st of ch, **ch 3, miss 2 sts of ch, tr in next st, turn ch 6, tr in last tr keeping last 2 loops on hook, tr in 4th st of 1st 6 ch, work off 2 loops, then 3 loops together, ch 3, tr in same st as last tr), ch 5, tr tr in 2nd st beyond next petal, work blk on 5 ch in same way as last blk, ch 5, d tr in next petal, work blk as before. These trebles must be worked tightly. Ch 12, d in next petal, ch 10, tr tr in 4th st of 9 ch of last row. Blk worked same as in 1st row, ch 5, tr tr in corner of blk at end of row. Turn. One pattern is now complete.

8th row—Ch 13 blk same as in 2nd row, ch 5, tr tr in next corner of blk, work blk on tr and 6 sts of 10 ch of last row, ch 5, tr tr in 7th st of next ch. Turn.

9th row—Ch 13, tr tr in tr tr, (Blk, ch 5, tr tr in next corner of blk) twice. Turn.

10th row—Ch 13 and work blk, ch 5, tr tr in next corner of blk, work blk, ch 12, tr tr in next corner, and make blk thus: Ch 6, s in centre of tr tr, ch 3, tr in same corner of blk as tr tr, ch 7, s back in 4th st of 6 ch, without turning work, ch 6, s in 4th st of 7 ch, ch 3, tr in tr, ch 5, d in 7th st of 13 ch of last row, ch 5, tr tr in tr tr of last row at end of 13 ch, and work blk as follows: Ch 6, s in centre of tr tr, ch 3, s in centre of tr tr of last row, ch 3, s in 3rd st of next ch, ch 3, s back in 4th st of 6 ch, ch 3, s in nearest corner of blk, and sl st across to next corner. Turn.

11th row—Ch 8, d in d in centre between blks, ch 5, d in same place, ch 8, tr tr in far corner of blk. Turn and follow 3rd row from * to end of row. Turn.

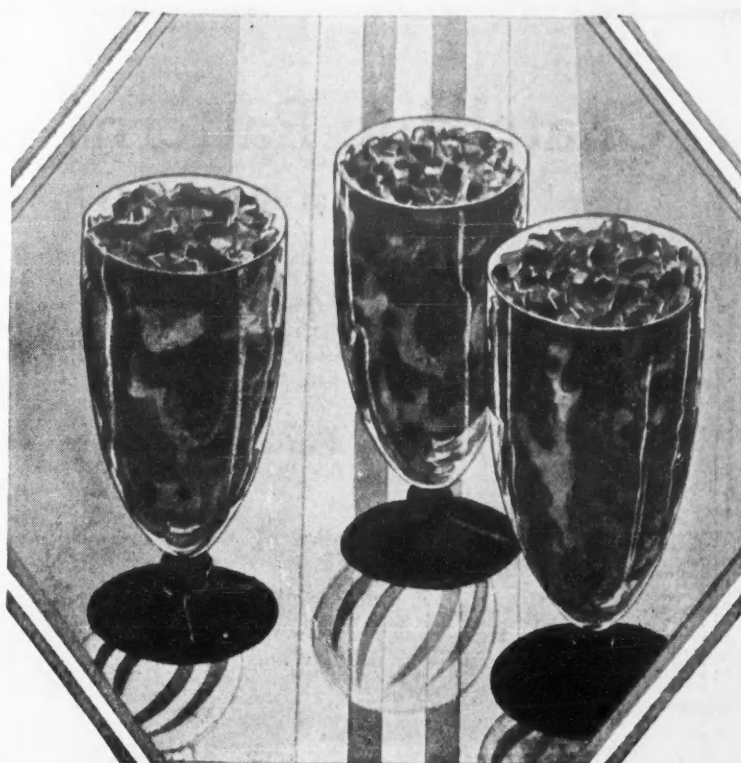
12th row—Same as 4th to * ch 3, faste in corner of blk. Turn.

13th row—(Ch 5, d in 2nd st of ch between tr tr) 4 times, then follow 5th row from * to end of row.

14th row—Same as 6th row to *, then ch 3, fasten in corner of blk, long tr (over 4 times) in next corner. Turn.

15th row—(Ch 7, d in 4th st of 7 ch of last row) 4 times, then follow 7th row from * to end of row. Repeat from 8th row till you have sufficient length. The centrepiece illustrated has 19 scallops. It is best to make lace first and shrink it, then cut linen to fit.

When making last scallop work 7th row to ** and join to first scallop in this way: Ch 7, miss 2 sts of ch, s in 3rd st, ch 7, tr in 4th st of last 7 ch, catch to 4th st of 10 ch at end of last row of 1st scallop, ch 3, tr in same st as last tr keeping 2 loops on hook, tr in 3rd st of 6 ch, work off 2 loops then 3 together, ch 3, tr in same st as last tr, ch 5, tr tr in 2nd st beyond petal, ch 6, s in 3rd st of 5 ch, ch 3, tr in corner of blk, ch 3, catch to 3rd st of 8 ch at end of row of 2 tr tr on 1st scallop, ch 3, tr in 1st tr, keeping 2 loops on hook, tr in 4th st of 6 ch, work off 2 loops, then 3 loops together, ch 3, tr in same st as last tr, fasten to nearest corner of blk of 1st scallop, and sl st to other



Found!
How to "Live High"
on very little!

NOW . . . when it's wise to be thrifty . . . when your budget demands economy . . . consider this:

You can make such clever, appetizing dishes with genuine Jell-O at a cost . . . ridiculously small! Bright, jewel-clear salads; flavourful entrees; thrilling relishes; scrumptious desserts—a whole world of menu thrills!

All easy to make. Easy to digest. Certain to turn out right if you make sure of using Jell-O—genuine Jell-O—none other. Many flavours from which to choose—(the newest is that lovely green Lime)—each package sealed by a special process to preserve the gorgeous flavour of the pure fruit flavour.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

JELLO

MADE IN CANADA

CANADA'S MOST FAMOUS DESSERT

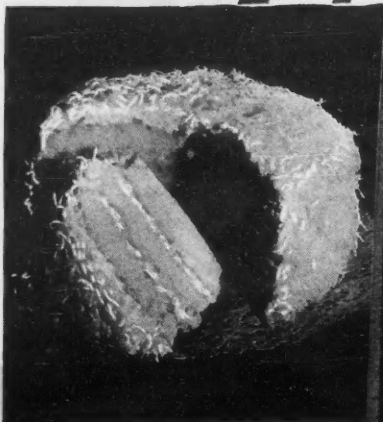
CURRENT RUBY TUMBLE

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried currants. | 1 package strawberry Jell-O. |
| 1 cup red cherry juice (from canned sour cherries). | $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. |
| 1 cup boiling water. | 2 tablespoons sugar. |

Add currants to cherry juice and cook slowly 10 minutes. Add boiling water to make 2 cups liquid. Dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Add salt and sugar. Chill until firm. Break with a spoon and pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Serves 6.

A jewel of a dessert! Deliciously different—economical!

A YEAR 'ROUND FAVOURITE



COCOONUT is a favourite at every season because you can make so many tempting desserts with it. In summer, combine it with luscious fruits—in winter, with tasty pies, cakes and puddings.

And what is more, Baker's Coconut is never out of season. Whenever you want coconut you can buy Baker's with all the goodness of fresh newly-opened nuts protected for you by the Baker special process and packing.

Baker's Coconut is made in Canada—Baker's Southern Style—in tins, Baker's Premium Shred—in packages, Baker's Snowdrift—by the pound.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE (3 eggs)

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1 can Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake with coconut while frosting is still soft.

BAKER'S COCONUT

A5-81M

Write for free
recipe book to
Consumer Service
Dept., General Foods,
Limited, Cobourg, Ont.

The Paris Letter

Continued from page 11

shoulders when there isn't actually a cape.

Molyneux is about the only house where you do not find the little dinner jacket in velvet or embroidered satin. Elsewhere it is still going strong though diminished in size. It has dwindled so that sometimes it is just a mess jacket minus the point behind. It sits right on the top of the waistline with a glittery diamond button or buckle in front to close it. None I saw were in the color of the frock underneath, and lots were lovely contrasting pastel shades, if that kind of shade may ever be said to be contrasting.

Evening coats are long, right down to the skirt hem—romantic looking things in velvet; or they are sort of halfway affairs. Loads of them show intricate ruching and smocking to take the place of f.r. Great ruched collars with ruching around the shoulders to give the effect of a dolman. If fur is added it is added in strips. There are also lovely evening jackets in the new brocades with small patterns that recall Persian embroideries in the matter of the design and the colors involved.

Separate blouses everywhere, and what a consolation that is when one's dress budget is limited. Lanvin shows them for evening wear, exquisitely embroidered things or just in silver lamé worn with black crêpe skirts sometimes sunpleated. The blouses are sleeveless and cut low, fashioned exactly as if they were the detachable upper part of an evening frock.

COATS for street wear when they are short are either basques or boleros, or they are not coats at all but little fur shoulder capes. Of course, the latter are only for wear when the first cold comes.

The basques fit snugly to the waist, fasten usually with one button and the very smartest have some sort of peplum effect around the hips. Sometimes this peplum is frilled behind and scooped up and plain in front. Lots of them have suggestions of the dolman sleeve or a bit of a cape that just hugs the shoulders. When they are trimmed with fur, it is in strips, narrowish strips of flat fur, astrakhan or shaved lamb or seal or beaver.

Just a word about details of trimming. To begin with, buttons are lavishly used, and especially metal buttons on wool, daytime things, and strass buttons in the evening. Coats incidentally are actually buttoned. No longer will one have to concentrate on keeping them closed and with just the proper drape.

Everything that could possibly be belted is belted and widely. Patent leather and suede are used, but the newest belts such as Lanvin shows are all metal. I remember a hyacinth blue crêpe belted with silver, buckled behind with diamonds.

Fancy ruchings and shirrings decorate both coats and frocks. Artificial flowers sometimes outline an evening neckline or perch on a shoulder strap.

The New Eugenie Frocks are Shown First in Chatelaine Patterns

The Chatelaine takes pleasure in announcing that it has secured the first release in Canada of patterns of the Empress Eugenie styles. In Paris the Eugenie model has created the greatest sensation in years. The Eugenie sleeve—the Eugenie neckline—the Eugenie moulding of the hip and waistline—have been acclaimed by the couturiers and adapted by them in their most sophisticated models. Until now no dress patterns of the new styles have been issued in Canada, but The Chatelaine offers advance models this month at no increase in the normal popular price—15 cents.

Turn to Page 77 for the first showing in Canada of the Empress Eugenie style patterns.

The Romance in Your Pantry

Continued from page 24

of the palm trees, who pick the dates from the bunches and put them to dry under the tropic sun. On the backs of camels the boxes of fruit finally go to the nearest port.

Of all the foods assembled in your pantry few are so universally popular as chocolate. Europe knew nothing of it until the early Spanish explorer returned from Mexico with tales of a delicious chocolate drink prepared by the natives. By 1656 it was possible to secure the beverage in London. "In Bishops-gate St., in Queen's Head Alley, at a Frenchman's house is an excellent West India drink called chocolate." Some years later a killjoy in *The Spectator* wrote a warning against using it: "I shall advise my fair readers to be in particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels and the like inflamers." Chocolate and cocoa are secured from the beans of the cacao tree which grows in the West Indies, Brazil, Ecuador, British West Africa, the Gold Coast, the Cameroons, and Ceylon.

The coffee for your fragrant morning beverage has also travelled many leagues from the country of its origin, which may be South America, the West Indies, Africa, India, Java, Borneo or the Philippines. In the first place, coffee is supposed to have come from Africa, its use spreading later to

Constantinople and from thence to Europe.

To watch tea growing, you would have to cross the Pacific and visit the countries of China, Japan, Formosa, Java or Ceylon. Both black and green tea come from the same bushes, the only difference being that the former is allowed to ferment in order to develop flavor, while the latter is not. As there is no mechanical means of harvesting the tea leaves, every man, woman and child turns out to do the picking. Although tea has been used as a beverage in the Orient for many centuries, it was not known in Europe until Portuguese traders brought it from the East, declaring it to be "extremely wholesome against phlegm, languor and a promoter of longevity."

These are only a few of the products that have come to your table from distant parts of the globe. Gone forever are the days when bold buccaneers and adventurers sailed uncharted seas, but the era that has followed is none the less romantic. Indeed few things are as absorbing as the recent growth of commerce with its swift merchantmen, its cables running along the ocean floor, and its wonderful methods of distribution. It is owing to this extraordinary development that the choice products of the tropics have found their way to your pantry.



To think that our Sunny Romance started with a Storm!

Will I ever forget the storm last summer that indirectly made Hugh—handsome, successful and brilliant—take an unexpected interest in me, modest and rather quiet? Secretly I wanted to interest him, but there never seemed any way until the day of that terrific thunderstorm.

Our crowd went up to the cottage with a week-end supply of food. Everybody swam and danced—and ate—lots. Just as we were ready to start back home Sunday afternoon, a storm came up. It rained in sheets for hours. There we all sat—getting hungrier by the minute! Some of the men were actually grumpy—especially when they found out that the only food left was a few odds and ends.

Then—I remembered a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine I had seen in the kitchen. "Fine," I thought, "Knox Gelatine is wonderful for making big, main dishes from left-overs, why not make a Knox dish now?"

I did . . . and it was delicious. It saved the day—and everyone's disposition. From that very week Hugh paid me his attention. "What started all the sudden interest?" I asked him the night he proposed. "Listen, youngster," he said solemnly, "Any girl that knows the economy trick of taking one cup of left-over meat and making a big dish that tastes like a million dollars should have a permanent kitchen in a home of mine!" Here is the dish that fed our crowd of six.

MEAT LOAF (6 Servings)

- 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup stock, well seasoned
- 1/2 onion, peeled and sliced
- 1/2 stalk celery
- 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice
- 1 cup chopped cold cooked veal, ham, beef or chicken
- 2 tablespoonfuls canned pimentos, cut in thin strips.
- 1 teaspoonful finely chopped parsley

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add onion and celery to stock, bring to the boiling point, let boil three minutes, strain and pour over soaked gelatine. Add lemon juice, cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add meat, pimentos and chopped parsley. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove from mold, and cut in slices for serving.

Knox is ideal for salads, desserts and main dishes because it has no sweetening, flavoring or coloring to interfere with the natural tastes of the foods you use. It is economical: one package contains enough to make four different dishes, six servings each.

FREE Knox Recipe Books abound in delightful recipes for desserts and salads for every occasion.

Knox Gelatine
Dept. C. 140 St-Paul Street W., Montreal.

Please send me FREE copies of your Recipe Books.

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Questions Mothers Ask Me

by MARGARET LAINE

WHILE forwarding to me various letters from young mothers who are seeking advice upon the many complications that continually arise during the rearing of the average baby, the sympathetic heart of the editor of *The Chatelaine* was touched. It occurred to her that perhaps other mothers who had not written might also be striving to solve the same problems, and might be glad of the information that was being sent to others. She has therefore asked me to write an article, which will answer, in brief, some of the most important questions that have been asked me. Of course it is impossible to give detailed information in such a short space, and only the most essential facts can be stated.

Among the questions asked have been the following:

How Long Should a Baby sleep?

That depends a great deal upon the age of the baby. During the first three or four months of life a baby should sleep practically all the time, only remaining awake long enough to be washed, fed, and otherwise attended to. As a rule, the more a baby sleeps the stronger and fatter he grows. Therefore he should be encouraged to do as much as possible. After that time he will probably remain awake for an hour in the morning and another hour in the afternoon, and after six months it is usually impossible to keep him in his cot during the entire day. As the months pass, baby's sleeping period becomes shorter and shorter but, in addition to an unbroken sleep at night, he should have at least two naps a day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, up to the end of the first year. His "night" of course will commence immediately after his feeding at six p.m., although he will be wakened for another feeding at ten p.m. During the second year, a nap in the afternoon will usually be found sufficient, the one in the morning being omitted.

How Much Should Baby Weigh?

Babies vary a great deal in weight, even though they may be perfectly healthy, due often to the size and strength of the parents and to prenatal conditions. Climatic conditions may also have some effect, for the weight of the average baby at birth is undoubtedly greater on this continent than in the British Isles—just as there is also an increase in the average height. In this country, the weight of the average child at birth is from seven to eight pounds—in England, from six and a half to eight pounds. Baby then loses weight for the first few

days, but should weigh at the end of the first week the same as at birth. From that time, up to the end of the first month, he should gain at the rate of half a pound a week and, after that time, at the rate of one pound a month for the first year.

How Often Should a Baby Be Fed?

That is a question best answered by the physician in charge of each particular case. Formerly it was usual to feed a baby, during the first few months of life, every two hours during the day and every four hours during the night, the intervals between the daytime feedings being gradually lengthened to three hours, at three months, and to four hours at six or seven months. A few doctors still adhere to that plan, but it is more general now to feed every three hours during the day, from the commencement, some doctors, when baby is quite strong and healthy, even preferring a four hour period. This gives baby longer time for a more complete digestion and is also easier for the mother. Some babies, being weaker, require to be fed more frequently. The most important thing to remember in the feeding of babies is that the time decided upon should be strictly adhered to, otherwise baby will certainly suffer from indigestion and other ills.

For How Long Should a Baby Have a Sun Bath?

Sun bathing has now become a very important factor in producing and retaining good health, in infants as well as in adults, and should be indulged in whenever possible. Baby's sun baths should be commenced as early as May, or even sooner if weather conditions permit, and continued as late into the summer as it is possible to do without danger of cold. One of the most generally used systems of sun bathing is that called the three and nine minutes treatment. The baby—unclothed, of course—is exposed for three minutes only for nine consecutive days. Three minutes daily is then added to the time, making six minutes for another nine days, then three more minutes added, making nine minutes for another nine days, then twelve minutes for nine days; and so on, adding three minutes to the time of exposure every nine days. In this way there is no danger of sunburn and only the good effects of the ultra-violet rays are experienced. For those who can afford to do so, the purchase of an ultra-violet ray lamp for use during the winter months, would undoubtedly pay big dividends in the matter of increased health, not only for baby but also for the other members of the family. They are not

Even the whitest teeth are prey of PYORRHEA

No matter how flashing white your teeth may look, even now pyorrhea may be at work in your mouth.

For this insidious disease of the gums works down the roots, between teeth and gums, without warning of its vicious presence. It comes to four out of five people past the age of forty—but years may pass before tender bleeding gums tell you that pyorrhea is destroying the health of your mouth.

*Don't wait for warning;
seek protection now!*

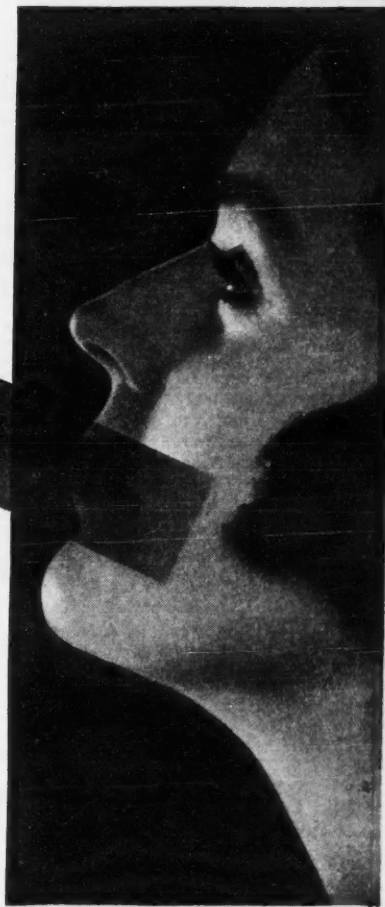
If tender or bleeding gums give you warning of pyorrhea, go to your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's twice daily without delay. If pyorrhea has not yet fastened itself upon you, keep yourself on the safe side by making a regular habit of Forhan's.

*Don't gamble with
your dentifrice*

Forhan's is unique among dentifrices. In addition to cleaning the teeth and bringing back their natural beauty and whiteness, Forhan's will: Protect your health by keeping dangerous infections from your mouth. Clean your teeth without danger to the enamel, as Forhan's is free from dangerous abrasives. Stimulate the tissues of the mouth, harden the gums, reduce inflammation, or prevent it, and bring back the coral glow of health to the gums. It also causes loose teeth to tighten by its astringent action on spongy tissue.

You can give your teeth and gums no finer care in the home than the use of Forhan's. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for 26 years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Astringent, widely used by dentists in the treatment of this dread disease. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

FALSE TEETH ARE A
GREAT INVENTION
BUT KEEP YOUR OWN
AS LONG AS YOU CAN



*False teeth often follow pyorrhea,
which comes to four people out of
five past the age of 40*



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

Chatelaine Patterns

may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favourite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.

List of Chatelaine Pattern Dealers

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Amblerburg	Walker's Stores, Limited	Orangeville	F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.	Beauharnois	J. N. Marchand
Arnprior	Walker's Stores, Limited	Orillia	Walker's Stores, Limited	Granby	Granby Se. to \$1.00 Store
Aurora	G. H. Ardell	Oshawa	W. A. Dewland, Limited	Montreal	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd., St. Catherine St. West The Teco Store, St. Catherine St. East P. Bancel & Pils Henry Morgan & Co., Limited Madame L. D. Serres, 4273 St. Antoine Street, W. Mad. G. Cullivier, 5663 Hedley Street.
Aylmer	Walker's Stores, Limited	Ottawa	L. W. Bell, 163-767 Bank Street Murphy-Gamble, Limited Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Montebello	R. O. Quesnel
Barris	Walker's Stores, Limited	Owen Sound	Bunt's Limited	Pontiac	David Gourd, AMOS Co.
Bellefleur	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Parkhill	White & May Co.	Quebec	Jules Gauvin, Ltd. Adelard Laliberte, 124 Dur- ocher Street Meile C. Picard, 1239 St. Vallier Street
Bowmanville	Walker's Stores, Limited	Palmerston	F. A. Ashmore	St. Andre, Avellan	M. O. Quesnel
Brampton	F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.	Paris	Mrs. D. L. Dennis	Sherbrooke	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Brantford	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Pembroke	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	St. Hyacinthe	Emile LaRoche, 14 Rue Bourlages
Brockville	Levelette's Store Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Peterborough	Richard Hall, Limited Canadian Department Stores, Limited		NEW BRUNSWICK
Carleton Place	Walker's Stores, Limited	Pictou	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Campbellton	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Chatham	Spencer Stone, Limited Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Pickering	M. S. Chapman	Moncton	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Chebourg	B. R. Heaslip	Port Arthur	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Saint John	F. A. Dykeman Department Store
Collingwood	Walker's Stores, Limited	Renfrew	Walker's Stores, Limited	Fredericton	B. L. Black
Cornwall	Walker's Stores, Limited	Simcoe	Walker's Stores, Limited		NOVA SCOTIA
Dresden	R. W. Tyrell	St. Catharines	Walker's Stores, Limited Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Glace Bay	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Dryden	H. J. Pronger	Smiths Falls	S. M. Aboud	Halifax	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Dundas	F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.	Stayner	F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.	Sydney Mines	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
Durham	A. Graham The Variety Store	Strathroy	Walker's Stores, Limited	Sydney	Canadian Department Stores, Limited
East Windsor	M. H. Nessel	St. Marys	The White & May Co.		MANITOBA
Englehart	M. S. Ireland	Stratford	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Brandon	West of England Dress Goods Co.
Fergus	Steele Brothers	St. Thomas	J. H. Gould, Limited	Morris	Jewel Stores Limited
Forest	Forest Farmer's Trading Co.	Sault Ste. Marie	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Neepawa	Jewel Stores Limited
Galt	Walker's Stores, Limited	Sudbury	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Winnipeg	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Guelph	G. B. Ryan & Co., Ltd.	Thessalon	Buchanan Bros.		SASKATCHEWAN
Hamilton	The T. Eaton Co., Limited MacFarlane's Dry Goods London Dry Goods, Ltd. N. Westing Rogers Dry Goods, 1109 Main Street, E. Enterprise Store, 765 Barton St. Thomas C. Watkins, Ltd., The Right House	Tillsonburg	Walker's Stores, Limited	Regina	West of England Dress Goods Co. The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Hanover	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	Toronto	Mrs. Richardson, Kingston Rd. at Bingham Ave. The T. Eaton Co., Limited Miss I. A. Corner, 244 Carlton Street Sharpe's Fancy Goods, 653 St. Clair W. Stutta Dry Goods, 978 Bathurst Street Smiths Dry Goods, 2037 Dufferin Street Gardners Dry Goods, 1697 St. Clair W. Mrs. C. Chapman, 1912 Gerrard Street Crane's Dry Goods, 1038 Pappe Avenue Caldwell's Dry Goods, 675 Danforth Avenue Miss Mary Torrance, 2300 Bloor Street, W. Horswoods Dry Goods, 980 Bloor Street W. Young's Dry Goods, 3425 Yonge St. Hollywoods Dry Goods, 1534 Yonge Street. Sheffels Dry Goods Store, 2813 Dundas Street W.	Saskatoon	The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Huntsville	Canadian Department Stores, Limited			Whitewood	The Whitewood Trading Co., Ltd.
Kincardine	Lampman's Dept. Store			Lloydminster	H. C. Messum
Kingsville	Pickard's Dept. Stores			Moose Jaw	Binning's (Moose Jaw) Ltd. The T. Eaton Co., Limited
Kingston	John Laidlaw & Son, Ltd., 170 Princess Street				ALBERTA
Kitchener	Gouldie's, Limited, Depart- ment Store Canadian Department Stores, Limited			Calgary	West of England Dress Goods Co. The T. Eaton Co., Limited
London	R. J. Young & Co., Ltd. Paris Silk Shop, 674 Dundas Street, E.			Blackie	J. A. Macdonald
Lindsay	Canadian Department Stores, Limited			Edmonton	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
Markdale	F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.			Lethbridge	The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
Markham	H. S. Beive			Medicine Hat	The Teco Store
Midland	Canadian Department Stores, Limited				BRITISH COLUMBIA
Napanee	Canadian Department Stores, Limited			New Westminster	W. S. Collister, Ltd.
Niagara Falls	Canadian Department Stores, Limited			Prince Rupert	H. S. Wallace & Co., Ltd.
Newmarket	The Toronto Jobbing Co.			Vernon	Jerry Eaton Store
New Toronto	Kelch's Stores, 804 Lake Shore Rd.			Salmon Arm	G. De Scott
North Bay	Canadian Department Stores, Limited Walker's Stores, Limited			Vancouver	Mrs. Martha Allard, 3006 W. Broadway
				Woodstock	Walker's Stores, Limited Canadian Department Stores, Limited

free corner, d tr in next petal, sl st across same blk and next blk to free corner, ch 6, d in next petal, ch 11, tr in 6th st from hook, tr in corner of next blk of 1st row, ch 3, miss 2 sts of ch of 1st row, s in 3rd st, ch 3, tr in corner of next blk of 1st row, ch 3, s in 4th st of 6 ch, ch 3, tr in tr, and tr tr in 4th st of 9 ch of last row, blk on tr and ch, ch 5, tr tr at end of row. Ch 6, s in 3rd st of 5 ch, ch 3, tr in corner of blk, tr in corner of blk, of 1st row, ch 3, s in 3rd st of ch of 1st row, ch 3, s in 4th st of 6th ch, ch 2, fasten to end of 1st row. Do not break thread, but work row of d over inner edge of lace and when sewing to linen take up only the back loop of d of both edges, leaving front loops to show on right side making a very neat joining.

Edge of lace—Join thread to 3rd st of ch between blocks on last row, (ch 7, catch back in 4th for picot, ch 3, d in 4th st of 7 ch) 5 times. (Ch 7, p in 4th st, ch 3) this is called a picot loop, d in 3rd st of next ch, picot loop, tr in 4th st of 7 ch at centre, picot loop (p l) tr in same place, p l, d in 3rd st of next ch, (p l, d in 4th st of next 7 ch) 5 times, p l d in 3rd st of next ch and repeat around, making 15 p l on each scallop.

Point Lace

THIS lace makes a very pretty trim for pillow cases, ends of dresser or buffet scarfs and refreshment cloths. Or the points may be made separately and used as inserts in the corners or sides of a refreshment cloth and the edge finished with the row of spaces and the edge of lace, first working over the edge with d c. This would make a very pretty cloth with a minimum of time and labor. For pillow cases use No. 40 hard-twist mercerized crochet thread and a No. 12 hook and 60 thread for a refreshment cloth, with a No. 12 or 13 hook. As fine a hook as will carry the thread without splitting should always be used.

1st row—Ch 17, tr in 8th st from hook, (ch 2, skip 2 sts, tr in next st) 3 times.

2nd row—Ch 5, (for 1st sp), 7 tr, ch 2, tr in 3rd st of ch at end of row, ch 2, d tr in same stitch.

3rd row—Ch 6, tr in d tr, 2 sps, 7 tr, 1 sp.

4th row—3 sps, 7 tr, ch 2, tr in 3rd st of ch, ch 2, d tr in same st.

5th row—Ch 6, tr in d tr, 2 sps, 7 tr, 3 sps.

6th row—1 sp, 7 tr, (ch 3, skip 2 tr, d in 3rd tr, ch 3, skip 2 sts, tr in next st) this is called a lacet, 6 more tr, ch 2, tr in 3rd st, ch 2, d tr in same st.

7th row—Ch 6, tr in d tr, 2 sps, 7 tr, (ch 5, skip lacet, tr in next tr) this is called an open lacet or bar, 6 more tr, 1 sp.

8th row—3 sps, lacet (l) bar (skipping 5 of 7 tr, tr in last tr) 6 more tr, ch 2, tr in 3rd st, ch 2, d tr in same st.

9th row—Ch 6, tr in d tr, 2 sps, 7 tr, lacet, bar, 3 sps.

10th row—Ch 5, 7 tr, lacet, bar, lacet, 7 tr, ch 2, tr in 3rd st, ch 2, d tr in same st.

11th row—Ch 6, tr in d tr, 2 sps, 7 tr, bar, lacet, bar, 7 tr, 1 sp.

12th row—3 sps, (7 tr, 2 sps) twice making tr after 1st sp a little longer to reach down to centre of lacet in this way: Thread over hook, insert hook in d of lacet, draw thread through, making 3 loops on hook. Work off 1 loop, then 2 loops twice. 7 tr, ch 2, tr in 3rd st, ch 2, d tr in same st.

13th row—Ch 6, tr in d tr, 2 sps (7 tr, 2 sps) twice, 7 tr, 3 sps.

14th row—15 sps, ch 2, tr in 3rd st, ch 2, d tr in same st.

15th row—Ch 6, tr in d tr, 3 sps. Repeat from 2nd row.

Edge—Work 2 d in 1st sp of point, d in tr, 2 d in next sp, d in tr, picot of 4 sts fastened back in d * 2 d in next sp, skip tr and next sp, and in next tr work (1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr, p of 4 sts fastened back in the 1st st, ch 1, tr ch 2, tr) skip sp and tr, 2 d in the next sp, d and p in tr, and repeat from * around point, working 3 groups of tr at point separated only by d in tr. After last p on side work 2 d in sp, d in tr, 2 d in last sp and repeat from beginning for next point.

If this lace is used on pillow cases the ends will be joined together, but if used on towels or dresser scarfs, it should begin with a ch of 11 sts, tr in 8th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2 sts, tr in last st. Turn. Ch 5, tr in tr, ch 2, tr in 3rd st of ch, ch 2, d tr in same st. Turn. Ch 6, tr in d tr, 3 sps and continue working from 2nd row.

Novelties for Christmas

Continued from page 28

cloth is 34 inches square. Fine cream cotton, linen finished, stamped ready for working is 85 cents. Cottons for working are 15 cents. Three color bias binding, as shown in the illustration, is 60 cents. If preferred, plain bias binding may be secured instead for 30 cents. Cream Irish linen, ready stamped, instead of the cotton, is \$1.35.

Boudoir Pillows No. C40 are really exquisite in design and coloring. On one, the rising sun, and on the other, the moon and stars, drift in a pale blue sky. The designs are worked in the simplest of stitches—running stitch. The pillows also come stamped on heavy black Venetian satin for your chesfield. Their size is 18 inches. The stamped blue art taffeta, complete with back, is 65 cents for each pillow. If blue silk taffeta or black Venetian satin is preferred, the price is \$1.00 each. Silks for working are 10 cents. Cushion forms are 55 cents each.

The Garden Picture No. C32, is quite the loveliest thing imaginable. This sweet, old-fashioned picture is made up of satin stitch, French knots and a few lazy daisies. The size is 9 x 12 inches. Stamped on sampler linen, it is 35 cents. The silks are 30 cents.

Rose Nightdress Case No. C36, is as beautiful as it is practical. The case really masquerades as a boudoir pillow, and makes a charming ornament for the bed. It may be made entirely by machine, if desired, just adding the pollen centre by hand. On soft art taffeta, in blue, pink or mauve, complete with pollen for centre, ribbon drawstrings, and instructions for making, the case is 95 cents.

Nursery Spread No. C31 will be loved by every little boy and girl who snuggles beneath it. It comes complete with bolster

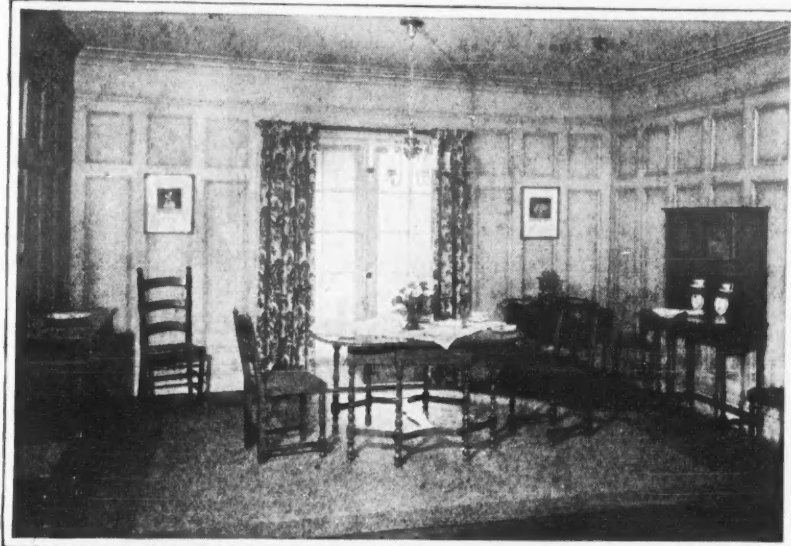
in one piece. A variety of simple stitches is used, but if desired the larger flowers may be worked solid. The size is 43 x 60 inches. Stamped on heavy English jaspé, it is \$1.25. The cottons for working are 20 cents. Three color bias fold, used opened out to full width for edges, as shown, is 30 cents.

Baby's big No. C34 is gay with baby's favorite rhyme. The size is 10 x 14 inches, and it is worked on soft English jaspé—10 cents. Cottons for working are 7 cents, and the bias binding is 10 cents.

English Cottage Cozy No. C30 brings the scented charm of an English countryside to your tea table. This piece is particularly suitable for a beginner, for being worked chiefly in running and chain stitches, it finishes encouragingly quickly. Stamped on fine cream cotton, linen finished, the cozy is 35 cents. Stamped on brown Irish linen, it is 55 cents. Cottons to work are 20 cents.

Breakfast Tray Set No. C35 would make a charming gift for the invalid or for any woman who loves to breakfast occasionally in bed. The very gayest of blooms have been chosen for this little set. The tray cloth, 14 x 24 inches, the cozy, 9 x 12, serviette and egg cozy, come stamped on yellow, green or white Irish linen, the set for \$1. Cottons to work are 25 cents. The cozy form is fifty cents. We do not supply a form for the egg cozy. This is simply made of a little cotton wool, felt or flannel.

When ordering, please remit by postal note or money order. If you prefer to send a cheque it is necessary to add fifteen cents to cover exchange charged by bank. All prices include postage. Order handicrafts from: Miss Marie Le Cerf, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

MY DINING ROOM and living room are separated by an archway with blue velour curtains. The woodwork is brown maple, wall paper has green background with deep rose, purple, gold and blue flowers in it, window side curtains are of taffeta, gold, rose and blue striped. Regarding the living room, the rug has a grey background with a small pattern of blue rose and black. Furniture is mahogany and I am considering buying a chesterfield suite. I was thinking of grey or blue covering. What would you suggest?

The dining room has a brown linoleum rug, brown furniture, two brown wicker chairs and a black leather couch. I was thinking of changing the side curtains in this room and cannot decide what would look best. The cupboard is an old-fashioned tall one with glass doors on the top part. I have cream and gold shelving paper on the shelves and plates leaned up against the back. Would you advise painting this cupboard table and six dining room chairs? If so, what color would you advise, and what color for side curtains? You see, the woodwork, wall paper, side curtains and arch curtains are the same in these two rooms.

I BELIEVE that with the preponderance of blue which you already have in the curtaining of your rooms, a chesterfield suite in grey would be more effective, if you wish to choose between those two colors. It seems to me, however, that something a little warmer would be better. Mulberry would be very good with the scheme you have at present, or a one-tone mixture of mulberry and rose.

A deep blue might be very effective for the painting of your dining room, with a line of lavender or gold for relief. For curtains, the gold in the paper, in a metallic type of art silk would be effective.

Floors and Curtains

WE HAVE just bought a new house and I would greatly appreciate your suggestions on the following:

1. Hardwood floors. Would you advise oak or maple, wide or narrow boards? Have you any idea as to the relative expense of laying the floor plainly or in a simple design as sketched, and the effectiveness of each? How should floors be finished without varnish?

2. Curtains. Living room and dining room, joined by an archway, are papered with a grey tinted paper. My chesterfield suite is tapestry with brown ground and colored design. Other furniture—walnut. We would like to repaper, but may not be able to until next year. What would you suggest for glass curtains and drapes or would you have tie-backs? The house is set well back on a lawn with trees and a hedge all around.

I SHOULD advise, for everyday use and ease of keeping in good condition, a narrow-board oak floor. Floors may be filled, stained with water stain and lac-

quered, then sandpapered and waxed, if you wish to avoid varnish. The cost of laying the floor in the block design you sketch would be considerably more expensive than the straight planking, dependent on your local carpentering facilities. I could not give you an exact estimate on the difference in cost, as this varies according to facilities for work of the type as well as workmanship. The best plan is to get estimates from various people on both types of work.

With a brown chesterfield suite, a linen-weave paper in tan would be effective. Chintz draperies, taking in the color design shades of the furniture would be a good choice.

An Apartment Living Room

PLEASE may I ask you for some advice regarding the living room in the new apartment to which I am moving next month? I enclose a drawing of it, showing measurements and layout. A darling little old chair is upholstered in a dull blue and silvery silk, the chesterfield is upholstered in a sort of dull old gold tapestry, with the edges piped in deep blue velvet, and the sofa and small chair have slip covers of the shadow cloth, a sample of which I enclose. The wing chair is to have a new slip cover, which brings me to the first question. What would you advise for it? I want it to look different from the other two pieces, and had thought of a shub repp in warm golden brown and henna stripes on a neutral ground for it. The rug is deep blue, with a border and very little design on it of a beige tone prevailing, and what colors there are, are henna, light blue, mauve, and different shades of dull rose. The walls of the room are a creamy yellow, the woodwork and floor oak.

The window is an odd shape and is my biggest problem. What style of draperies would you suggest? The windows are casement style opening inwards, and I will put glass curtains with rods top and bottom. What do you think of gold art silk? I suppose cream filet net would not be so suitable for the casement windows.

I believe that the striped material you have in mind for the wing chairs is a little too vivid for the rest of the material in the room—perhaps not so much vivid as strong. Stripes I should certainly have, but I'd avoid the lustiness of henna, rather trying for something closer to the soft "off" browns of the shadow cloth and chintz, with some blue also in keeping.

That window can be beautifully curtained with some of the special curved rods which are available at any of the big shops. I am sending you a sketch, showing my idea for its drapery.

I like the idea of gold artificial silk for the casements, and agree that the filet would not be so suitable.

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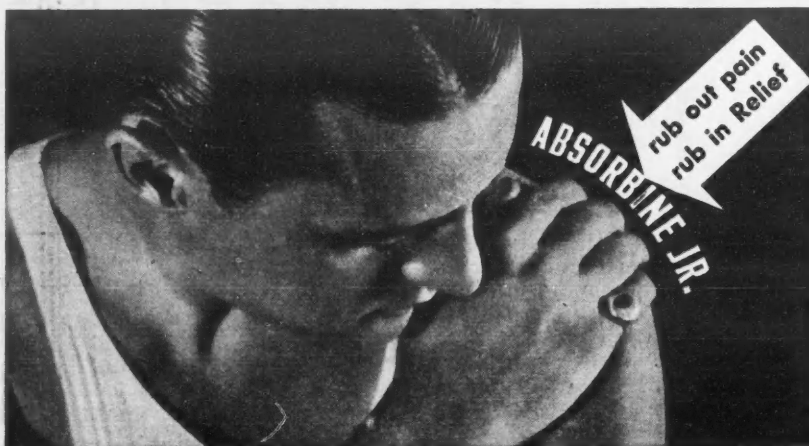
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difficult to operate and can be attached to any electric light socket.

When Should Baby Cut His Teeth?

Teething, or dentition as it is called, varies very much in different babies. There is a normal period, of course, but if baby does not exactly follow the rules laid down, the mother should not worry unnecessarily. Should the appearance of the teeth be very much delayed, however, it would be well to inform the doctor who will determine whether any other symptoms of rickets may be present. If baby has been properly and scientifically fed, such a condition is not likely to develop unless it has been inherited from the mother herself.

The following is the usual, and also the correct way for the first teeth to make their appearance:

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| Sixth Month | —two centre lower teeth. |
| Seventh Month | —two centre upper teeth |
| Ninth Month | —one upper tooth on each side of those already there. |
| Tenth Month | —one lower tooth on each side of those already there. |

The four first molars and the four canines follow at the twelfth and eighteenth month respectively.

How And When Should Baby Be Weaned?

The weaning of baby, and the giving of any kind of artificial food, is such an important subject that a special article has been written about it. It will appear in the November number of *The Chatelaine*.

Built to Fit

Continued from page 26

the living-dining room, or the desk dressing-table for the one-room apartment—and one may have them made with gadgets to one's taste by the unpainted furniture manufacturer. The combined kitchen cabinet and desk is a useful thing for the housewife who signs cheques for tradesmen, makes out shopping lists and takes her recipe books seriously. It is a wall fixture with an apron which can be raised for a desk surface, or lowered out of the way at will. Even breakfast-nook sets with twin settles can be purchased in unpainted furniture, as can settles for firesides and inglenooks.

It is amazing how adaptable to new surroundings these incidental special pieces can be. I have one specially built piece of furniture which has lived three separate lives since its beginning, and I am not sure whether its versatility has been exhausted even now. It is a sort of cupboard-bookcase, the upper half being equipped with shelves, the lower part, slightly projecting, covered by doors which hide deeper stow-away shelves. At first it was a living room piece. Later it became the nucleus of a small informal dining room set in the guise of china-cabinet and linen press. It is now again a bookcase in a man's bedroom where its lower shelves are a most welcome storage place for unsightly but necessary papers and stationery, and a little lowboy has been made to match it. I know of no conventional piece of furniture which could so aptly have played its various rôles, because being of reasonable stained wood, it has been possible to stain unpainted furniture to match it.

The tired business man with a little knowledge of carpentry is often only too glad to divert himself with the fabricating of odd pieces of home-made furniture which may be needed, and there is no end to the easy and interesting things which one may plan and work out for convenience and attractiveness. A window-seat, a little wall case for the folding ironing board, box-stands in which to set flowering plants, sewing boxes, radiator tops, narrow hanging shelves for walls and corners, wall brackets for lamps or pots of trailing ivy—all are within the scope of the home carpenter. If he is not interested, they may always be made at small cost by the local handyman, but it is a great deal more fun to have them under construction at home.

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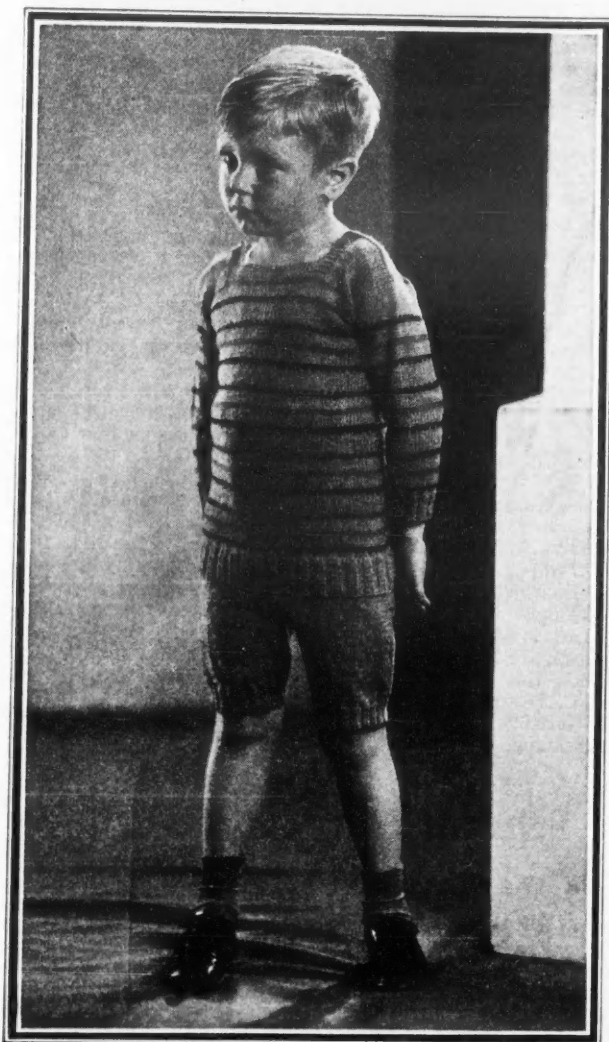
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FOR THE SMALL SON

by ELSIE GALLOWAY

A knitted snit in warm reds and sands which is simple to make, and warm and comfortable to wear

THIS little suit, so easily made, will no doubt be welcomed by many a mother as a bit of pick-up work for odd moments, for with very little effort an attractive and comfortable outfit for the wee laddie may be fashioned by her nimble fingers. The suit which was designed for a child four or five years of age requires ten-ounce balls of medium weight sweater yarn—eight balls of sand color, one ball of brown, and one ball of red; a set of No. 8 and a set of No. 10 celluloid or bone knitting needles or any size making 7 sts and 8 rows to the inch.

The pullover measures 16½ inches long in centre of back, and 10½ across above ribbed rows, and the sleeve is 12 inches long at seam. The pants are 14½ inches long at the side and 13½ inches across top when folded.

Pullover

Using No. 8 needles and sand-colored yarn, cast on 68 sts for back and knit ribbed for 2 inches thus: K2 sts and purl 2 sts for 16 rows. Then change to stocking st and k 1 row and p 1 row. *Join the brown yarn and k 1st st with sand and next st with brown, and thus alternately across row. Purl next row with brown alone. Purl next row with sand and continue in stocking st till there are 5 rows of sand. Join red and k 1 row and purl 1 row. Then 5 rows of sand which brings yarn to left of needle on right side. Leave it there and k 1 row with brown. Purl next row with brown and sand, alternately making 1st st of brown, 8 rows sand,

and repeat from * till work measures 12½ inches from beginning. That should make 2 rows of sand after 4th red stripe. Now to shape armhole, decrease 1 st at each end of knitted row 5 times by knitting 2nd and 3rd sts from each end of needle together. Then continue without decreasing till there are 10 brown stripes and 5 red stripes. Break off red and brown yarns and with sand k 1 row. *Next row p 13 sts, k 32 sts, p 13 sts. K next row, and repeat from * twice.

Next row p 13 sts, k 5 sts, and slip them off on an extra needle. Bind off 22 sts for the neck, k 4 sts, p 13 sts and on these 18 sts (k 1 row and next row k 5 sts and p 13 sts) 8 times for shoulder. Bind off loosely on right side. Knit the other shoulder in the same way, beginning at neck edge.

Front. Make same as back till there are 9 brown stripes and 5 red stripes. Then break off brown and red yarns and make neck and shoulder in same way as on back. Then finish neck edge of both pieces with a row of double crochet worked with red yarn on the right side, using a medium-sized bone hook. Face the shoulder edges with a bit of sateen or other firm washable material about 1¼ inches wide. Lap front over 4 ridges of the back and close with snap fasteners.

Sleeve. Using sand yarn pick up 64 sts around armhole, holding right side toward you and working through both front and back where they overlap on shoulder. Purl next row, and decrease 1 st at each end of needle on next 2 knit rows, leaving 60 sts on sleeve. Continue working in stocking st, decreasing 1 st at each end of needle in

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The Toy Soldier With Whiskers

Continued from page 19

stained with powder and his arm in a sling, but his mustache bristling with triumph. "Victory!" he shouted. "My company stormed a key-post and took two hundred prisoners."

"Bring them in," said Old Carl and presently two zouaves appeared leading a prisoner. He was dressed in a Hungarian uniform but his face was round and chubby, and he blinked as though he needed glasses. He also had a slight cough, a sniff and a meek mustache. He tried to protest but only got a mouthful of black paint that was intended for his mustache. Carl gave him a scar on his left cheek, a tan and a bald spot and went on to the next. This one he gave a medal, blue eyes and a Roman nose. The next got curly black hair, a drawl and fancy gloves. Inside of half an hour the whole two hundred had been retouched.

Then they were taken up to the throne room. The King sat upon the throne looking rather pale but proud and the refinished rebels were lined up in front of him. "Now," said he, "why have you disturbed the peace of this realm and drawn sword against your lawful sovereign?"

The rebel officers hung their heads till a young one with black eyes and a dimple in his chin stepped forward, dropped on one knee at the foot of the throne and exclaimed, "Majesty, we can only hope to wipe out the disgrace by giving our swords into your hand to do with as you please." He whipped his blade from its scabbard and tendered it to the King, hilt first.

"Take back your sword," said his Majesty, "and use it henceforth as a valiant and loyal officer. Do you all accept your weapons on these terms?"

The answer came unexpectedly, for a chasseur, gasping for breath, burst into the hall exclaiming, "The enemy! In the court! Five hundred dragoons and more coming!"

The King sprang to his feet. "Soldiers!" he exclaimed in a ringing voice, "We have them! Follow me!"

The newly gained troops and the castle guard poured from the hall tumultuously, some fixing their bayonets and some flourishing their guns over their heads.

Yet even now the superior numbers of the enemy seemed likely to outweigh the valor of the King's men when, over the din of firing and sword-play Old Carl shouted from the steps, "Prisoners! Prisoners to the coal chute!" The hard-pressed troops caught the idea instantly and many a captured dragoon was hauled ignominiously to the basement window and shot down the coal hole, his horse's feet sticking up in the air.

After half an hour of this the attacking party turned and fled, leaving a hundred of their troopers converted to King's men.

A great feast was proclaimed. Bonfires were lit in the courtyard around which the men sat drinking lemonade and roasting animal crackers whole over the flames, while in the royal hall the officers sat at banquet tables with ringing of glasses and song. His Metallic Majesty decorated those who had distinguished themselves, and made Captain Gingerly a Lieutenant-General and his own personal aide-de-camp.

Then he turned to Old Carl and said, "As for you, our friend, the highest honors of this country are not worthy of you. Nevertheless, by declaring you a Chevalier of the Order of the Green Stand and a Knight Banneret of the League of the Tin Sword, we hope at least to attempt to express our gratitude. Furthermore, if you will consent to remain with us forever and see to it that every new arrival in the kingdom is made into a soldier and a gentleman we shall proclaim you Lord High Guardian of the Realm. Will you consent?"

Old Carl, still in his leather apron, rose unsteadily and looked about him. He was beaming all over his face but he had to wipe a tear from the tip of his nose furtively with his whiskers. "Yes," said he, "I'll stay forever. But I'd just as lief be only Old Carl if you don't mind." *The End.*



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Our Western Heroines

Continued from page 20

women are satisfied to accept things as they are, and make the best of them in a spirit of helplessness and miserable resignation. Far from it. They are beginning to enquire why this endless drudgery with no result, why this want and starvation in the midst of plenty; why are we told that our financial and economic difficulties, our lack of proper food, clothing and shelter, are all due to overproduction?

To many women much of the so-called practical business talk is the rankest nonsense. If modern business cannot supply the needs of modern society, then something is wrong with our business system and our means of distributing what we produce. Western women have been trained in the school of pioneering to face the stern realities of life, and will not believe that improved methods of production and long hours of work should result in want and distress.

How can such things be called progress? What kind of civilization are we building up if after twenty or thirty years of hard work and careful attention to providing for the needs of a family, we are told that our homes, won from the bald prairie or bushland at so much cost, are likely to be lost to us? In what sort of a topsy-turvy world are we existing, when we are told that because we have produced more than we can sell at a price above the cost of production, we must suffer want and workers must be unemployed.

But the great economic depression from which the whole world is suffering is not the sole calamity which has overtaken Western Canada. The general drought is causing terrible and unwanted suffering. In many districts there is not sufficient water to

supply the needs of the cattle and horses; we hear of horses being shot, or else removed to the northern parts of the province where pasture and water are more abundant. Acres of good summer-fallow land are producing nothing this year because of the terrible dust storms which are blocking up the roads and burying the growing crops. Women have no fresh green vegetables for the same reason, and we are all beginning to wonder how man and beast are to be fed and cared for during the coming winter.

In the home, housecleaning is a useless task, for after hanging up fresh, clean curtains; after sweeping and polishing furniture and food, the house is again enveloped in a dust storm, the dust drifting in through every crevice. Words fail to express the feelings of the most exemplary housewife. The weekly wash day must be carefully chosen, as clouds of dust do not tend to improve the color of newly washed garments, nor, it may be added, the temper of the washerwoman! We are faced with the problem of feeding, clothing and providing shelter for the household now and during the coming winter with no crop, no cash returns for labor, little or no garden stuff either vegetables or fruit, no grain to feed poultry and other animals, and with our reserve in many cases gone. This is not an exaggerated picture; facts are not always pleasant but must be faced if we wish to avoid more exasperating conditions. We believe they can be met and overcome with courage, determination and knowledge. With these qualities the women of the West are prepared, as in the past, to prove worthy of their great heritage. But we know also that only mutual forbearance and co-operation can solve the problems we are facing.

Why I Do Not Spoil My Husband

Continued from page 14

such as I used to receive in the former days from my "beaus." In those first married months I used to recall, and try to laugh at, the remark of a very practical and older friend of mine, made shortly before I was married. I had lightly made the statement that of course I would expect my new husband to bring me flowers and candy at least once a week. "Girl," she said impressively, "you be thankful if he comes home Saturday night with a roast of beef under his arm!"

I am innately tidy, and in spite of being in the writing game, a good housekeeper—if I do say so myself!—and my husband's shocking untidiness and carelessness used to worry me fearfully at first. Hours, running no doubt into days by this time, has he spent hunting for his office keys, an important letter, his hat, coat, sport shoes, coal shovel, or a hammer! I used to help, hot in my heart, and could not avoid remarking, "Oh, Jack, if you'd only put things back where they belong, when you're through using them." This, of course, always angered Jack, and he reacted with, "There you go nagging again."

IT WAS only after some time of finding out that many other women had the same kind of husbands as I, that balm was restored to my soul and I began to learn to be a philosopher.

Not long after my marriage I went to see a friend. She had a beautiful home, everything having been built to suit its mistress. But, in spite of her cordial welcome, she had a flushed and angry look. Naturally I asked, "What's wrong?"

She replied, "I'm so vexed with Bruce. Look at my beautiful new floor there. He let the movers roll the piano this morning right across that newly finished floor, without so much as putting down a paper. Isn't it maddening?"

I looked. There was unmistakably a long

gouge in the floor where she was pointing. My heart gave a sickening thud. I knew how she felt. That mark would stand out to her view forever. No amount of otherwise perfect floor would ever condone it.

She went on. "He's always doing things like that. And he thinks I'm silly to mind."

Then, looking at me, and seeing the look of surprise on my face she blushed, and added hastily, "Oh, I know it isn't done—talking about one's husband, but I'm sick of it. This house is my domain, and I spend most of my life in it trying to keep it nice, and Bruce doesn't care in the least how my feelings are hurt about things like that. In fact, he claims he doesn't understand it. I almost left him once for a thing like that. I had my grip all packed, but a neighbor happened in and detained me, and after all"—she was beginning to smile a little now—"one can hardly leave one's husband for a thing like that. Think what the unsympathetic public would say."

But it has been done, and more wives would do it, if it weren't for our children or our respectable friends, who, not understanding, would be shocked. I read of one woman, childless, who left her husband because day after day, month after month, for years, he neglected to fix the broken front step of her farm home, always promising that he would do it soon.

I visited a bride the first year after the war. She had been a nurse overseas and her husband an officer in the army. It was a bitter winter, and the house of the chicken farm where Tommy was trying to recuperate after being a bit gassed, was cold. My first afternoon, Tommy tramped in from outside to get something, leaving the door wide open. Helen jumped to close it, for in one half minute her house would have lost all the day's heat, produced with great effort. Helen looked at me when Tommy had departed, again leaving the door open.

"Does your husband ever shut a door



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every 10th row of entire sleeve. When there are 12 rows of sand, join *brown and k 1 st of sand and next st of brown all across row, and p next row with brown alone. Then 5 rows sand, 2 rows red, 5 rows sand, 1 row brown, 1 row sand and brown, ** 8 rows sand. Repeat from * once more, then from * to **. Break off brown and red yarns and with sand work 2 rows, decreasing 1 st at each end of last row leaving 44 sts on needle.

Cuff. With No. 10 needles knit ribbed cuff thus: K 2, p 2 across row 11 times binding off on 12th row on wrong side. Finish with row of d c with red yarn. Make other sleeve in same way then sew up side seams, being careful to match stripes, and press with a moderately warm iron and slightly damp cloth.

Pants

With No. 8 needles and sand-colored yarn cast on 81 sts and k 2 ridges in garter st which is 4 rows plain knitting. 5th row (k 1, over k 2 tog) 27 times, making 27 holes. K plain for 9 rows, making 7 ridges all together. Change to stocking st and k 9 sts, turn, sl 1 st and p back to edge. K 18 sts, turn, sl 1 st and p back to edge. K 27 sts, turn, sl 1 st and p back. K 36 sts, turn, sl 1 st and p back to edge. This is the seam edge of centre back. Next row k all sts on needle and p back, increasing 1 st at end of row

and also on every 6th row. Also increase 1 st every 10th row on opposite edge which is the centre front edge, counting from beginning of stocking st.

When there are 51 rows of stocking st on front edge, increase next row at both ends of needle and every 6th row 3 times, making 99 sts and 67 rows of stocking st on front. Make 4 more rows, then decrease 1 st at each end in each k row 4 times. Then decrease at each end and also at centre of needle in next k row and every 6th row 4 times. P next row. There should be 76 sts, and 111 rows of stocking st on front part. Now with No. 10 needles knit 9 rows ribbed, k 2, p 2 all across, and bind off in 10th row on wrong side.

Finish edge with a row of d c in red yarn.

Knit the other half in same way except that when changing from garter st to stocking st, k 1 row all the way across needle, then p back 9 sts, turn, sl 1 st and k back to edge. P 18 sts, turn, sl 1 st, k back to edge. P 27 sts, turn, sl 1 st and k back to edge. P 36 sts, turn, sl 1 st and k back to edge. P next row and k back, increasing 1 st at end of row which is centre of back and also 1 st every 6th row. Continue the work same as first piece and when finished, sew centre back and centre front edges together to where decreasing begins. Then sew legs together and press.

Run elastic through row of holes at the top.

Select Your Meats Carefully

Continued from page 22

bone pinkish red in color and porous rather than flinty in texture.

Veal, lamb and pork are taken from smaller animals, and there are fewer cuts of these meats. A few trips to the market and a little experience in judging and cooking will enable the housekeeper to serve appetizing dishes with a basis of one of these varieties.

Veal is fine in texture, and delicate in flavor. It should be pink and close-fibred and show only a little fat which should be firm and white. Slow cooking at low temperature gives the best result; remember that it must be served well done, never raw or undercooked.

Lamb is a delicious food which is growing in popularity. It, like veal and pork, is best a few days after being killed, while beef is improved by being hung or cured for about three weeks. Lamb is light red in color, a darker shade indicating maturity and less delicate flavor. The fat should be pure white and not abundant, and the lean should be fine-grained, firm and juicy. Lamb is at its best about this season, but nowadays a good quality is available throughout the year, and offers many chances to provide additional variety to the menu. Spring lamb is considered a great delicacy, and a "crown roast" of lamb is one of the dishes which help to decorate the table for a gala occasion.

Pork is one of the most tender and popular meats; it is used in many ways and in many flavors, as it lends itself so well to different methods of curing and cooking. What can surpass, for versatility in the menu, a whole boiled or baked ham, or the different types of bacon, which are not only an ideal breakfast food, but have an infinite variety of other uses. Besides the well-known and more expensive roast and chops, there are a number of lower-priced cuts which may be made into appetizing dishes, and used as an ingredient in nutritious, one-dish meals so popular with the busy housewife. Pork is often used to add fat to other foods, and its use gives many such combinations distinctive flavor and savoriness. In the preparation of pork cuts, one rule holds true; use moderate heat and cook thoroughly.

As soon as meat is received in the home, the wrapping should be removed, and precautions taken to store it at low temperature until it is used. Do not wash with water, but wipe with a cloth, dampened in vinegar.

Booklets dealing with the selection and

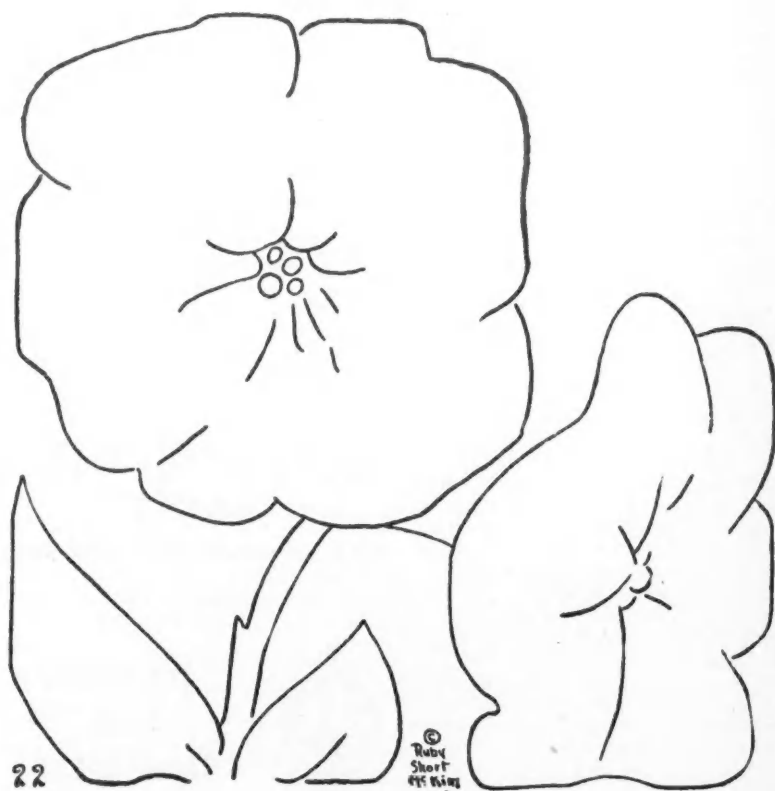
uses of different meats and charts showing the various cuts of lamb and beef are published by the Dominion Government. They are interesting and helpful to all housekeepers, and are available free of charge. No stamp is necessary on your letter; simply mark it "free," and address your request to the Department of Agriculture, Livestock Branch, Ottawa. One of these, "Beef, How to Choose and Cook It," gives the following valuable advice on the care of this meat in the home: "As soon as the beef arrives at the home, remove wrappings and check the weight on kitchen scales. Wipe meat with a cloth dampened in vinegar in order to remove any dust or other foreign material. Breaking the "sealing" of the fat—that is, the outside surface—should be avoided. Do not wash with water unless absolutely necessary, as some of the juices are lost in that way.

"If beef is not to be cooked immediately it should be placed on a porcelain, enamelware (provided it has no cracks), crockery or aluminum dish and put in a cool place. Do not place directly on ice. Iron or tin dishes should never be used for meat under any circumstances. Beef which is to be kept for several hours before cooking should be covered. If no cold place is available, do not attempt to keep beef for any length of time without cooking or partially cooking it.

"If beef is to be kept until the following day before cooking, it is a wise precaution, particularly if the refrigeration is not of the best, to adopt the treatment known as "marinating." The marinade is prepared by blending vinegar or lemon juice with olive, corn, or other vegetable oil in the proportions of one part vinegar to two or three parts oil. (Note.—In preparing a marinade for the primary purpose of softening the fibres and making the meat tender, the proportions of vinegar and oil are reversed.) A little salt and pepper and a dash of mustard may be added if desired. The meat is placed in a covered earthenware dish (metal should never be used, on account of acid), and thoroughly coated on all sides with this mixture. A pastry brush is handy for distributing the marinade and rubbing it well into the crevices.

This process not only protects the meat from the air and helps to preserve it, but the acid makes it more tender and the oil enriches it and improves the flavor. Cheap cuts are in this way rendered more palatable, while the good cuts are made even better.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN QUILT

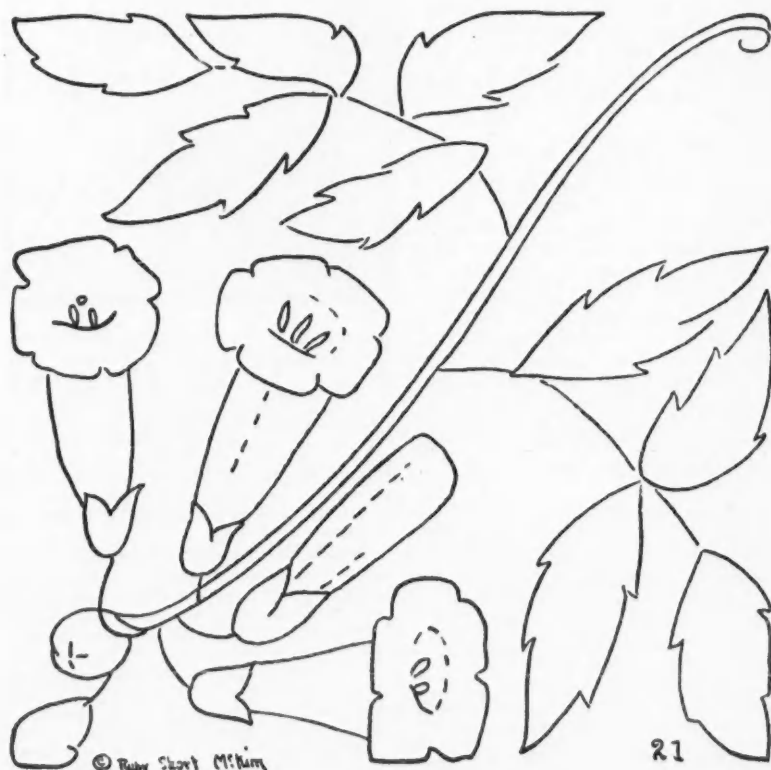


22

THE PETUNIA

The petunia has been enlarged in order that it may harmonize with the other garden flowers. Colors suggested are deep rose with white centre lines around green dots for the larger flower; lavender for the inside half of the other with the petals to the edge a shade darker purple. Stem and

leaf are medium green outline stitch. These designs are exact size to transfer through carbon paper to a seven-inch square of material and then embroider in the naturalistic colors of the flowers, using the simple, well-known stitches.



21

THE TRUMPET-VINE

To embroider, use flame color in a button-hole stitch around the faces of the flower with orange backs and yellow centres. Leaves and stem are medium green. This is charming for embroidery on pillow-slips. Have you saved all your patterns. There have been twenty-two flower blocks, a

quilting design and a picket fence border published, and there are three more flower blocks to follow to complete the quilt. Reprints of the blocks published up to July are obtainable for ten cents by writing to Editorial Department, *The Chatelaine*, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



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after him?" she asked, near despair in her tone.

"Never," I solemnly affirmed.

To my surprise she burst into tears. I could understand it, too, for though she had always been such an independent, self-sufficient type of girl, she was finding it almost impossible to adjust her life to that of the typical husband. Neatness had been one of her strong characteristics. I shall always remember the Helen of before-the-war in the fashion of the day a perfect picture of trimness in a cream serge suit, white hat with black wing, white kid gloves, patent leather shoes. Now she found the new husband, though so trig and smart in officer's uniform, of completely untidy habits. There was a constant trail behind him to pick up. He never knew where his things were. He spent hours hunting for things that he had left here and there, instead of in the proper place.

Possibly by now, Helen has, as I have, sworn off "nagging." I've reformed. When Jack asks me where this or that thing is, I answer calmly, "No, I don't know where it is"—and let it go at that. Jack can hunt as long as he likes, or lose his things permanently. I'm off caring for life

ANOTHER result of this indulgent-mother-spoiling is the attitude of our husbands toward little odd jobs around the house. Before I could afford all the domestic help I wanted, my husband used to help me with the dishes. Realizing that he hated it, I tried to make it a jolly occasion. We chatted, joked, even sang. But his lord-of-creation soul secretly revolted, and now and then he balked.

Usually our quarrels were on a Sunday or a holiday. There is no one so smug and self-satisfied as one of these spoiled husbands on a day that he doesn't have to go to the office. And I confess I cannot help but feel a bit resentful when I have to work while my husband plays. I haven't yet cultivated such a beautiful disposition that I can joyfully work on, hour after hour, and see a big husky husband loll around in rather negligee attire, smoking or reading or departing cheerfully for the golf links.

My first big quarrel with Jack was on our first Christmas Day, another on a Good Friday a few years later. How those dates stand out almost tragically in my memory! This Good Friday, I recall, I had risen tired, dressed myself and two babies, prepared the breakfast, and was toiling over the usual pan of dishes. Jack was already ensconced in his favorite chair with a cigarette and his favorite magazine.

"Hey, Jack," I called cheerily, "wouldn't you like to help me with these dishes?"

I was answered by almost a growl, "Well, good night, don't you know this is my holiday?"

That's the point. It is always a man's holiday. Week days and Sundays, New Year days and Firsts of July, a woman always has the meals to get, the children to look after, the dishes to wash, the house to tidy, even if she does no extra jobs such as baking, sweeping, dusting, washing, mopping—all the thousand and one things that make up the drudgery of housework. And few men realize that their wives never get a holiday unless they go away, utterly away, from the sight of their homes.

Now there is a third reason why I, and thousands of women situated as I am, do not spoil their husbands. The writer of the previous article on this subject, quite obviously, has no children. Besides one's housework, one can run all day after small children unable to attend to their own wants, dressing them, putting on and off their rubbers, goloshes, pull-overs, mittens, gaiters, and I assure any childless woman that by evening one has not the energy, even if she has the inclination, to get cheerfully hubby's slippers and smoking jacket and fix a footstool at his feet.

If I rush home from a bridge game in the afternoon, it is to see that the children are properly fed their evening meal. As to my husband, if I had not the children I might quite calmly propose—and he'd probably like it for a change—that he stay downtown

at a restaurant for dinner and have a nice little flirtation with the waitress if he cared to!

If E. G. author of that article, had children, she could not speak so casually of the few light things a woman has to do. No one but a mother knows what the life of a mother-and-wife means—bearing children, rearing them, being nurse, dietitian, entertainer, head cook and bottle washer, charwoman, cheer leader, family diplomat, interior decorator, and domestic policeman! Oh, no. According to her, "some women feel that by merely saying 'I will,' they have earned free board and lodging for the rest of their lives, and they fasten like barnacles to a poor male who shoulders the heavy burden of care!" Such parasites, we poor females!

MY HUSBAND, who is a truthful person, admits freely that there is everything in marriage for a man. He merely goes on earning his salary as before; he frees himself from tiresome boarding houses; he steps into comfort and coziness and the joys of family life, with more responsibility to be sure, but very little more labor except shovelling coal and perhaps mowing the lawn.

I gave up a salary equal to what my husband was getting at the time when we married. I gave up independence and a rather free-lance sort of life to take on all the jobs I have mentioned, and all I got out of it was the companionship of a husband and my children. I am not complaining. It has been worth it over and over. Children alone are worth everything.

Please do not think because I seem to have criticized my husband rather caustically, that we do not love each other. Do not for a moment imagine that life is a constant hard feeling toward each other. One wants happiness and peace, and so one becomes a philosopher. Now, after fifteen years, when on the point of getting irritated, I do my best to ignore the things that used to upset me so. I excuse my husband's faults by doing a bit of moralizing, like the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*, putting the blame on my mother-in-law's training and swearing solemnly I will not spoil my children so. I begin to think how much better my husband is than most. I know he is dependable, clever, handsome, generous, public-spirited. I weigh over these good qualities against his faulty ones and forget it.

Yes, we have achieved happiness and contentment more or less, without having to resort to E. G.'s methods. Those early years are past, when I couldn't see the humor in the remark of my husband, "What's a little dirt among friends?" after he had walked into my clean kitchen with garden mud on his boots. When I used bitterly to plan to go down to my husband's office—his domain—and scatter his papers hither and yon, or spill ink on them to show him how it felt, and try to show him that I wasn't being merely petty when the rights of my domain were infringed upon!

Though I cannot be the clinging vine E. G. paints herself, fetching and carrying—and yet saying that she is a "partner" with her husband, and stating that their home is his house, and that his interests must be paramount—my husband and I are very good chums. Thank goodness, my husband feels with me that our interests are paramount in our home. Unless we need advice from each other, we keep our petty worries to ourselves, concentrating our interest upon the bigger things and those of mutual interest, of which there are many. In our amusements, we golf, bowl and ski together, but go our separate ways absolutely and cheerfully about the things we like to do by ourselves. I do not complain if Jack wants to curl the night I would like him to take me to a show. I say "Go and have a good time and God bless you," and I expect him to say the same when I want to go some place that does not include him. And he does. I think this is the biggest reason for the happiness we have attained—this attitude of "live and let live" about our amusements and sports.

But I do not spoil my husband!

ence, and had been a little fearful lest Lynn's utter guilelessness should not be the best weapon. Now, however, with no ambushes to warn him against, the end would necessarily be swifter and shorter.

It was not until her father began to spend gloomy nights shut up in his den that Joan began to really taste the fruits of success.

On some of those evenings Joan bore him company but found him abstracted and silent. To prevent conversation he pretended to read a book, but Joan noticed that for long intervals he didn't turn a single page. He usually retired early on the plea of being tired and left Joan lazily smoking and enjoying her reflections.

"Poor old Peter," she whispered to herself. "He's hard hit—I ought to feel very guilty." But she succeeded in feeling anything but that.

After Joan had been at home three evenings in one week, Peter said suddenly, "Where's Lynn these days, Joan? Is he out of town?"

"No," she answered shortly. Now, she decided, was the time for her master stroke. If Peter were ever going to open his heart to her this was the time. "No," she said again, "merely defection."

She noticed the lightning-flash of surprise that shot through her father's eyes. "What!" he exclaimed, "You don't mean—another girl?"

"Just that."

"After all these months? Why I thought—"

"Now, Peter, hold on. A man can't be held responsible for a change of heart. Besides we weren't engaged. I wouldn't have it, so it's probably my own fault."

"My darling little Joan, you don't know how sorry I am—I—you—" Joan loved his very inarticulateness and hastened to help him out.

"Thanks, Peter dear, I know you are, but you can't really sympathize unless you've experienced it yourself." She watched him narrowly as she said it and saw a sharp glint of pain pierce the grey of his eyes, before he turned away and made an excuse to change his pipe. Even his face seemed suddenly old and haggard and his upright figure slumped.

"Oh, that woman! Why won't he tell me?" Joan cried within herself. She longed to draw him down beside her and hear him pour out the misery that she knew tugged at his heart. For a moment he hesitated, and she thought he must speak, but he went on filling his pipe and finally said "I should never have thought it of Lynn—but one never knows, we men are such fools—such fools." He repeated the last abstractedly, as if condemning all for the folly of one.

"Well, dear, there's one thing you don't have to reproach yourself for—mother was your one love and you stuck to her, and

ever since then to her memory." A match flickered nervously in her father's hand and he blew it out without lighting his pipe properly. "I have often wondered why you have never married again."

"For a very good reason—you were all I wanted; as long as you were home I was quite happy."

"But since I haven't been home—have hardly seen you, have you still been happy and content?"

"Not to the same degree—no."

"Therefore it is conceivable that you will marry again, some day?"

"Quite!"

"Peter dear, I do hope it will be someone worthy of you. You know there are so many crashers-in nowadays, and you're such a dear unsuspecting soul. A smooth tongue would get you more quickly than a smooth cheek, I think. Do go canny, won't you?"

"I think you can leave that to me, dear. You women are pretty harsh judges of one another, anyway."

"Where men are concerned, yes. Unfortunately like the Hall of Mirrors, we can see ourselves everywhere we look."

"Cynicism doesn't become you, Joan. Don't let this unfortunate affair with Lynn spoil the interest in life you have always had. Try and forget him."

"I shall in time, I suppose, but it's difficult—everything and every place in town shrieks 'Lynn' at me."

A momentary drooping of his eyelids and a tightening of the muscles of his jaw were the only indications Joan had of the conflict being waged within her father's mind. Quietly, with an unbelievable lightness in his voice, he said, "Very well, dear, we'll leave as soon as we can for Europe."

"Peter, you darling, do you mean that?" was all Joan dare whisper, fearful lest she reveal the fact that she knew just what a sacrifice he was making for her happiness—a sacrifice that meant a virtual surrender of all further hope of directing the fickle fancy of Lila Mainwaring to himself.

Though she could give no outward expression, inwardly Joan's heart sang. "He's wonderful—wonderful—wonderful!"

Consequently when Lynn rang up the next morning, it was his turn to be surprised.

"So I have dropped you, have I?" he said with a tinge of displeasure in his voice. "But Joan, that's a bit thick. Supposing your father rounds on me, what the deuce am I to say?"

"Don't worry, he won't have time for that. We're off to Europe to cure my heart-ache in a few days."

"Off to Europe! You don't mean the old boy's going too?"

"Isn't he a sport? I want to weep every time I think of it."

"But I can't believe he'll go—he's just throwing Lila away."

"Exactly, that's why he's so wonderful—only one in a million would do it."

"But, Joan, what am I going to do without you?" Lynn said, as he suddenly realized what Joan's departure meant for him. "I won't see you for ages. I hate this whole business, any way—I'm fed to the teeth with it."

"Now Lynn dear, don't cry off just when we are going to succeed. Don't you see, if I can get Peter away for a few weeks he'll probably be off Lila of his own accord—and in the meantime you'll have a clear field."

"Too darn clear. That woman's going to my head, Joan, with all her tricks. She never forgets her stuff for a moment, and believe me, it's pretty potent. I hope you don't think I'm an armor-plated Galahad, because I'm anything but."

"That's a very good line, Lynn, but I know you better than that, and it's not going to frighten me into staying here instead of going away. When I've got Peter safely out of the woods I'll turn my attention to you."

"Cross your heart and hope to die."

"Cross my heart."

BY THE end of the week Joan became aware of the invigorating tang of salt in the air, of a stiff wind resolutely determined to impede her walk around a deck, of a scimitar of moon, exulting in its new-

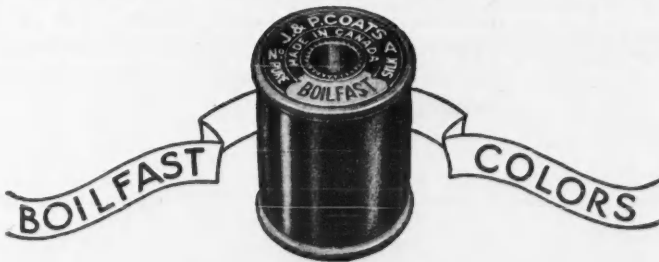
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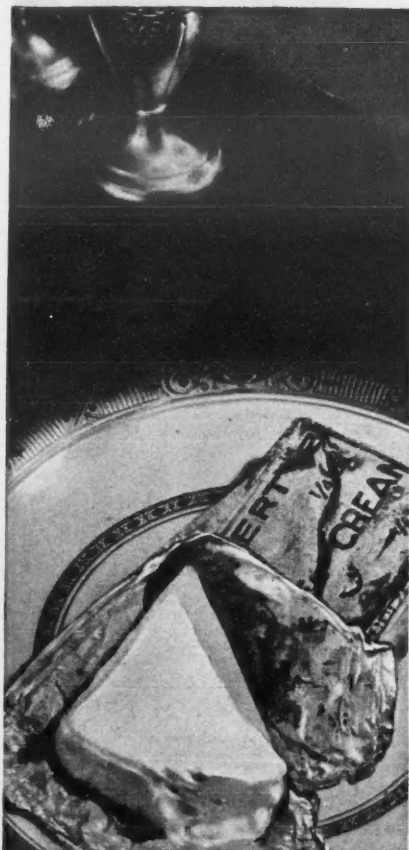
Lucy Doyle, one of the most noted of Canadian newspaperwomen has watched debutantes for many years, and in a vivid and arresting article next month takes you behind the scenes with her.

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In the November Chatelaine.



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Lace

Continued from page 7

left her in Monte Carlo, I believe, so you can't blame her for baiting the hook."

"What age is she?"

"About thirty—as far as a poor man can judge these days. It may be forty."

"And you are twenty-five." Joan said musingly.

"What have I got to do with it?"

"Just this, Lynn. You've got to help me prove to Peter that that woman's only a common adventuress. I've got to protect him from her. I might preach against her for a year and only succeed all the more in throwing him into her arms—man's protectiveness rising to defend one of God's beautiful, helpless creatures and all that sort of thing—it would be a most effective pose. That would never do. I must make him see for himself."

"But how—"

"By showing him what little lure his thousands have beside your millions."

"You don't mean—"

"Exactly."

"Oh, Joan, I couldn't make love to her—make it genuine when I—you—"

"That needn't worry you—a woman believes what she wants to. Besides you've made love scores of times under the stimulus of a beautiful face, and moonlight—"

"Not since I met you."

"Well, forget me for the time being—and just act quite naturally—you'll do. I should know, shouldn't I?"

"Yes—and you've never given me a chance to say half I could say."

"Here's a chance to use the other half then—"

"Joan—your beastly joking again!"

"I'm sorry, Lynn, dear. I couldn't resist that. You know I don't mean to hurt. But will you do this for me?" Joan placed a firm hand on the shoulder just level with her knees and looked beseechingly into Lynn's brown eyes.

"How can I refuse you anything—oh, Joan!" Lynn took the long, shapely hand and crushed it to his lips, while Joan suddenly leaned forward and kissed the fair head bent over her hand.

"It is sweet of you, dear. I do appreciate it—terribly—and I'll show you how much some day."

FROM the moment of conceiving so bold a scheme, Joan had no misgivings as to its certain result. That Lynn would fail never entered her head for a minute, though he himself entertained grave fears.

Despite her assurance, it was with a quickened heart-beat that she picked up her phone a few days later when she felt sure it was Lynn on the other end of the wire.

"Joan?"

"Yes, Lynn."

"Luscious news for you, but it'll take a long time to spill it all, so I think I'd better pick you up and we'll snatch some food somewhere."

"All right—only for goodness sake hurry up or I'll die of suspense."

Long before Lynn could possibly reach her home, Joan was dressed and impatiently watching at the window. When he did finally turn in their driveway she flew down the steps and had climbed in over the door of the yellow and black sport roadster without it being necessary for Lynn to change gears.

"Pretty smooth combination there, little one. I never knew you could be so much on time," he greeted her with a grin.

"Another pet theory gone West then, my boy. Come on, now, out with everything—but do keep your eyes in front of you or we shall land in somebody's shop window."

"I'll do my best, but there's a terrific pull to the right."

"Please be serious, Lynn. I don't feel in a funny mood at all."

"All right, sweetheart, I'm sorry. The recital begins at once. I happened to hear Lila was having lunch with Jerry at the Club yesterday, so I sauntered in and of

course got an introduction. Good old Jerry invited me to join them, hoping fervently I'd refuse. I probably would have done the decent thing but the fair Lila turned the most haunting pair of eyes on me—I don't know now what color you'd really call them—green, then sort of brown flecked, and yet I know they were pitch black once, too—oh, well, gorgeous things anyway, and implored me with a most touching ring in her voice to join them.

"Deciding Jerry could go to blazes, I took the chair that the waiter had expectantly brought up and proceeded to bask in Lila's entrancing smile. I felt particularly tongue-tied and awkward—"

"First time in your life, then," Joan broke in with.

"That's hardly true—however, after a while, when I'd recovered from my blinking a little, I noticed that when she spoke her glance first included Jerry, then rested lingeringly on me. At least I was being noticed. Under this encouragement—"

"Your stock rose a little."

"Precisely. I joined in the chit chat and finally, much to Jerry's discomfiture, Lila and I did most of the talking when we started on the Riviera. Jerry hasn't been there so consequently he was out in the cold and I think was very glad when Ratz gave him a telephone number. Instead of waiting till lunch was finished he excused himself then and there."

"Ah! The zero hour!"

"So I judged. I saw the need for quick action—"

"She probably saw it long before you did—but go on."

"I made rather a lame start but it went over rather well. I said, 'Do you know, I feel as if I had known you for ages and ages, like meeting an old friend after a lapse?'"

"That was her cue, I know."

"Yes, she leaped at it like a fire-horse at the sound of a fire alarm, though not quite as ponderously, of course. 'Isn't that funny,' she said, 'I feel quite the same way. Do you suppose we can have met somewhere?' Then we compared our various globe-trottings but as they did not seem to coincide we had to conclude that it must have been in a previous existence."

"Just Kismet, I suppose."

"The very words she used."

"Yes, she would walk hand in glove with Mr. Kismet—or likes to pretend she does."

"We talked on in the same strain for a little while longer until both of us saw Jerry looming in the distance. I was thinking of saying something definite when she raised her glass and murmured over it, 'Here's to our next meeting.' I seized mine and said, 'It can't be too soon—may I hope?' 'Next week—Thursday, this time—here,' And that, my fair young thing, is that!"

"Lynn, you're a perfect pet—you managed beautifully. You'll have her eating out of your hand in no time."

"Reward—if any?"

"Not now, too public." She pinched his knee instead. "It's going to be one of life's comedies when you start cutting Peter out. He spends an awful lot of time with her now. When he begins to moon about the house looking like a death's head I'll know the potion is taking effect."

"Don't hope for too much, Joan. I'm not John Barrymore."

"Perhaps not, but you are Lynn Croesus Stanton—the middle name's the thing."

"That's hardly a compliment, but I'll accept it as it's meant. Now, let's eat."

DEEP down in the blue of Joan's eyes a little smile had birth, a smile that began as an expression of childish glee, but widened into an expression of more mature feelings—triumph, self-satisfaction, assurance.

She smiled for a number of reasons, but chiefly two—the initial success of her scheme and Lila Mainwaring's patent lack of technique. She had, at least, expected astuteness of a woman of Lila's stamp and experi-

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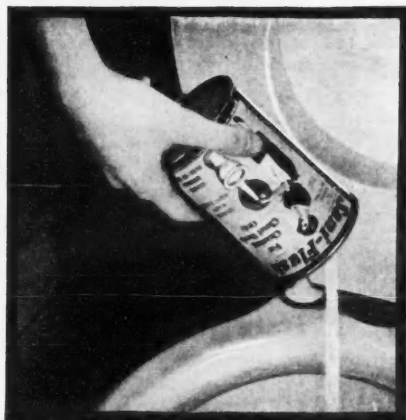
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Sani-Flush

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WITHOUT SCOURING

ness on sea waves. For the first time in a month she felt herself emerge from the mist of unreality which had enshrouded her.

Presently her father joined her and, arm in arm, they breasted the steadily-rising wind together. Silently, at first, then, as the glamor of sea and air and moon worked its magic, he too gradually lost the depression and moodiness that had characterized his last few weeks and began to talk, as Joan guessed he would of their last trip together.

"I'm trying to imagine this is five years ago, and that you are the same eager, wide-eyed child you were then, when everything was gloriously new and thrilling; when there were so many things to show you and explain—"

"Well, keep it up. I can still think of hundreds of things I'd like to know about—or have forgotten if I did know. I do adore to explore the ship again tomorrow if the captain would let us." Joan noted the light of pleasure in her father's eye and reproached herself for not feeling as enthusiastic as she sounded.

In this and in numerous other little ways, Joan vaguely hoped to recapture the old feeling of oneness they had had before their own little absorbing problems had cropped up and made them strangers in the same house. By the end of the voyage she felt amply rewarded when she saw the youthful glint stealing back to his eyes, the broad shoulders squaring themselves, and the old buoyancy coming back to his walk.

"We'll soon be in, now, Joan, once we sight the coast of Ireland," her father said as they took their last night promenade.

"Oh, Peter, I'm sorry."

"Enjoyed yourself, dear?"

"Heaps!"

"Men weren't so bad, after all?"

"Oh—not that, Peter. It was wonderful to have each other again, quite to ourselves. One learns values, somehow, on a sea-voyage. I wonder why?"

THEY had planned to stay a few weeks in London where Joan had numerous friends, but after a week's gaieties she noticed the old abstraction coming back to her father—a tendency to moodiness. At once she announced that they were going to "sneak down to Devon—Torquay." That had been where he had met her mother and Joan knew how eager he had been on their last visit to take her there and show her all the favorite walks and haunts that were so enriched by memory for him. A heaven-sent



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Wouldn't you like to make this engaging pup for a Christmas gift? He would help to fill a stocking beautifully, and he is so soft and cuddly that the tiniest tot will love him.

Next month instructions for knitting him will be given. He is knitted all in one piece and when he becomes dirty the stuffing can be taken out and the fabric washed and filled with fresh stuffing, if necessary. There are no wires to come poking through, and for the very young baby, his eyes might be embroidered in place of the buttons.

Watch for Wee Scottie in the November Chatelaine.

inspiration told her it would be a very effective stroke at this time, and she was eager to try it.

She realized it had succeeded beyond her fondest imaginings two weeks later.

They were standing on a terrace overlooking the sea which in the afternoon sun lay clear and unimpassioned except where it broke gently in little scallops of foam on the sand. Suddenly her father said, "You're right, there is something about the sea that gives a sense of values. It must be its immensity compared with our puny little strivings, I suppose."

There was a slight pause and Joan knew an indefinable ache lest he should fail to say what she so longed to hear. To help him on, she said, "But I didn't know your sense had become distorted."

"Unfortunately very badly for a time."

"Lila, Peter?"

Peter took a long pull at his cigar and nodded.

"Beauty plus?" Joan asked.

"Yes—and minus."

"It took dear old Devon to teach you what lay on the debit side, eh Peter?"

"You're right."

"I'm glad—glad—glad!" She squeezed his arm tightly but said nothing more lest he detect the relief and joy which her voice would be bound to show.

She seemed suddenly to be floating in air with the gay inconsequence of a toy balloon. She longed for wings with which to fly still higher, to where her heart had soared. Instead, she had to hold her gaiety in check until her father showed signs of staying to chat with a fellow guest. Then she slipped away to her room, intending to get her red leather coat and transfer some of her joy to the accelerator of her car.

She paused first at her desk and scanned the envelopes that lay there. She opened one from her friend Aline in London with eager hands and found inside what she had waited anxiously for for many days—a letter from Lynn, addressed in his dear, illegible scrawl. This time the writing was more illegible than ever, and she took a childish delight in tracing it with her fingers. She felt the envelope carefully and decided the letter was short for Lynn's usual fervid outpourings. With the slow hands of pleasurable anticipation she finally opened it.

THE letter was short—pitifully short. Not a page—just a few lines. She read them, the color in her face dying out and leaving her a deathly white. She clutched at the chair for support and read them again to make quite sure of their message:

"Joan dear:

Lila and I are to be married tomorrow. To try and explain things would be hopeless anyway, there's nothing to explain and I know you understand. If you can, in time, forgive me. Lynn."

For long seconds Joan stood as in a trance, neither seeing nor hearing, the while her fingers worked feverishly with the letter. Then, as if propelled by some hidden force, she rushed from her room, stumbled down the stairs and dashed like a maniac through the French doors that led to the garages. She jumped into her car and started at a breakneck pace down the drive, down the steep hill to the sea road and thence across country.

For miles she drove in this mad, blind fashion until she had penetrated the most lonely part of the Moors. For hours, it seemed, she drove until she felt her strength ebbing from her. Her head went dizzy; her hands were slowly losing their grip on the steering wheel. She vaguely attempted to brake the car, but her foot barely grazed the pedal. Her hands dropped to her sides. Her legs stretched uselessly in front of her. The demon had won.

The car went aimlessly forward for a few yards, then veered to the side and was finally stopped by a little hummock. The impact, though slight, was sufficient to rouse Joan from her stupor. Her head cleared a little and she climbed unsteadily out of the car. The ground at the side looked comforting and incurious. She flung herself face down—



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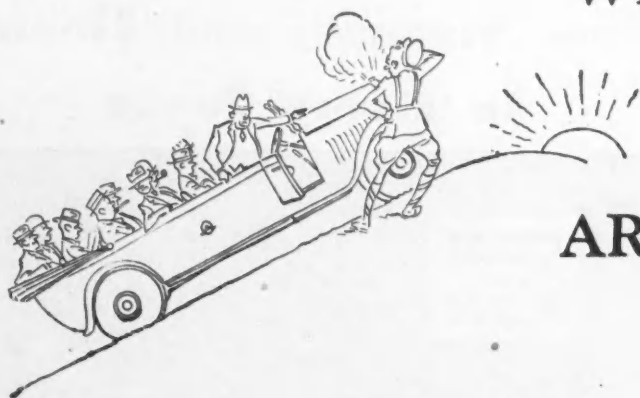
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WHEN THE TOP OF THE HILL is in sight ARE YOU PUSHING—OR JUST sitting tight

WHILE thousands of Canadians are out of employment — and many businesses are at a standstill . . . and Governments are courageously planning to *make* work to relieve coming winter's distress — there is another — and brighter — side of the picture. The problem *is* being tackled — somebody *is* "doing something about it." Better times *are* nearer than just-around-the-corner — they *are* in sight!

For every one person who is unemployed — there are scores who have jobs — pay envelopes — salaries — incomes — stipends — dividends. Saving deposits in Canada are greater by \$40,000,000 than a year ago. Canadian Firms will in September pay out over \$18,000,000 in Dividends. And even though many firms are not piling up the profits of 1928-9, thousands of factories *are* working. Stores *are* buying — railways *are* hauling — places of amusement *are* thronged — radios shout from every house.

Somebody has money — *somebody* is spending.

The old 'bus of business is near the top of the long hill of Depression. It needs a strong, concerted *push* to the top. But who is to do the *pushing*? Certainly not the unemployed — they can't do it. It is for those who are in jobs — in positions — in office.

In almost every line of merchandise today's prices are lower — values greater — than at any time in the last 20 years. *Today* is the purchaser's opportunity — an opportunity to secure those things *you* need now — or will need in the near future.

If commodities are *bought*, someone must receive wages for making them . . .

Did you ever stop to figure out the wages you create when you buy (for instance) a piece of upholstered furniture. Who cuts the lumber — who makes the glue — the springs — the fabrics — the moss — the fibre — the felt — the cotton and silk materials. Men and women! Who carts all these to the factory — who makes the motor trucks — the truck's tires — who supplies the gas — who serves out the lubricants. Who prints the catalogue — who photographs the chesterfield — who makes the paper — ink — and who binds it. Who sells the Furniture to the Retailer — types the order. Who makes the dress the typist's wages buy. Who sells the machine she uses — ribbons — and repairs. Who sorts the letter in the Post Office — delivers it —. Who sells the furniture to you — who delivers it. Who makes the sales slip — pencil and tags — the string — paper — crates. Who pays rent — employs window dressers and window cleaners.

It makes one dizzy to think of all the people and wages involved in the purchase of *any* commodity . . . artists and artisans — managers and mechanics — drivers and drovers — clerks and clergymen. Multiply by ten thousand transactions and the total *PUSH* is staggering in its force.

Surely those who are able — those who possess the money — those who have steady employment should, **RIGHT NOW**, get-out-of-the-bus, and **PUSH!**

So if *you* need *any* Commodity or Service — and possess the money to purchase it — buy **NOW** — and **PUSH!**

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SAUCES TO SEASON

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

THAT "hunger is the best sauce" is generally conceded, but it is equally true that a good sauce stimulates the indifferent appetite. It gives a relish to an otherwise uninteresting combination, and a new and enticing flavor to many old favorites.

The ability to season to a nicety is the mark of a clever cook. For the seasoning must be just right—enough to "tone up" the dish but not lavish enough to be unduly predominating.

Many prepared sauces make excellent accessories to the various courses of the meal. They add zest to the appetizer, whether it be a cocktail or canape. They may improve the soup whether hot, chilled or jellied. They blend with the meat or fish, give flavor to the dressing of fowl and often change a pallid gravy into a richly colored and flavorful one.

Most varieties are useful in cooking, for if used with discretion and imagination they help to give a subtle flavor to even the plainest dish. The wise use of left-overs is one of the problems which every housekeeper must face and there is solid satisfaction in making the end of a roast or the remains of yesterday's dinner into dishes which the family will enjoy. The secret of success lies chiefly in the seasoning, and often a little catsup or chili sauce or a dash of sharp spicy liquid, is just the thing to make the combination appetizing. What more conclusive proof of culinary skill?

Casseroles, scalloped dishes, creamed dishes, croquettes, chowders, and sandwich fillings are only a few suggestions for the use of odds and ends of food, and one of a number of prepared sauces may be a valuable ingredient in all of these. Omelets and other egg dishes, cheese combinations and many vegetable dishes take on new piquancy when a zestful sauce is added or served with them. Meat loaves and jellied meats are also improved in this way.

Sauces are used as a dressing for clam, oyster or other shell fish appetizers, or if added to the tomato juice cocktail it corrects an undesirable flatness of flavor. They may bind the ingredients of the topping for canapes or the fillings for sandwiches. In the salad, the sauce may appear in the mixture or be combined with the dressing. Either way it adds a delicious savory flavor. When making pickles and relishes, a variety of sauces is often an aid in achieving superior results.

The variety of sauces available range from thin liquids of penetrating flavor to the thicker catsups, chili sauces and others of like consistency. From among them we may choose any degree of sharpness—of flavor—a mild, mellow mixture, a spicily-seasoned one or the extremely hot Tabasco which is invaluable for many purposes, but which must be used with great discretion. All of these interesting products are the result of careful and clever blending and mixing and all have a wide variety of uses in the kitchen and on the dining table. The housekeeper who keeps an assortment on hand will find inspiration for unusually interesting dishes.

Oyster Cocktail

- 8 Small oysters (raw)
- 1 Tablespoonful of tomato catsup
- ½ Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Drops of Tabasco sauce
- 1 Teaspoonful of finely-chopped celery
- ½ Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- Salt

Mix the ingredients and chill thoroughly. Serve in cocktail glasses or in halves of green peppers placed on a bed of chopped ice.

Chilled Tomato Soup

- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- ¼ Cupful of cold water
- 1 Can of tomato soup
- ½ Teaspoonful of minced onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes; then set over hot water and stir until dissolved. Add one can of cold water to the tomato soup (as directed on the container). Add the other ingredients and the gelatine and stir until well mixed. Let stand in a refrigerator until well chilled and set. Serve as the first course.

Ham Croquettes

- 2 Cupfuls of mashed potatoes
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Whole egg and 1 egg yolk
- 1 Cupful of minced ham
- 1 Tablespoonful of sharp liquid sauce
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt

Mix the potatoes, butter, egg and sauce. Beat until smooth and add the ham. Shape into small rolls or cones, roll in fine bread crumbs, then in egg (one egg beaten slightly with two tablespoonfuls of cold water). Roll again in crumbs, then fry for three to five minutes in deep fat, (375 to 385 deg. Fahr.).

Russian Dressing

- 1 Cupful of mayonnaise
- ½ Cupful of Chili sauce
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce

Mix the ingredients thoroughly, serve with vegetable salads.

Celery Sticks

- Celery
- 1 Package of cream cheese
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chutney or catsup

Mix the cream cheese and chutney together. Fill prepared celery with the mixture. Chill and serve as an appetizer or salad accompaniment.

Anchovy Sandwiches

Mash the yolks of hard-cooked eggs. Moisten with soft butter and season with anchovy essence. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.



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ADVENTURE magazine, for many years conceded first place in the realm of man's interests, beginning with its October 1st issue, is to be published in Toronto. In honor of the occasion of its birth as a Canadian publication, this October 1st issue has drawn fire from the pens of three of the greatest adventure writers of the present day... the incomparable *Talbot Mundy* with his story of the Indian Secret Service "The Babu"... *Georges Surdez* with another gripping story of the French Foreign Legion, "Guest of Honor"... *W. C. Tuttle*, creator of the immortals, Sleepy and Hashknife, in another fascinating yarn of the oldtime West, "The Make-Believe Man." Have your newsdealer reserve a copy for you.

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ward on it, and, feeling a little of its sympathetic embrace burst into wild sobbing.

FINALLY, the storm spent itself, leaving Joan weaker but calmer. She felt utterly exhausted but her mind was clearer. She turned over on her back and gazed into the blueness of the sky. She tried not to think, but found the effort too great. Presently she closed her eyes and lay motionless for more than an hour. She must have dozed for she felt stronger when she sat up. She looked around her and was conscious for the first time of the gorse and heather that stirred gently in the wind.

With a rather poor attempt at jumping into her car, she slid beneath the wheel and soon had the car in motion. Back she went along the road she had come, hoping soon to see a friendly sign-post. Again, she drove with speed but this time with conscious

care. The wind, whistling merrily through her windshield and playing friskily with her hair, revived her as she drove along.

By dusk she had turned on to the familiar sea road again and once up the steep ascent was ready to face her father unflinchingly.

"Joan, dear, where have you been? Why didn't you tell me you were going? I began to get worried," he greeted her with concern.

"I'm sorry, dear. I just drove and drove and didn't realize I'd gone so far, nor that it was so late. I'm sorry I missed our last sunset though."

"You must go back to London in the morning?"

"Yes, Peter, I really must—besides there's so much we're going to enjoy together—and we're due in Paris next week."

She took her father's hand and held on to it tightly while they discussed plans for the travelling days abroad.



The Goose's Sauce

Continued from page 50

just simply had to come to look after you."

"Ministering angel," he murmured, without a tinge of sarcasm.

"Oh, not at all. What else could I do?"

Danvers said he didn't know how long she cared to listen, but that he could suggest quite a list of attractive alternatives.

"Who told you I was ill?" he demanded.

Doria gave a darling exhibition of concentration, but she just couldn't remember. Everyone was talking about him and embarrassing her by asking his condition.

"It's simply the wettest thing ever," she went on, "seeing how you really are. So empty, if you know what I mean. Getting all stirred up to do a no-bul deed, and then finding no reason for doing it. Oh, the laugh's on me, all right, for you must feel well, looking so well, so out-of-doorsy and everything."

"A couple of months up here will do the same for you," he said.

"You're delirious," laughed Doria, a shade shrilly. "We've picked that bone to powder. You know the way I feel. And, by the way, how long have you been here?"

Danvers mumbled and checked off five weeks on his fingers.

"What? Five? Why, I thought you were—I mean, I had no idea—"

"Of course not," he said, soothingly. "It must be very confusing, but isn't this where I was having my frightful illness?"

DORIA set her half-empty cup on the ground. She pushed her beret backward until it fell off, and she took her head in her hands. Never had she felt so completely dizzy, she moaned.

"Tim Heward was here," Lynn told her.

"Wha-at? Timothy? Well, that's the most lurid thing I've heard in years. What was the idea?"

"Health," Danvers answered. "His, you understand."

Doria appeared to ponder this while wiping off the lipstick she had just carefully applied.

"Was he off color?" she finally queried.

Way off, Danvers said. Never had seen any one worse. Timothy ran the gamut from pale olive to royal purple. Of course, he was sort of winded, too, walking in from the station, and that may have affected his complexion, but by and large, Danvers felt that the trip had been beneficial.

"I see," murmured Doria. "And was he just passing through?"

"Through what, my dear child? Through to Hudson's Bay or the winter trail into the Labrador? It looks to me as though your joint knowledge of this country totals exactly nothing."

"You're perfectly right, old dear. I wasn't even dead sure of the name of your station." She examined the clearing before she asked, "Where is our wandering Timothy tonight? You said he was here, didn't you?"

"Sure. He was."

"Well, if he was and now isn't—well, where is he? Did you—"

"Oh, yes, I did the polite thing, if that's what you mean. Invited him to spend the winter, but he wouldn't. Didn't seem to take any interest in the great open spaces; behaved as though he was afraid of getting a knife or a bullet through his curiosity."

Doria suggested that maybe he didn't care for the country.

"That may have been my fault," observed Danvers.

If she heard, she made no comment. Neither did she press her question as to Heward's wandering. Brushing a few crumbs from her skirt she rose.

"Well, my dear, considering that I'm not indispensable—a fact for which I'm piously thankful—it would have been awful to nurse you in this forsaken spot—awful for you, too, I mean—I say, so long as you're able to look after yourself, little Florence Nightingale will be on her way. Do you mind taking whatever steps are necessary to call a woodland taxi? My bags are inside. It's been quite jolly to see you again, and I suppose you'll be phoning me one of these days when you return to civilization?"

Danvers neither looked at her nor moved. Doria gathered from his mumbling that something was too bad.

"Exactly what are you trying to say?" She laughed to cover her uneasiness.

"Only that I had no idea you'd want to go back at once," he pronounced more distinctly. "This running in for five minutes hasn't yet become one of the customs of the neighborhood. The fact is, I don't see how you can get away tonight. No use walking. It's too late, and there's a snow cloud over that pine."

"Walking? Certainly not! What's the matter with that luxurious barouche that brought me over?"

"Why—er—I'm sorry, but I sent it back with Timothy Heward inside, half an hour ago. To the station."

Doria couldn't believe her ears. Did he mean to say that Timothy was here when she came and made no attempt to speak to her?

"Looks that way," said Danvers.

"But he must have been crazy?"

"That's what I told him."

"And now, what about me?" Something inside her fluttered frantically. She was afraid her lips were trembling. "How am I to get out, if you please?"

"Don't excite yourself, my dear," Danvers rose, stretched himself and smiled down at her. "If we can't beat winter—which I doubt—we'll dig ourselves cosily in and snowshoe out just before break-up in the spring."

"Oh!" The sound combined horror and helplessness and fury. But almost as it was uttered, Doria regained her control. "Oh!" she cried, again, in a very different tone, "how perfectly divine!"

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A Department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

WOMEN are said to buy houses on the strength of the closet space they offer. As one bright soul remarked the other day, "My wife firmly believes that stairs are built expressly to provide room for a closet beneath them." And he refused to admit that he was joking!

There's an element of truth in what he said, though. Insufficient closet space is a perpetual bugbear to the housewife. When there's nowhere to put things neatly away, naturally they are bound to overflow somewhere—and the surplus usually degenerates into a litter cluttering up the place.

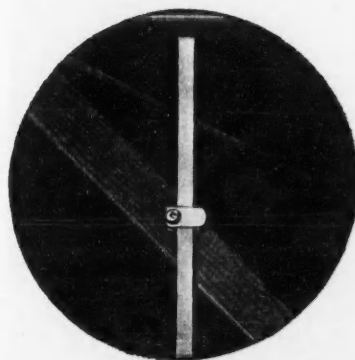
At the bottom of the page is shown a woman's clothes closet, fitted out with the new "K-Veniences." Do you notice the horizontal bar from which the frocks in the cupboard are suspended? A special extension feature makes this adjustable to the full depth of any cupboard. This particular appliance is called the clothing carrier, and it consists of a ball-bearing rod which is easily attached to a shelf or closet wall. The extension feature is really very attractive, for it enables one to pull the garments out into the light where you can choose a frock without disturbing their arrangement in the closet.

There are other types of clothing rods not shown in this illustration, but which are designed to suit individual needs. There is the extension closet rod, for instance. This runs along the width of the cupboard, and is adjustable to the full width of any closet. The end fastenings can be attached either to the wall or over the hook rail. Then there is the stationary garment bracket which extends horizontally from the wall and is supported by a cast brass flange, attached with three screws in the base. It is strong enough to carry overcoats. It will hold four or five garments, and yet is small enough to enable a number of them to be installed in one closet.

On the shelf in the illustration you will see two double-armed hat holders. The tops are rounded to preserve the shape of hats, and being screwed into the shelf or wall, they are stationary, that is, so far as the base is concerned; but the arms will swing to any position desired. Of course, you will see how useful a point that is. If your closet has no shelf, the hat holder is

screwed into the closet wall or door, the arms flat when not in use, but brought forward to support a hat.

The three shoe racks fastened to the bottom of the cupboard door provide a simple means of keeping the shoes off the floor, in neat, orderly arrangement. Two K-Veniences designed especially for the men are a tie rack and a trousers hanger. The tie rack consists of two arms flung horizontally against the closet door or wall, screwed securely in place at the centre base.



The new Hound card table is so constructed that it is sturdy enough for practically any household use. This is a close-up view of the one-piece brace used to ensure solid support.

The trousers hanger is made of steel rod in spiral form. Trousers hang by the cuffs, full length, and in this way are kept carefully in press. The hanger will hold four pairs of trousers, and, like the other attachments, may fasten to a closet door or wall.

The clothing carrier, garment bracket, extension closet rod, and shoe rack come in varying lengths.

IHAVE recently come across a new type of card table which is so sturdily built that it can easily, and without anxiety, be used as a service table. It doesn't wobble when weights are placed upon it, for the legs are carefully and strongly braced. The top is supported in a new, extra-strong manner, so that to call the table a card table is really belittling its uses.

The illustration shows a close-up view of the new type of one-piece brace which supports the legs of the table far more strongly than the double, folding brace. The setting up of the table, and the folding, is just as simple as the old method. By pulling out the leg of the table, the brace slides through a specially constructed slot screwed to the leg, until the groove at the end of the brace clamps firmly into position.

Another improved feature of this table is the new diagonal bracing for the frame.

As a card table, the new Hound table is most attractively finished. The one used for illustration has a green lacquer finish with handsome black floral leatherette covering. The new sturdy construction enables the manufacturers to equip the tables with glass-covered tops, if desired, which can be removed for cleaning. As an extra table, it can be used for practically any household purpose.



A closet completely equipped with K-Veniences, showing how the attachments increase closet space.



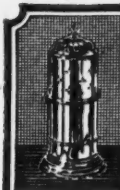
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Recipes used in Meals of the Month

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

EACH month has its own peculiar features to be considered when planning the daily menus, and October is no exception. There are two points particularly which influence the housekeeper this month. In the first place, the late fall products of garden and orchard prompt her to make generous use of the diminishing supply, and secondly, the occasional suggestion of approaching cold weather tempts her to include the heartier dishes more suited to the cooler days.

Last month's recipes included methods of preparing egg plant and pears—two typical fall foods; and in this group a different way of serving each of these products is described. A tasty and simple method of using the remains of the pork roast is also suggested, and two of the dessert recipes make use of our abundant fall fruits—grapes and apples. The use of pumpkin in one of the recipes calls up visions of Hallowe'en, then Thanksgiving, then—but we mustn't get ahead of ourselves. More about these later.

Pork Cottage Pie

Cover the bottom of a greased baking dish with mashed potatoes; add a thick layer of the left-over pork, chopped or cut in small pieces. Season with salt and pepper and finely chopped onion, moisten with pork gravy and cover with another layer of mashed potatoes. Bake in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahrenheit—until heated through and the potatoes are browned on top.

Spanish Sauce

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Small onion (minced)
- 1 Small green pepper (minced)
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 1½ Cupfuls of tomato juice
- 1 Pimento chopped
- Salt and pepper

Melt the butter, add the minced onion and green pepper and cook until tender. Stir in the flour and blend thoroughly, add the tomato juice and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the chopped pimento and season with salt and pepper. This may be made with half stock and half tomato juice, if desired.

Orange Cream Dessert

- 1¼ Cupfuls of sugar
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 2 Egg yolks
- Grated rind of one orange
- 1 Cupful of orange juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Egg whites
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar

Combine the sugar, cornstarch and salt, and add the boiling water gradually, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Cook over hot water until no taste of raw starch remains. Add a little of the hot mixture to the beaten egg yolks, return to the double boiler and cook for three minutes. Add the orange rind and juice and the lemon juice. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the sugar and fold into the hot mixture. Set aside to cool, chill and serve in sherbet glasses. Six servings.

Egg Plant en Casserole

- 1 Large egg plant
- 2 Medium onions
- 1 Medium green pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Can of tomato soup
- Salt and pepper
- Bread Crumbs

Cut the egg plant in thin slices, peel and arrange alternate slices of egg plant, onion and green pepper in a greased casserole. Dot with the butter and pour over all the tomato soup. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake for

about one hour at 350 degrees Fahrenheit, or until the vegetables are tender. Eight servings.

Grape Tapioca

- ¾ Cupful of tapioca
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Cupful of sugar
- ½ Cupful of grape jam or jelly

Soak the tapioca for at least one hour in water to cover. Add the salt and sugar and cook over hot water until transparent, stirring frequently, adding more water if necessary. Add the grape jam or jelly, stir until dissolved and allow to cool. Serve chilled with plain or whipped cream. Six servings.

Lime-Apple Whip

- 1 Package of lime-flavored jelly powder
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of thick strained apple sauce lightly sweetened

Dissolve the jelly powder in the boiling water and allow to cool. When it begins to set, beat vigorously with a Dover beater. Fold in the apple sauce, and turn the mixture into a cold wet mold. Allow to set and chill thoroughly and serve with whipped cream and cherries or with chilled custard sauce. Serves eight.

Foamy Sauce

- ¼ Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of powdered sugar
- 2 Egg yolks
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 2 Egg whites
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of milk; or half a cupful of whipped cream

Cream the butter and sugar together thoroughly. Add the well beaten egg yolks and cook over hot water, beating constantly until thick. Add the vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and the milk or whipped cream. Serve at once.

Pumpkin Custard

- 2 Cupfuls of cooked strained pumpkin
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter (melted)
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Cupful of sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1½ Cupfuls of rich milk
- 3 Eggs

Add the melted butter, salt, sugar, spices and milk to the pumpkin, combine well and add the beaten eggs. Turn into a buttered baking dish or into individual custard cups, set in a pan of hot water and bake at 325 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit, for forty-five to sixty minutes or until the custard is firm. Eight to ten servings.

Curried Eggs

- 1 Medium onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of curry powder
- 2 Cupfuls of meat stock or milk
- 6 Chopped hard-cooked eggs

Chop the onion and cook in the butter until tender. Add the flour and curry powder and stir until smooth. Add the liquid gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. (Use a double boiler if milk is the liquid). Add the chopped eggs to the sauce and heat thoroughly. Serve on toast or with boiled rice. Six servings.

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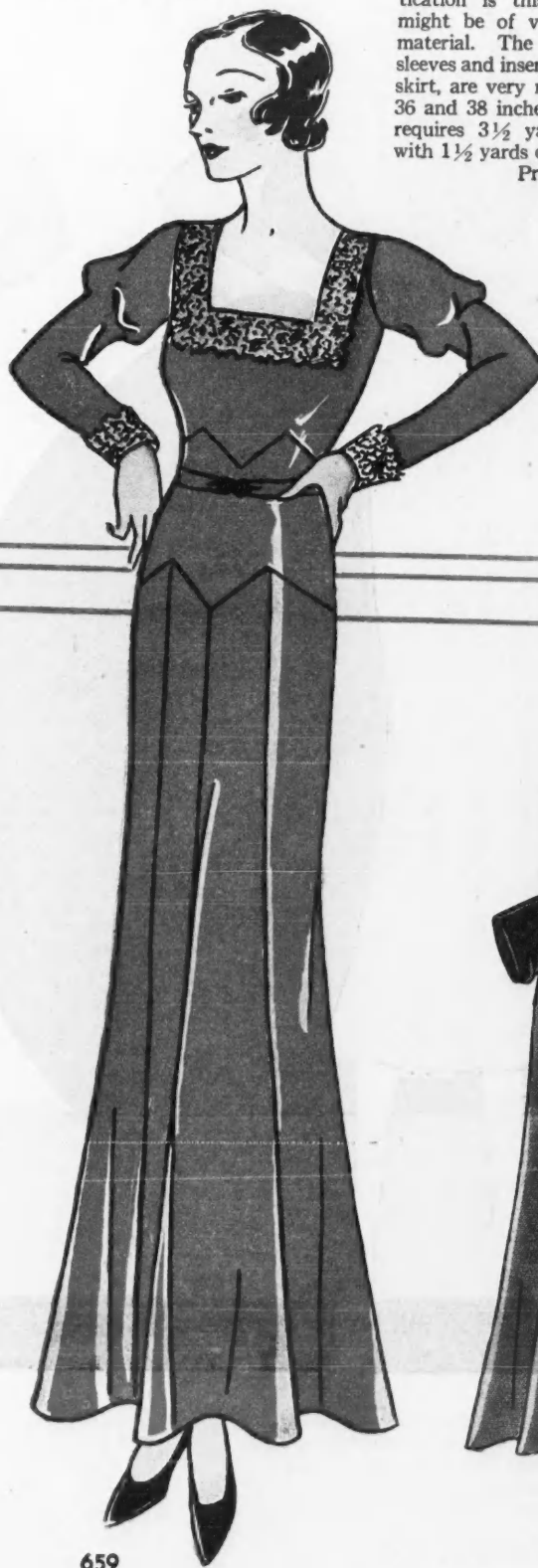
No. 654—Daring in its youthful sophistication is this charming frock which might be of velvet or a light woollen material. The bands of shirring on the sleeves and inserted between the waist and skirt, are very new indeed. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch lace.
Price 15 cents



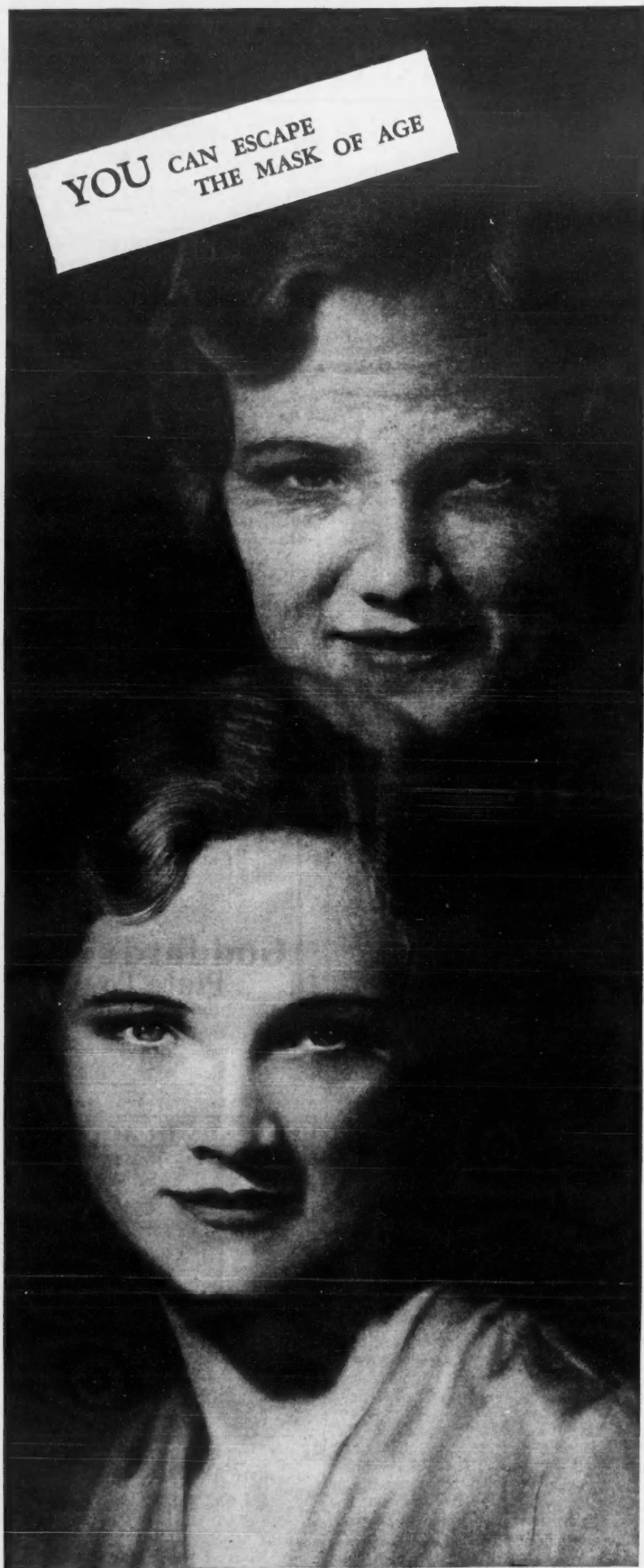
No. 627—An adaptation of the Eugenie mode for street wear. Notice the long, flaring sleeves, faced to reveal a vivid dash of color, the slimly molded line of waist and hip, and the rolled, shawl collar. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch contrasting material.
Price 15 cents

No. 660—The deep square neckline and dainty puff sleeves are two outstanding features of fashion's newest offering. The utter simplicity of this charming afternoon frock lends itself to the soft folds of black velvet or satin. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.
Price 15 cents

No. 659—Velvet or satin trimmed with lace are favorite materials for Empress Eugenie afternoon frocks. The deep V neckline at the back, finished with applied bands, is one of the most attractive features of this graceful frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of three-inch lace banding.
Price 15 cents



YOU CAN ESCAPE
THE MASK OF AGE



"DON'T GROW OLD"

warns John Boles



JOHN BOLES, Universal, whose excellent singing voice and fine acting ability have made him one of the screen's most popular stars, tells you what he considers woman's most priceless possession.

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98% of the famous screen stars know*

"NOWADAYS no woman need be afraid of birthdays," John Boles says. "Charm isn't by any means measured by years!"

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"These days not only stage and screen stars but hundreds of other women have learned a very important secret of allure. YOUTH is recognized for the priceless thing it is . . . complexions are kept glowing."

* * *

How amazingly the famous stars keep youth!

"To keep youth, guard complexion beauty," they will tell you. "Keep your skin temptingly smooth, alluringly aglow!"

The actresses famous for their

charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theatre dressing rooms everywhere.

In Hollywood, where 605 of the 613 important actresses use it, Lux Toilet Soap is official in *all* the great film studios.

Of the countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars who use this white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin. . . .

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap—so neutral, so bland is its effect on the skin.

Order several cakes and begin to-day this gentle care for *your* skin.

EVELYN LAYE, co-starring with John Boles in a recent picture, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a wonderful soap."



LUPE VELEZ, Universal's effervescent star, says of white Lux Toilet Soap: "It keeps my skin like velvet."



The caress of dollar-a-cake
French soap for just 10c

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

JAUNTY FROCKS FOR AUTUMN DAYS

Are All Trimly Belted



No. 527—The jacket to the jaunty suit shown above may be worn with or without the skirt. Alone, it makes a delightful accessory for chilly autumn days. Worn with the skirt, the ensemble is very smart indeed. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

Price 15 cents

CUT TO FIT

The Chatelaine Patterns

Price 15 Cents

No. 534—The blouse and skirt of the suit shown above, are included in the one pattern. The skirt fits smoothly over the hips and closes at the front. A loose, shaggy tweed would be very becoming for the suit. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material for the skirt, and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material for the blouse.

Price 15 cents

No. 540—Very smart are the details of this frock. Notice the diagonally set-in pleats, the echo of this same line on the sleeves, and the tie-collar which pulls through a slot placed aslant of the material. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

Price 15 cents

No. 570—The double-breasted effect and the deep revers are two of the newest features of this fall's styles. The revers and front may be of contrasting material, if desired. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 39-inch material for revers and front.

Price 15 cents

INTERPRETING THE NEW PARIS MODE

In The Details of. Design



No. 518—The slenderizing lines of this smart frock make it exceptionally suited to the larger figure. Notice the curved line over the hips, the cleverly contrived neckline, and the length-giving sleeve. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting material for vestee.

Price 15 cents

Sponsored by Paris

The Chatelaine Patterns

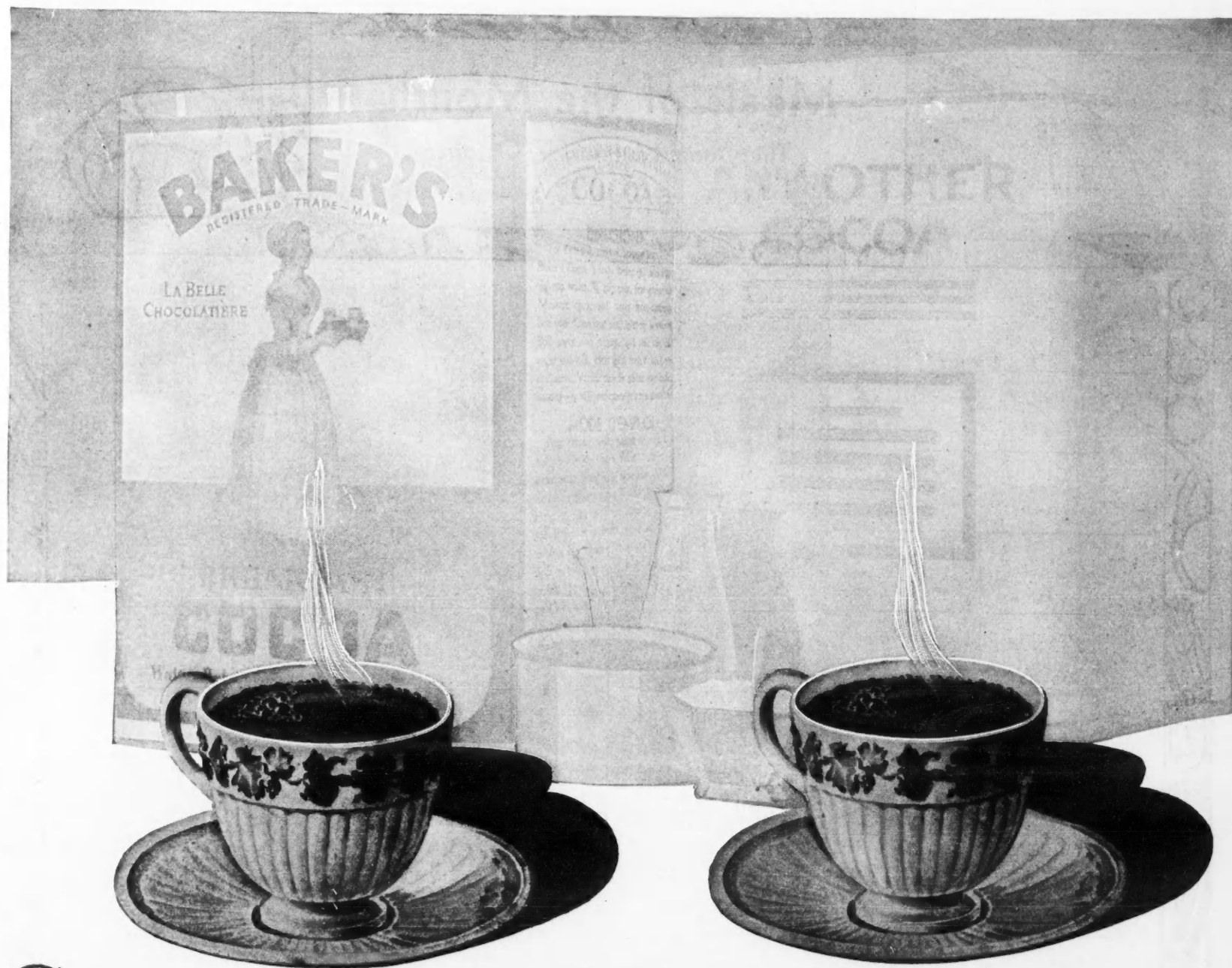
Price 15 Cents

No. 520—The sharply pointed hip yoke and the jabot are both very slimming features of this frock which would be most attractive in one of the light weight wools in a plain or patterned weave. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch material for the jabot. Price 15 cents

No. 298—A jacket-frock of light weight wool is the most useful thing in an autumn wardrobe. Points are used with very good effect in this attractive frock. The roll collar on the jacket is very new and smart. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for jacket and short-sleeved frock. Sleeves, if required, take $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Price 15 cents

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HERE'S a simple method to ensure cocoa at its best. First, make a cup of ordinary cocoa and a cup of Baker's Cocoa from the recipe on the tin. Try a sip of one—then of the other. Compare the aroma. Comparison will prove the *richer* chocolate flavour and fragrance of Baker's Cocoa. You can both taste it and



smell it. That's why everyone prefers Baker's Cocoa. Serve Baker's as often as you want because it's rich, smooth, easily digested. Here's extra chocolate flavour at *no increase in price*. It's made in Canada.

Buy a tin today from your grocer. There's a recipe on the tin. Today enjoy a treat promised by the recipe.

BAKER'S COCOA

Use Baker's Premium Chocolate for Cooking

SCHOOL DAYS ARE BACK AGAIN

And the Youngsters' Wardrobes
Need Replenishing



228



815

379



588

351

No. 815—Both smart and youthful are the lines of this frock with the Peter Pan collar and deep cuffs. The scalloped closing and curved hip yoke are very becoming. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 14 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs.

Price 15 cents

No. 379—The teen-age schoolgirl will love the jaunty bolero which completes this smart ensemble. A glimpse of the sleeveless frock beneath shows down the centre of the skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 14 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material with $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch contrasting material.

Price 15 cents

No. 588—A small, simplified edition of her older sister's frocks. The little peplum which leaves a plain panel down the centre of the skirt, is very gay. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material.

Price 15 cents

No. 351—The tiniest one will never be lonely, even if she doesn't go to school, if she carries around with her on her frock, four cheerful squirrels. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material.

Price 15 cents

No. 228—You cannot be assured of looking well groomed if your frock crumples over an ill-fitting slip. This attractive style has been designed especially to form a smooth foundation for form-fitting frocks. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material.

Price 15 cents



Tempting . . . delicious . . . serve Magic Hermits today

The Chatelaine approves

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

STILL another dietitian of national repute has added her endorsement to Magic Baking Powder. This time, Miss Helen G. Campbell, Director of the Chatelaine Institute, whose "Meals of the Month" listings in the Chatelaine Magazine are looked forward to and used regularly by housewives in all parts of Canada.

Miss Campbell says "Good baking goes hand in hand with good materials. This recipe, using Magic Baking Powder, has been tested and approved in the Chatelaine Institute kitchen."

A recent survey revealed the fact that 3 out of every 4 Canadian housewives, who bake at home, use Magic Baking Powder because it gives consistently better baking results. Use it for all your home baking, then you, too, can always be sure of complete baking satisfaction.

MAGIC HERMITS

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter	1 teaspoon vanilla
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup chopped raisins	2 cups pastry flour*
1 cup chopped walnuts	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Magic
1 cup chopped dates	Baking Powder
2 tablespoons milk or water	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Magic Soda	

*If bread flour is used, replace two tablespoonfuls of each cup with 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch.

Mix and sift together the dry ingredients. Cream butter, add sugar and well-beaten eggs and vanilla. Then add one-third of the flour mixture, fruit and nuts. Add more flour and liquid alternately until all are used up. Mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.



This recipe and dozens of other equally delightful ones are listed in the new **FREE Magic Cook Book**. If you bake at home, send the coupon and a copy will be mailed to you.



Magic Baking Powder is the only baking powder that has been tested and approved by The Chatelaine Institute maintained by The Chatelaine Magazine.



Look for this mark on every tin. It is a guarantee that Magic does not contain alum or any other harmful ingredient.

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Please send me the new—FREE—Magic Cook Book.

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Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for October

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	17	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Grapes Cornflakes Toast Coffee Honey Cocoa	Corn on the Cob Fresh Pear and Cream Cheese Salad Nut Loaf Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Peach Shortcake Coffee String Beans Tea		Tomato Juice Broiled Bacon Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Parsley Omelet Celery Molded Blanc Mange Cherry Sauce Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Meats Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea
2	Orange Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Sardine Salad Brown Rolls Canned Strawberries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Broiled Halibut Steaks Parsley Sauce Riced Potatoes Apple Betty Coffee Brussels Sprouts Lemon Sauce Tea	18	Fresh Plums Griddle Cakes Honey Coffee Cocoa	Stuffed Tomato and Cottage Cheese Salad Finger Rolls Lemon Tartlets Tea Cocoa	Roast Leg of Lamb Mint Jelly Browned Potatoes Mashed Squash Cantaloupe a la Mode Coffee Tea
3	Apples Red River Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Ch. Sauce Celery Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Calves' Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Corn Coffee Prune Souffle Tea	19	Shredded Wheat with Sliced Peaches Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cold Roast Lamb Warm Potatoes Fresh Pears Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Kidney Stew Boiled Potatoes Sliced Beets Orange Cream Dessert * Coffee Tea
4	Cantaloupe Soft Cooked Eggs Whole Wheat Toast Honey Coffee Cocoa	Assorted Sandwiches Olives Grapes Iced or Hot Chocolate	Hot Baked Ham Duchess Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Cucumber Salad Sliced Peaches and Cream Layer Cake Coffee Tea	20	Grapes Cream of Wheat Coffee Cocoa Apple Sauce	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Sliced Peaches with Coconut Fruit and Nut Loaf Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Tomato Gravy Riced Potatoes Fruit Salad Coffee Tea
5	Grapefruit Shredded Wheat Scones Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Fried Egg Plant Shredded Lettuce and Mayonnaise Date Tarts Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Cold Sliced Ham Baked Potatoes Baked Apples Cake (left-over) Coffee Cabbage Tea	21	Melon Milk Toast Bran Muffins Coffee Conservé Cocoa	Broiled Liver Fried Potatoes Jellied Applesauce Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
6	Peaches French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Ham with Green Pepper Fresh Stewed Pears Cookies Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Steak Boiled Potatoes Coffee Baked Squash Plum Pie Tea	22	Grapefruit Cornflakes Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Crackers Banana and Nut Salad Cheese Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Broiled Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Plum Pie Coffee Tea
7	Tomato Juice Oatmeal Toast Coffee Conservé Cocoa	Frankfurters Sliced Cucumber and Onion Hot Rolls Cantaloupe Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon Potato Cakes Harvard Beets Chocolate Walnut Blanc Mange Coffee Tea	23	Apricots Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Onions Tomato Sauce Fresh Peach Tarts Tea Cocoa	Steamed Whitefish Hollandaise Sauce Parsley Potatoes Cole Slaw Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
8	Oranges Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Crackers Waldorf Salad Filled Date Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Hash Boiled Potatoes Coffee Carrots Peach Custard Tea	24	Fresh Pears All-bran Scones Coffee Corn Syrup Cocoa	Egg Plant en Casserole* Canned Raspberries Toasted Scones (left-over) Tea Cocoa	Dressed Spare Ribs Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Grape Tapioca* Coffee Tea
9	Grapes Puffed Wheat Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Chicken Haddie on Toast Lettuce with French Dressing Sliced Bananas Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Shredded Cabbage Riced Potatoes Cup Cakes Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea	25	Honeydew Melon Puffed Rice Toast Coffee Strawberry Jam Cocoa	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Brown Bread and Lettuce Sandwiches Dill Pickles Chocolate Eclairs Tea Cocoa	Rib Roast of Beef Franconia Potatoes Creamed Onions Lime Apple Whip* Sponge Cake Coffee Tea
10	Stewed Prunes Farina Toast Coffee Peach Jam Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Brown Rolls Canned Pineapple Tea Cocoa	Broiled Sausages Scalloped Potatoes Spanish Cream Coffee Beans Tea	26	Oranges Oatmeal Toast Coffee Pineapple Marmalade Cocoa	Jelly Omelet Stewed Fresh Plums Left-over Cake Tea Cocoa	Cream of Carrot Soup Cold Roast Beef Duchess Potatoes Mashed Parsnips Caramel Blanc Mange Coffee Tea
11	Melon Cornflakes Raisin Muffins Stewed Apples Coffee Cocoa	Shrimp and Cucumber Salad Tomato Sandwiches Pineapple Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Deep Apple Pie Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	27	Baked Apple Bacon Toast Coffee Maple Syrup Cocoa	Stuffed Green Peppers (left-over beef) Crackers Tea Jelly Cheese Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Sweet Potatoes on the half shell Brussels Sprouts Fried Tomatoes Creamed Celery Gingerbread Coffee Foamy Sauce* Tea
12	Pears Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Peaches and Cream Graham Crackers Tea Cocoa	Irish Stew Boiled Potatoes Chocolate Ice Cream Coffee Turnips Tea	28	Grapes Muffins Coffee Cake Jam Cocoa	Creamed Sweetbreads on Toast Melon Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vea' Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Pumpkin Custard * Coffee Sliced Beets Tea
13	Grapefruit Bran Flakes Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Curried Eggs * Lettuce and Cucumber Salad Stewed Apricots Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Apple Rings Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Bread Pudding with Meringue Coffee Tea	29	Stewed Prunes Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Fresh Vegetable Salad Hot Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Sausages Boiled Potatoes and Cream Sauce Baked Squash Fruit Cup Coffee Tea
14	Apples Wheatena Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Smoked Chipped Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Caramel Junket Tea Cocoa	Pork Cottage Pie* Creamed Cauliflower Sliced Tomatoes Apricot Cream Coffee Tea	30	Tomato Juice Cream of Wheat Raisin Muffins Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Oyster Stew Cheese Wafers Apricots Left-over Muffins (toasted) Tea Cocoa	Salmon Croquettes Scalloped Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Steamed Date Pudding Coffee Tea
15	Sliced Bananas Grape Nuts Corn Muffins Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Sweet Potatoes Bacon Stewed Fresh Plums Tea Cocoa	Sirloin Steak Boiled Potatoes Steamed Rice with Raisins Coffee Brussels Sprouts Tea	31	Bananas Bread and Hot Milk Frittled Ham Coffee Rolls Cocoa	Baked Beans Grapefruit Salad Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew Boiled Potatoes Cauliflower Baked Apple Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
16	Orange Sections Bread and Milk Rolls Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Lima Beans with Spanish Sauce * Brown Rolls Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Mackerel Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cucumbers Baked Pears Ginger Sauce Coffee Tea	Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of The Chatelaine each month. Recipes for the dishes marked * are described on page 74			

SUDS-TEST *shows why Chipso washes your clothes with...*

Suds *not* Chemicals



Now—from an actual photograph—you can see the amazing difference in soaps! A suds-testing machine reveals to you, for the first time, the sudsing power of five leading household soaps.

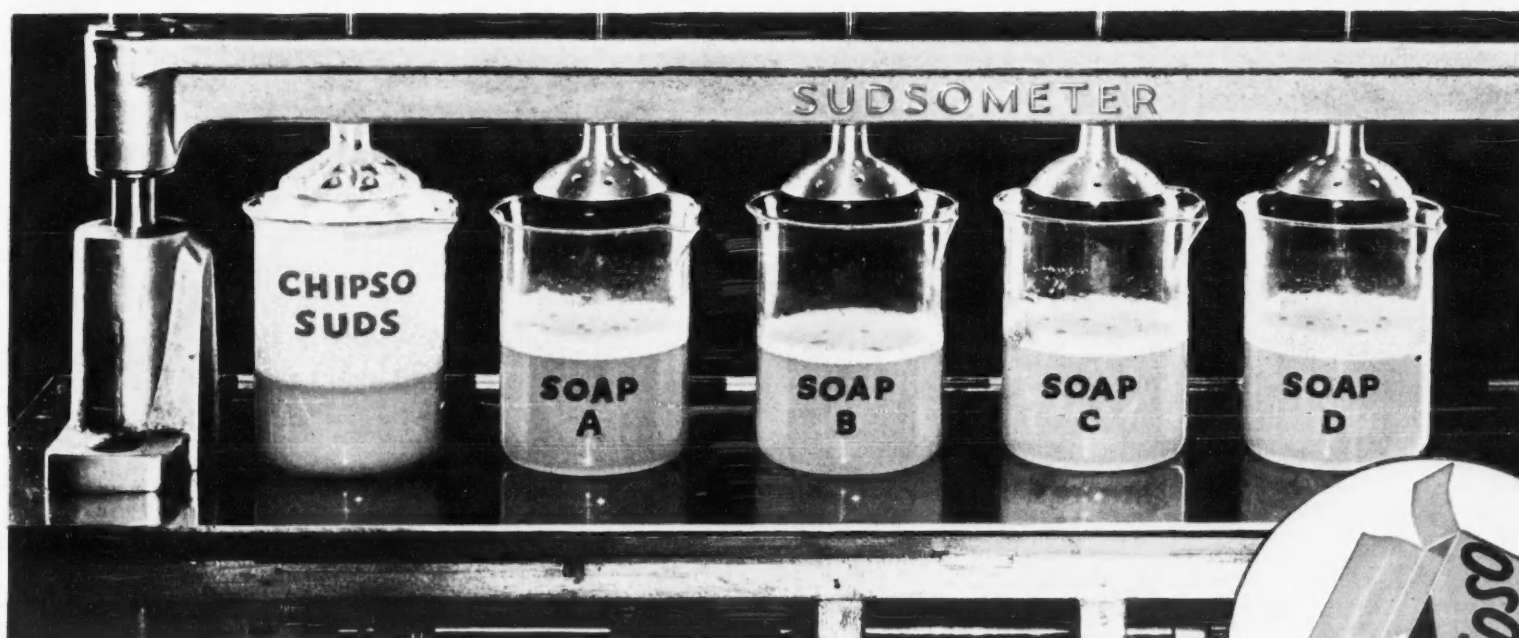
Here before your eyes is the explanation of Chipso's speedy cleansing. You can see *why* Chipso can wash as quickly as a "strong" soap . . . *and more safely*. Chipso gives *more* suds. Millions of tiny soap-film hands reach into your clothes, surround the dirt—*lift* it out . . . *safely*. Your hands stay nice . . . colors stay fresh.

A soap that roughens your hands when you

use it for dishes, is too strong for your clothes. It weakens them—wears them out before their time. Chipso washes with rich suds—it cannot hurt your skin.

Chipso gives more suds than ever! A new soap-making process has actually put an amazing amount of extra suds in Chipso. Rich, double-cream, active suds! Goodbye to weakened clothes. Goodbye to rough, red hands. Chipso's extra suds *lift* out even ground-in dirt—quickly, safely.

Put Chipso on your grocery list and learn the quick suds-way to wash clothes and dishes.



An Interesting Test

You *can* have speedy cleansing without "strong" soap. Chipso washes with more and richer SUDS! A new soap process has given Chipso an amazing amount of extra suds. These suds cleanse quickly, safely—everything from grimy little rompers to your finest linens.

In this remarkable test the same weight of Chipso and four other leading bar and package household soaps were compared for sudsing ability in a suds testing machine *under exactly the same conditions*. See the Chipso suds!

IMPORTANT—*Chipso dissolves completely in luke-warm water*. Compare the new Chipso Flakes for quick-dissolving with any soap you know—no matter what its form.



MADE IN CANADA

EDITORIAL

H. NAPIER MOORE, *Editorial Director.*BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, *Editor.*GEORGE H. TYNDALL, *Business Manager.*

I ALWAYS enjoy this last page. There's much the same sense of pleasure that a woman finds in giving a final flick of the duster to a room tidied to the best of her ability. The whole October issue is behind this page; every turn-over line correct; the color arranged carefully; the programme of writers and artists budgetted as carefully as you budget your weekly house money, to see that it balances as well as possible in varied interests. The issue is finished. But before sending it into the news-stands and mails, we have a moment or two to turn the leaves and see just who has contributed.

There's much that is momentous in this October number—which is as it should be, for is there any month in the calendar which carries such a feeling of responsibility as this one? Summer frivolity is a memory; summer tans are fading. September gives a golden, lazy diminuendo to the sense of playtime that will linger from school days, however far off.

But October has a stern aspect—there's so much winter responsibility that it lies rather heavy on one's shoulders. Women's clubs are meeting again; programmes are crowded with those myriad Things Which Must Be Accomplished. The smallest household has a sense of buckling into work again. Indeed these days, winter fuel, food and work are a serious matter. So many of us can help—there are so many calls for those in dire need that I believe we must all assume our quota as a personal responsibility. That is the only way in which we can really do anything that will really help.

IT'S two sides to a discussion which make for interest. Thus, when we were planning the publication of Anne Anderson Perry's "The Hollywood Menace" last month, we arranged for the presentation of the other side of the question. For the wise woman will know every argument which can be brought up in such a national problem as the movies. Miss Laura Elston who, in "This Movie Rumpus," gives you another viewpoint on this question, has been associated with the movies in Canada for a number of years, and is probably the best-informed woman in Canada on the question, for Miss Elston has studied the matter from every angle. I recommend her article for your careful reading.

WHEN the newspapers were broadcasting the reports on the maternal mortality conditions in Canada—a subject of particular importance to women everywhere—I telephoned Dr. McCullough, who through his simple, direct health articles has become an old friend to readers of *The Chatelaine*, and asked him would midwives be of benefit in Canada, in the outlying regions? Would they be of definite help in lowering our mortality rate? When I started to talk to the doctor, I was quite convinced they would be of help throughout the Dominion—but his ideas changed mine. How do you feel about it after reading his article? Suggestions and opinions from women throughout Canada would be of great interest, and I do hope that any of you who have ideas on the subject will write to me.

We have heard so much about conditions in

the West, from a general viewpoint, that the first-hand account of what the women themselves are tackling, as told by Mrs. Hollis, of Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, in "Our Western Heroines," proves one of the most human articles we have published. As a magazine we are particularly interested in this wonderful spirit of the women of the West, as *The Chatelaine* has published so many stories of pioneer women in Canada, that it is a greater pleasure to tell the courageous tales of their granddaughters, even though wild Indians don't come into the story at all!

How many ministers' wives will warm to L. M. Montgomery's open letter in this issue? Mrs. MacDonald, as this far-famed writer is known in private life, is mistress of the Manse, in Norval, Ontario, and through many

years of service in Canada knows whereof she speaks. Nellie McClung from the West is going to present in an early issue the opposite viewpoint—that of the women of the congregation. Interesting articles, don't you think?

Our fiction this month includes the noted Madge Macbeth, of Ottawa, who has written a number of books and many short stories and articles; and a "first" story by Winnifred M. Davis, a young Toronto writer, who brought in her story "Lace" to the office with many trepidations. There's something very real and human to this "first" story, which, by the way, is not the only début in the magazine. There happen to be two others—the short, short story, "Curtain Call" by Helen A. Norsworthy, and "The Toy Soldier with Whiskers," by Harry C. Elliott. That is one of the most important tasks *The Chatelaine* has set itself—the presentation of the most noted writers of the day, and in addition the discovery and encouragement of new young writers who are developing so strongly in this young country of ours.

Vol. IV. Toronto, OCTOBER 1931 Number 10

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by HALLIE CLARKSON FRASER

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NEXT month two ambitions of long standing will be realized. We will introduce a monthly page discussing the new movies and recommending those which are suitable for the young people to see. We have felt that a very definite service to Canadian mothers might be developed in giving impartial, direct criticisms and reports of new productions. Laura Elston, who wrote "This Movie Rumpus" in this issue will conduct this page.

The other realized ambition will be a page devoted every month to your letters. Day by day the most absorbing letters from women who write from their direct experiences come to my desk. Now I can share them with you, and I can promise you a page of unusual interest.

Since every school and every Sunday school will be putting on a Christmas entertainment before Christmas, *The Chatelaine* will present in the November issue a charming one-act play, "The Last House on the Street," which can be presented by any group. This little play was written especially for your magazine and is designed to adapt itself to a small group of children, or, with the introduction of dances and songs, to an entire class. It can be staged very simply or with elaboration. Costume designs and the stage set will illustrate the play and help you in presenting it. Permission for reproducing the play may be had by writing to me, and we shall all be only too delighted if this play can help hundreds of groups in their Christmas entertainment.

Our fiction for next month includes R. V. Gery, of Toronto, Louis Arthur Cunningham, of Saint John, N.B., and Flos Jewell Williams, of Calgary. Frances Fenwick Williams, of Montreal has a delightful account of two ladies on a moose hunt in the Maritimes, and Lucy Doyle has some absorbing revelations of the business of being a débutante. All this is only an indication of a particularly crowded issue.

But I had better leave you, my friends, to make these glowing promises come true!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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